

## ***Dreams of 1982***

***by L. Steven Collier***

### **Dream of: 01 January 1982 "In Church With A Friend"**

I had just returned to Waco, Texas after having visited Portsmouth, Ohio. As I was unpacking my bags, Leah (a friend whom I first met in January 1981 when we began classes together at Baylor Law School in Waco) dropped by to see me. After we began talking, she asked me about my dreams. When she told me she would like to read some, I replied, "Actually I don't have them put together in order yet. I've been trying to put them in order but haven't finished yet."

I did, however, have some dreams written on paper and packed in a nearby clothesbasket. Four different

dreams were each packed in a separate part of the clothesbasket and pressed between some clothes. I had been re-typing the dreams, but I hadn't finished any of them completely. I began digging them out of the clothesbasket - I thought Leah could read some of them. I thought she had appeared in one.

Instead, we left. We walked out onto the street and I suddenly thought of some of my dreams in which I had exhibited amorous feelings toward Leah. I hadn't thought about them inside, but I now thought I should have searched for them and let her read those dreams. I said, "Leah, I had three dreams with you in them which really scarred me."

She immediately became interested. She smiled quite a bit as we talked, and she seemed very beautiful. She

questioned me more closely about the dreams, but I wouldn't say exactly what they had been about. I wanted to tell her, but I was ashamed and afraid she would be terribly angry with me. Finally, she said, "Well, it seems like you liked somebody in your dreams."

I remarked how quickly she had uncovered the truth and I said, "Yes, you."

She didn't seem at all angry. In fact, she seemed flattered and I caught a glimpse of a smile.

We soon found ourselves walking up the stairs of a church. We entered. Before us stretched an aisle down the center between pews on both sides. People were sitting in the pews on the left while the pews on the right were completely empty. Leah and I walked

down the aisle a way, then sat down on a pew on the right side of the aisle. Leah sat very close to me and slipped her arm through mine. She seemed happy to be with me.

The minister was standing in front. He noted our presence and said, "Congratulations, Leah, for winning the talent contest this morning."

### **Dream of: 02 January 1982 "Bitten Lip"**

While my second cousin Jeff and I were on Chillicothe Street in Portsmouth, we encountered Kim (a friend whom I first met in Portsmouth in 1977). I wanted to be with Kim for a while and I told Jeff I would see him later. Kim and I walked together toward the Gay Street House, stopped at a large grassy area caddie-

cornered to the House and lay down side by side.

I told Kim that I was planning to travel to Mexico and that I would like her to go with me. I told her I realized she might need some security before running off to Mexico in case I might decide to dump her after we got there. I hesitated, sputtered and finally told her we could get married and she could go as my wife.

Jeff appeared again and I told him I couldn't talk with him right then; but I didn't want to offend him and I told him I would speak with him later.

Kim and I were still lying side by side and I decided to kiss her. I pressed my mouth against hers and suddenly felt her biting my lower lip. I tried to pull away but she clamped down harder. Although she had her teeth

tightly embedded in my lip, I could still talk and I started pleading, "Kim, let go of my lip. You're going to bite my whole lip off."

However, she wouldn't let go. I tried to pull away but I couldn't. Suddenly she began twisting her whole body around and it looked as if she were going to twist her head so my whole lower lip would be ripped off. I continued to plead with her to let go but she wouldn't. As she twisted I held onto my lip with my hand and I suddenly snapped free. However, I realized that although I was free from her body, Kim's mouth had twisted right off her face and was still clinging to my lip.

I stepped back from her, muttered something about her being an insane person and decided to get as far away from her as possible.

## **Dream of: 03 January 1982**

### **"Impurities"**

While Ramey and Walls were visiting me at my Room on North 16th Street in Waco, we decided we would like to take some LSD, and Walls and I left to see if we could find some. We went to a nearby house where a fellow selling a drug on tiny pieces of clear stiff cellophane told us it would cost \$10 for three pieces.

I asked him if the LSD was pure or if it contained any impurities. He replied that it didn't have any strychnine in it, but that it definitely had some amphetamine mixed in. That dissatisfied me because I didn't want to take anything impure. He also said it wasn't LSD, but mescaline. I thought mescaline would be fine if it were pure, but I didn't want to take

anything containing amphetamine. Nevertheless, I bought three pieces.

The fellow told me that the drug wasn't very strong and that I actually was foolish for paying so much for it.

He had started using it simply to wake himself after smoking marijuana. He said that he was able to feel the hallucinogenic effects for a while, but that it simply wasn't very strong.

Walls and I returned to the place where Ramey was waiting. Since it was 12:30 a.m. and I thought it was too late to take the drug, I suggested that we wait until morning. I realized I had four pieces of the drug instead of three, and I planned to take two myself and give one each to Walls and Ramey. However, they didn't want to wait until morning. I told them we would be unable to sleep at all that

night and wouldn't be under the full influence of the drug until 3 a.m.

However, they insisted and Ramey put his piece of the drug in his mouth. I was unsure what I was going to do.

### **Dream of: 06 January 1982**

#### **"Driveway"**

It was early evening; I was taking a nap in the upstairs part of a house which had a ladder leading to the downstairs. When I had first lain down, my father had been with me and I had asked him to awaken me at 5 p.m. so I could eat supper. He however had said he didn't think he would be able to wake me.

At twenty till six I awoke and climbed down the ladder. Downstairs I discovered that my father and my mother had just finished eating supper. Plenty of food was still left,

however, and my father told me to sit down and dig in. But I was angry.

When my father told me he cared about me very much, I replied, "Yea. Is that why you didn't wake me up at 5 o'clock?"

I told him I knew he didn't really care anything about me and that I was going to go out and eat. I picked up my tennis shoes and sat down on the couch to put them on. My mother walked over and stood in front of me.

I was looking toward the floor and I didn't raise my head. I could only see her body up to her waist. She was wearing a blue nightie which came only to the top of her hips so her long legs were left completely uncovered. I was slightly aroused as I looked at her legs.

My father mentioned something about the way my mother was

dressed. My father hadn't been living with my mother long. He had been away for a long time and had only recently returned. He was supposed to leave again for a long trip at 7 p.m. I reflected that I had been having sex with my mother while my father had been away and I would probably continue doing so after he left again.

As I pondered the idea of having sex with my mother, she stepped away from in front of me and I noticed a program on the television in the room. A woman on the television was also wearing a blue nightie. The picture showed her from the waist up. Her nightie was split down the middle and tied together by a string below her neck. The nightie was pulled back so that it only half covered her breasts and from the profile, one of her half-covered nipples was clearly

visible. She took off the nightie and left her breasts completely exposed.

Surprised to see such explicitness on television, I thought perhaps the show was on cable television. I asked my father and he said the show wasn't cable but was network television and that the name of the show was "Driveway."

The camera showed a line of nude women and zeroed in on the breasts of each as it passed over them in succession. Most were well-formed. One pair of breasts captured my attention. The breasts were oversized and a large red heart was painted over each nipple.

A man appeared on the screen. Apparently an auction was in progress and one of the girls was being auctioned off. The man held up

a key; attached underneath the key was a bronze-colored star. The gesture was a sign that the man owned a large semi-truck and was offering his truck as a bid for the girl.

Someone else outbid the man, however, and the man turned to the door to leave. But then he turned around and took a brown and white scarf from around his neck. That was a sign that he was offering his most prized possession, another eighteen-wheeler truck as a bid for the girl.

On the screen appeared a picture of the truck which was quite impressive and which had a two-tiered trailer. It was immaculate and the chrome shone brightly all over it.

**Dream of: 07 January 1982 "Not Smoking Junk"**

It was night when I stopped by Walls' house, walked in without knocking and seated myself in an armchair in the living room. When Walls' wife Connie (wearing a night-robe) walked into the room, I asked her where Walls was. She said she didn't know, but she added something about his trying to catch a cab to come home but being unable to find one. For all she knew he could return at any time.

The thought crossed my mind that since Walls wasn't there, Connie and I could fool around together, but I quickly discarded the idea. Walls might return at any time.

Joshua (Walls' infant son) was also in the room and he seemed to be enjoying himself playing with a toy gun.

I suddenly heard a loud bang. Connie also heard it and we both became alert trying to figure out what had caused the noise. The curtains were all pulled back from the windows so anyone could easily see in from outside. All at once the door opened and a man and woman (probably in their late 20s) walked in. At first I thought the man was Walls, but then I realized he was someone I didn't know. He had a gun in his hand. I also had picked up a gun which had been lying on a chair, but my gun seemed a little strange and I was unsure how to use it.

When the fellow quickly put his gun away, I laid mine down. Connie knew the pair and introduced me to them.

The man's name was Roger. They were friendly and I shook hands with

both the man and woman at the same time.

The woman (carrying a camera) sat down. The thought crossed my mind that they might be narcotics agents.

Roger stood beside me and jokingly said when he had shaken hands with me he had meant to shake my wang. I made a motion as if to unzip my pants and told him he could still shake it. I asked what he would do with it. We were just joking around and we finally sat down.

Connie asked the couple if they wanted to smoke and they said yes.

She brought out some hash and a little pipe. She began crumbling up some of the hash on a little table and said she needed a razor to cut it. Roger told the woman to hustle and get one.

I thought I would like to smoke but then remembered I had absolutely decided to stop smoking. I stood up and said, "I'm not smoking any of that junk."

**Dream of: 08 January 1982**  
**"Breaking And Entering"**

I was riding around in an old car, being driven by a fellow about my age, who was wearing a cowboy hat. We decided to break into someplace and steal something. We rode down an old road along a river bank until we came to a place where four cars were parked. We rode past the cars until we saw a grey sports car similar to a Corvette. We got out of our car, boarded the grey sports car, and then headed back down the little dirt road we had just been on, all the while planning how to break in somewhere.

We ended up on a crowded street where I thought people were probably impressed by our car. We were planning to break into a small white building which was on the very road where we were. We talked about how the car we were now driving would be able to easily outrun a police car.

We lit up a marijuana joint which we had with us, and as we drove along, it seemed as if the car did not have any doors. We stopped the car and standing outside was a young girl who reminded me of a waitress. When she asked to smoke some of the joint, the other fellow handed it to her. Then a boy outside wanted some of the joint too. The boy took the joint and dropped it as we were moving forward. We started to ride away and I looked back and saw the small

remainder of the joint lying on the ground. We backed up to retrieve it. The fellow driving reached out and picked it up from the ground.

We drove on and I thought about how it seemed that more people approached us now that we had the nice new car. It seemed that now they thought we were more important.

Meanwhile I decided I wasn't going to be able to participate in the breaking and entering. I began talking about how it was wrong to be a thief and I accused the other fellow of being low when he stole, even though I continued to think breaking in the building would be interesting since I had never done it before and I liked doing things I had never done. I tried to remember whether when I was a teenager I had ever broken in anywhere and stolen anything. I

thought perhaps I had. It seemed as if I used to do things like that, but I was unsure. At any rate, I knew something had happened at one point, and I had stopped. I was now sure that even if I had done it before, I was never going to do it again.

**Dream of: 09 January 1982**  
**"Studying Hebrew"**

Someone else and I had gone to either a bar or restaurant in Portsmouth and had met another fellow there. We sat down and began looking at a large mural on the wall and I commented that it was rather nice. One person with me began criticizing it, until a girl sitting nearby spoke up and said the mural wasn't yet finished. She apparently was the painter. After she spoke, I noticed that indeed parts of the mural hadn't yet been finished.

The fellow (whom I had met) and I finally walked outside and began playing football on a field together. We began rolling around and soon we began having some sexual contact.

John Roach then came along and he ended up with the fellow. It began raining and John and the fellow began walking around in the rain together. John finally fell in love with the fellow and left with him.

I then went to the Gay Street House and met my father there. After a while John showed up. He told me he was planning to let the fellow move in with him and live upstairs in his house. John asked my father and me what we thought about the idea. We both said we didn't think it was a good idea, because if John began to have some kind of sexual relationship with the fellow, the fellow might

blackmail John and demand money from him later by saying he would tell John's wife about the relationship.

I had earlier bought a valentine card for my second cousin Jeff. The card had some kind of reference about Jeff's going to France. The next day I went to visit Jeff's family, who lived in New Boston. I walked up to the door and knocked on it. But before anyone could answer the door, my second cousin Keith (Jeff's brother), John and the fellow John had been with the day before, all walked up. As it turned out, John was Jeff's father. Apparently the fellow with John was going to move in the house with them and live in a room upstairs.

John, Jeff and I sat down on the porch and began talking. Jeff told me he had been accepted at a college in France to study Hebrew. I congratulated him

and handed him my valentine. The valentine also contained a letter from me. Jeff was quite happy to receive the valentine because apparently no one else had bought him one. He spent quite a long time reading it. Finally I said, "I bought that valentine before I even knew you was even going to France."

Nevertheless the valentine had a reference about his going to France. Jeff folded up the valentine and put it back in his envelope. He seemed quite happy with it.

**Dream of: 09 January 1982 (2)**  
**"Assault"**

As I was driving along a highway, I decided to stop into a hamburger place something like a McDonald's to get something to eat. I walked in and ordered a milkshake, French fries and

either a hamburger or cheeseburger. Among the money I had in my pocket was a brand new \$10 bill. I knew the store had a policy of checking new money, and as I handed the \$10 bill to the girl behind the counter, I thought she had better accept it or I would complain that they had a duty to take it. The girl looked at the bill for a moment and then called over a man who looked as if he might be the manager of the place. He picked up the phone and made a phone call.

He then picked up my milkshake and walked to the front of the store with it. He threw the milkshake toward a trash can and missed, so that it landed on the floor. He walked over, to the milkshake, picked it up and threw it in the trash. He then took my hamburger and French fries and threw them in the trash.

I then became quite angry and demanded, "What have you done? You've thrown away my food."

He replied that he couldn't take the \$10 bill. I answered, "Couldn't you have checked to see if I had some other money?"

He looked somewhat embarrassed as if he realized he had made a mistake. I began screaming, "I want my food! You should have checked to see if I had some other money!"

I began pounding on the counter, until he stepped up to me and told me I was going to have to leave. I told him I wasn't going to leave. He then physically tried to throw me out, but I wouldn't move. He knocked me down, and I hollered "Assault! Assault!"

I began thinking I had a black belt in karate and that I could easily subdue

the fellow, even though he was almost twice my size. Nevertheless I let him push me around a little and I thought I would wait before using any karate on him.

**Dream of: 09 January 1982 (3)**  
**"Terrifying Horse"**

I was sitting in what appeared to be a cafeteria of a court house talking with someone, when a man walked up and began talking with the person with whom I was talking. The man began explaining a legal problem which he had. The problem was a civil matter and it didn't involve much money. The man was obviously poor and he couldn't afford to hire a lawyer. He finally said he had talked with some people at the courthouse and a man had told him he would take care of the problem for him and would only charge him \$10. I thought the person

who has said he would help the man must be a lawyer who was doing it out of good will, because he obviously wasn't going to be making any money.

I began thinking that if a person was a young lawyer just starting out, that would be a good way to get cases, just hanging around the court house, meeting people and agreeing to handle their cases for them. I thought I could have done that with this very man's case.

The man then said that the name of the person who had promised to help him was Rehnquist. Realizing that William Rehnquist was a Justice on the Supreme Court, I stood up and said, "Well, believe me, you're going to win the case."

I walked away and went to the Gallia County Farmhouse, where I began watching television, on which there was a show about a lawyer who had decided to take some time off and go to a cabin which he had out in the country. On the show the lawyer was sitting in his cabin. I began thinking, "That's what I would like to do with my Cabin, is to go up there and find the time, and take time off."

The lawyer was sitting near the door of the cabin so the lush green foliage outside could be seen through the door. The lawyer was reading something which I at first thought was a law book. But then he began reading aloud and it turned out he was reading a poem which had something to do with an eagle.

The scene on the television shifted to a tree, and showed an animal

climbing up the side of a tree. At first I thought the animal was a squirrel, but then realized it was a black eagle. Obviously the man photographing the eagle had been waiting in hiding for the eagle to return. The eagle reached a fork in the tree where there was a nest. When the eagle reached the nest, the head of a baby eagle could be seen inside the nest. The eagle then flew up to one of the branches and sat there.

The lawyer decided to return to the city. He boarded a snazzy-looking, red sports car and began driving. As he drove down the road, an apparition suddenly appeared in the middle of the road. The apparition was colorful and shaped like a triangle. The lawyer swerved in the road to miss the apparition. After he had passed by, the lawyer looked back and nothing

was there. He realized it had just been some kind of vision. That somewhat disturbed him, and he didn't know quite what was happening. He drove on a ways through country roads.

Suddenly he saw a woman in the road walking straight toward him. He swerved again into the other lane and then had to swerve again to miss another sports car coming straight toward him. When he was finally back in his lane, the lawyer looked back; the woman wasn't there. He realized the woman had likewise been a vision.

He drove on. The scene on the television screen then focused on the man in the other sports car whom the lawyer had almost hit. That person was wondering what was wrong with the driver of the car which had almost

hit him. The man in the sports car continued on down the road until he arrived at a place where a brick wall was built across the road. The man wondered how the person in the red sports car had managed to come through the brick wall. The man had to turn his car and go back in the direction in which the lawyer was traveling in his sports car.

The lawyer finally made it back to town, and when he arrived at his office, he began telling someone what had happened to him. Meanwhile the screen on the television was beginning to grow dark and dim, so I could no longer see it well.

Also the television was rather peculiar, because it wasn't standing upright but lying down flat so I had to look down on it from above. My step-grandfather Clarence and my

grandmother Mabel were in the room with me, and Clarence was lying on a couch on the other side of the room.

From where he was lying, he was unable to see the screen of the television. But apparently he was listening to the show, and I asked him if he wanted me to turn the television around so he could see it better. But he told me not to worry about it.

I looked on the wall to see if he could see a reflection of the screen. But there was obviously no reflection on the wall.

Nevertheless I told him I was going to try to get a better picture on the screen. To do that, I had to put my fingers on the screen and move them around. By touching certain parts of the screen, I was able to not only make the picture clearer, I was able to change the channels. As I moved

my fingers around on the television, some very colorful pictures came on. One scene came on which showed a terrible battle going on with some Indians attacking some cowboys. Some men were shot with arrows and I saw one man with an arrow shot right through his cheeks and another man had an arrow in his guts. It was quite bloody`.

Horses were also in the scene and one beautiful white horse raised up on its hind legs in the middle of the battle. The horse opened its mouth and revealed long, sharp, white teeth. The teeth were perhaps a third of a meter long and the sight was rather terrifying.

I realized this wasn't the show I had originally been watching and I began moving my fingers around again on the television trying to find the right

show. But I couldn't seem to locate the original show again.

**Dream of: 09 January 1982 (4)**  
**"Warner Brothers Coat"**

While at law school, I encountered Leah sitting at a table. I was wearing my blue coat and she asked, "Is that a new coat?"

I answered, "No, I brought it back from Ohio with me when I came."

Referring to my leather jacket, she asked, "What happened to your Warner Brothers coat."

I looked at her strangely and said, "When did you ever see me in that coat."

She answered, "Oh, I've seen you wear it. I keep track of you."

## **Dream of: 10 January 1982**

### **"Heading To School"**

I was in Portsmouth, where it had been snowing. I had picked up a friend early in the morning to take to school, but first he wanted to stop somewhere and buy some marijuana.

We went to a familiar house which seemed like someone else's house but at the same time reminded me of the Grandview Avenue House and also somewhat of the Ressinger House. My friend walked into the front room of the house to consult with the person who had the marijuana while I walked back to the kitchen.

A girl (only 13-14 years old) showed up. She somehow seemed as if she were my sister (not my actual sister).

She was wearing a one-piece blue swimming suit. I looked at the suit when she entered; it was a knit-type

material which had large spaces between the thread which allowed the flesh to be seen. The girl at first seemed embarrassed to be so exposed in front of me, but then she didn't seem to care. When I walked up to her to have a better view, I could easily discern the nipples of her developing breasts. I looked farther down; her black pubic hairs were clearly visible.

She left the room and I looked around. A pantry had been converted into a clothes closet. I looked through the clothes for something to wear to school and I came across some sweaters which were rather worn out and out of style. One suited my taste, but it was worn and threadbare along the back shoulders. I wanted to wear it anyway but felt constrained not to since I knew the other law students

disdained people wearing worn-out clothes. In particular I thought how Leah would be sitting behind me in one of my classes and would see me dressed in old clothes. It aggravated me that I would let myself be pressured into dressing in a certain way.

A dachshund which reminded me of Duke (my sister's dog) appeared in the rather dark room. The dog ran around frenetically for a bit and then stood straight under the light, which was merely a bulb in a socket in the middle of the ceiling. Suddenly the dog made a leap all the way to the ceiling and seemed to grab something black which had been next to the light bulb. I was able to discern that the dog had pulled down a bat which had been hanging there.

I lay down on the floor under the light and the dog again jumped to the ceiling and pulled down another black bat. When the bat came down, it landed on me and I struggled to push it off, since I didn't want it to touch me.

I had been in the kitchen a rather long time and I was wondering if the fellow whom I had brought was growing impatient. I walked into the front room and found him still waiting for the fellow he was supposed to meet.

I decided to leave. I stepped outside and walked off through the snow toward school. As I walked I realized I was actually near the House in Patriot, walking down a gravel road in the country. It was snowing at first, but then it turned into a sunshiny summer day. On my left was a

hillside. I came to a place where people had been bailing hay and were in the process of gathering it up. I realized immediately that Carolyn Count's family was at work here, but I didn't see Carolyn with them. I saw one grizzly-looking fellow with a large, bushy, red beard on a tractor.

A bale of hay rolled down into the road. I picked it up and walked a few steps with it. Then with one hand I threw it back up over the fence into the field. When it hit the ground it looked as if it warped in the middle, but it didn't break open. No one seemed to pay any attention to me. I walked on. A little farther ahead in the field sat two more wagons already fully loaded. In front of them sat Carolyn. She obviously had been working and had her hair pulled back and tied up. She was wearing a shirt

and jeans. Her cheeks were red and she looked pretty.

She didn't look at me as I passed along, averting her gaze so our eyes wouldn't meet. I thought it was probably best to just walk on by and not say anything to her, so I just kept walking. She seemed to have a rather stand-offish expression on her face as if she didn't want to speak with me and as if she probably wouldn't answer me even if I did speak.

Just as I was almost past her I stopped, took my hat from my head and said, "Hello, miss."

I made a comment about the weather and was surprised to see a wide smile spread across her face. Radiant, she stood and walked down toward the fence.

I continued, "I'm on my way to school in Centerville. It's five miles away and I have to walk today."

She answered, "I'll get my car and take you, if you want."

I could hardly believe my ears. Nothing would please me more than to ride to school with her. Then she added enigmatically, "I like your brother, too."

### **Dream of: 14 January 1982 "Crash In The Swamp"**

I was playing a game with a new watch which had about 100 different functions on it. Whenever I would press a button a different image would come on the face of the watch.

I pressed one function and a television picture appeared on the face. I began watching it. Part of the picture on the screen seemed to be

representing some sort of game to travel around from one place to another.

Casey (a law student) and another idiotic fellow were with me. The three of us boarded some kind of flying machine and flew over some swampy areas. The idiot then did something wrong and our machine began going down. We thought we were going to hit the ground, but instead we crashed into a swamp in the water. Casey hurt his leg in the crash and I swam over to him to help him. I managed to pull him up onto land. I couldn't tell what had happened to the idiot.

We had to walk a long ways to get back to where we had been. At first I picked Casey up in my arms and carried him. But finally I put him down. It appeared he was going to be

able to walk and we began walking together. We came to some briars and Casey got one of the briars caught in his leg.

I saw a couple of black girls coming toward us.

**Dream of: 15 January 1982**  
**"Submerged"**

I had gone to a large swimming which reminded me of an Olympic-sized pool. After I had walked up the pool's edge, a man and his wife walked up to me and the man in a friendly way asked me to sit down in a chair beside the pool. I sat down and the man asked me who had cut my hair for me. He asked me if I would like to have my hair washed, shampooed and rolled up in towels. I told him I didn't think I wanted to do that because I

thought it would cost too much. But he told me it wouldn't cost anything.

I stood back up and talked to him more about it. He said I would just need to sit back down and it would only take a few minutes. I sat back down in the chair. I knew some particular procedure would be necessary to have my hair done, but I didn't know exactly what it was. He then put what appeared to be a seat belt across my chest, and told me the belt would be used to hold me in while my hair was being done. I was wearing swimming trunks and I had some bruises on my right leg. A large scab was on my right leg near my ankle and some smaller scabs were on my knees where I had skinned myself.

I was still uncertain what was going to be done to me, but I inferred that I

was going to be dipped into the water. By some mechanism, the man began raising the chair into the air.

He moved the chair out over the water and had the chair turned upside down. Then, through a microphone, he began explaining to an audience that I was going to be held underwater for seven minutes. It was going to be some kind of contest, and also during the seven minutes my hair was going to be washed and shampooed.

The man then lowered me into the water. Fortunately I had a pocket knife in my swimming trunks which I pulled out and began cutting the belt with. I swam back up to the surface, where I could see how surprised the people looked to see me coming back up. I held my pocket knife up in the air.

I pulled myself up onto the concrete along the edge of the pool and said, "These people without even telling me were going to hold me submerged under water. I could have died."

The man's wife said, "You would have had a chance to ring a little bell. You didn't wait till we explained everything. There was a bell you could ring. If you wanted to come up, you rang the bell, then we would have pulled you back up."

I began thinking I knew I wouldn't have been able to hold my breath for seven minutes. But I thought I might have been able to hold my breath for a couple minutes. I thought, "Maybe they would have finished the shampoo quickly. Maybe I should have stayed there for as long as I could instead of coming back up immediately."

As I stood here, some people dove into the water. One fellow ran up as fast as he could and when he hit the water, instead of going under, his head stayed on top of the water, his feet came over behind his head and he skidded across the top of the water.

Other people dive in. There was a deck with different levels on it next to the pool and I went up to about the eighth level. Most people on that level were black. I saw some black girls here and I walked close to them. I thought the girls were attractive and thought I would like to talk with one.

But then I rose and left and began walking around again.

**Dream of: 17 January 1982 "At  
The Zoo"**

Katherine (a fellow law student at Baylor Law School in Waco, Texas, with whom I had a short romantic interlude) and I had gone to a zoo together. We walked through the bird section and came upon a cage harboring a colorful blue bird. First the bird would walk backwards in the cage, then walked forward to the front and chirp. A couple other birds were also in the cage. We walked on over the sawdust-covered ground and saw other birds in cages. The birds seemed friendly and the tails of some stood up when they cooed. Finally we came to a turnstile where we had to pay and we exited the bird section.

We came to the elephant section. One elephant began sucking my hand and at one point two baby elephants charged at me. The right tusk of one of the small elephants was broken off.

I mounted an elephant that was a darker gray color than the smaller ones. It had both its tusks. As I rode the elephant, I was wearing a cowboy hat, and I held my left hand under my butt. I did an excellent job of riding and when I finished I slid gracefully off its head.

On the other side of the section I saw some pink caskets and I wished I had my camera so I could take pictures.

We continued on to the monkey and ape section where a gorilla charged at me. As Katherine and I walked along she kept holding on to my arm.

When I broke away from her, she cried out loudly.

When we reached a lounge area, we sat down on a couch. Katherine began talking and threatened to publish some kind of agreement I had made

with her concerning a pair of Levi pants I had given her which had shrunk. I told her I would have her expelled from law school. When Haim (another fellow law student) showed up, I began explaining the agreement to him. He said something about my having been a nice guy for having given the pants to Katherine. I agreed.

Donna (another law student) was sitting on the other side of the room, while a pretty black-haired girl I had seen at law school was sitting next to Katherine. When Katherine finally left, the girl said some funny sarcastic things about the agreement.

I joined back up with Katherine and we lay down together on a park bench. She moved ever closer to me and I told her to put her breast in my mouth. A woman nearby (who seemed

to be a law student) began screaming. Katherine wanted to leave. I refused at first but finally gave in.

When I told Katherine I wasn't going to see her anymore, she became quite upset. I wanted to tell her that if she would simply lose 50 pounds, I would see her again, but I didn't know exactly how to say it. Being overweight was obviously her problem.

Another woman, who had overheard me talking to Katherine, said something to Katharine. I asked the woman if she would accompany Katherine home, and as they talked, I slipped away. I walked back to where the gorillas and elephants were. I felt sorry for the larger elephants being in stalls.

## **Dream of: 17 January 1982 (2)**

### **"Warm Beer"**

I was in the upstairs bathroom of a house in Portsmouth, preparing to leave Portsmouth. While my mother and my sister were standing in the doorway of the bathroom, I took off my pants in front of them. My mother left, but my sister walked into the toilet and said she needed to use it. I told her to go ahead. She pulled down her pants and sat on the commode. She had a small penis.

I walked into the upstairs living room and continued packing. I had three cans of beer I had earlier taken from the refrigerator and which were becoming rather warm. When I pulled the tab on one can, part of the tab came off and part stayed on the can. I took a drink, remembered I had

decided to stop drinking, but drank  
the beer anyway.

I thought of calling Walls and telling  
him good-bye.

### **Dream of: 18 January 1982 "Ghost Story"**

Birdie (my girlfriend when I was a teenager) and I stopped by the home of Walls and his wife Connie (two other friends from my teenage years) in Portsmouth, Ohio (my hometown when I was a teenager). After Birdie and I walked into the living room, I sat on the far right side of the couch and Birdie sat to my left. Another couple was lying down on the couch on the other side of Birdie.

When I saw Buckner (another teenage friend) in the room, I rose and said, "Buckner, I have a treat for you."

I had intended to read him some dreams in which he had appeared (just as I had recently read some dreams to Walls in which Walls had appeared), but then I said, "Oh crap, I don't have them with me. They're not in the car."

I told Buckner I dreamed the night before that I had been bronco riding an elephant. He said that would be difficult because an elephant was so large. I told him the elephant had only come up to my waist.

Two fellows whom I didn't know stopped by and Walls walked into the kitchen with them. I heard Walls say to one, "Bet you fellows are in need of some grass."

The fellow replied, "No, I have four or five which will last me till Monday."

After they talked for a while, the fellow decided perhaps he ought to get more marijuana from Walls. Walls said, "Well, why don't I just give you the key to the compound and you can go get it yourself."

I walked into the next room for a moment. When I returned, Birdie was sitting where I had been sitting. I said something to her about it and then I sat down where she had been sitting. The reason Birdie had shifted places was soon apparent: the girl lying on the couch had been crowding Birdie.

The girl kept touching me with her legs until I shoved her legs away from me a couple times. The girl finally got the message and stopped.

The guy and girl on the couch finally left. Birdie also wanted to leave but I wanted to stay longer. So Birdie shifted back over to the other side of

me, lay down and fell asleep. She had seemed very withdrawn and I hadn't heard her speak with anyone.

Apparently Walls had cable television and a show called "Ghost Story" was just going off. The words sounded like poetry as they flashed across the television.

Birdie awoke and said we had to leave. Several other couples were now in the room. Birdie stood and walked out the door without saying anything to anybody. I knew she couldn't get into the car because I had the keys. When I likewise rose, Buckner walked over to me. I had hardly spoken to him before. We stood next to a large Christmas tree and I just looked at him for about 15 seconds, unable to think of what I wanted to say to him. Finally I said, "Steve, what are you doing now."

Holding a drink in his hand, he looked sheepish and replied, "Nothing."

He said he lived in Columbus, Ohio. I surmised that his parents were supplying him with money. He continued, "Oh in the day I read a lot. And at nights I party."

I visualized his life and thought how dismal it would be to party every night.

When Birdie walked back in, I walked over to her. She grabbed my arm and said, "Let's go."

I quickly told Buckner that if I were still in town the next day I would call him. As Birdie and I began to leave, I said good-bye to Walls and Connie.

I felt guilty about having kept Birdie out so late and I began wondering about her husband. Should I take her

home myself or should I send her in a cab? I didn't even know where she lived.

**Dream of: 18 January 1982 (2)**  
**"Chaotic Writing"**

Duesler, Casey (both law students) and I were sitting in a room listening to a lecture being given by Dohoney. We weren't in the classroom proper, but in a back room connected to the classroom by swinging doors containing small windows. We were talking with each other. Although Dohoney was speaking clearly, we couldn't hear her when we spoke amongst ourselves. I moved closer to the door and Casey followed me. It appeared that Dohoney saw Casey as he sat down next to me.

Suddenly the swinging doors flew open and Dohoney walked in. She

said she wanted us all to come down front because there was no reason for our staying in the back room. I said, "I think that's a good idea."

When I had moved closer to the door I had left my book in the seat where I had been. I went back to fetch it and Dohoney followed me. She said she had a few comments to make about our writing. She began with Duesler and said that he did just fine. She then said, "Steve and Wade have a few problems I need to discuss with them."

She spoke very softly and understandingly. I replied, "I know my spelling is bad. When I was younger I just didn't study spelling."

She said, "That's good. You'll be able to learn it better now."

I continued, "And my grammar is terrible. I don't know grammar rules at all. I know a subject and verb and a little about prepositional phrases, but when I look at my writing it just seems so chaotic."

Dohoney seemed very understanding. She said she was thinking of writing an article comparing mine and Duesler's writing and showing the difference. She wanted to show how Duesler used proper grammatical construction and I didn't. But she was nice about it and seemed to want to help me. She wanted to take some time and show me how to improve. I thought that was a fine idea but I wondered when she would actually do it.

**Dream of: 19 January 1982**  
**"Nibbling Deer"**

I had gone to Remedies class at Baylor Law School. I sat down in a seat next to Wallace (a law student) on my right and with the aisle on my left.

The students were supposed to have read three or four cases; but I hadn't read them. I *did* have some synopses of the cases and was quickly trying to read them before class began.

The actual cases were to be found in a copy of ALR 3. I noticed that Wallace not only had a copy of ALR 3 but also copies of ALR 1 and ALR 2 as well as copies of other ALR books. I told him it looked as if he had the whole set.

For myself, I didn't even know in which copy of ALR 3 the cases were supposed to be found. All I had was my synopses.

The class began. Usually the professor (who was a woman) didn't call on anyone. But on this day she called out the name of Lewenstein (a former high school classmate). She asked what the case was about and he answered, "I don't know."

Obviously he hadn't read the case. Hands went up around the room and the professor called on someone else. She then began looking for something in one of her books that she wanted to show us. She looked and looked but she couldn't find it.

After 20-30 minutes of waiting, several students rose and left. The professor didn't seem to care and the classroom gradually began emptying out. Leah was still waiting in a seat behind me.

I stood and walked out. Weinstein had also been in the class; he had walked out right before me. He was dressed snazzy; he had on a sharp-looking pair of beige shoes with a brown stripe around them while I was wearing an old pair of brown shoes whose heel was about to fall off.

Weinstein was also wearing beige pants and a nice jacket. He looked as if he had just stepped out of a fashion catalog.

I could tell that he didn't want to have anything to do with me. I passed him in the hallway and murmured, "I've never seen a class disintegrate like that one."

Weinstein made no reply, so I walked on. I turned through a door on my right and he followed me. I made several other turns and every time he stayed right behind me. I was headed

toward the front door so I could leave. When I finally reached the front door I could hear music from musical instruments and figured a music class was in process. When I turned toward the front door Weinstein turned the other way toward the music class.

I climbed up some stairs and finally walked outside. I had to descend about a dozen steps to the ground. But before I did so I stopped short, for I saw standing at the bottom of the stairs a large red deer. It had no antlers but was still quite beautiful. A Mexican man (apparently the guardian) was standing next to it. Another man petted the deer for a moment and then walked away.

I wanted to pet it; I walked slowly toward it. I reached out my hand to touch its side. It suddenly lurched

forward and ran up the stairs and as it passed me, I caressed its whole side.

It reached the top of the stairs and stood towering above me. I moved my hand toward its mouth. It began nibbling on my hand. I let it nibble but was cautious lest it clamp down on my fingers.

**Dream of: 20 January 1982**  
**"Watches And Maps"**

I had gone to an afternoon session of a Remedies class being taught by John Wilson (a law professor). Wilson had called the class to make up for some classes he had missed earlier in the quarter. I was terribly upset about having to go to an unexpected make- up class. I was bored and the class just drug on and on. I looked at

the clock in the back of the room; it was almost 6 p.m.

I was sitting in the back of the room close to the door. I had my sleeping bag with me which had come unrolled. I worked for about 15 minutes trying to roll it back up. I became so frustrated that I finally slipped outside the door and worked on it in the hall. Every time I would roll it together it would come undone again. I kept trying to wrap the black string around it that holds it together, but I couldn't seem to make it stay together. Finally I managed to roll it up and tie it. Then I walked back inside. Since my seat was so close to the door, I was able to exit and enter unnoticed.

The class finally ended. Right at the end of class, I thought I heard Wilson call out my name and Cosby's (a law

student) name. I said to Cosby, who was standing right in front of me,  
"Did he call out my name?"

Cosby answered, "Yep, he sure did.  
And he called out my name too."

Apparently Wilson wanted to talk to me. I walked down front toward his desk. I was unsure why he had called m. At first I thought he might want to ask me some questions about the time I had been in Iran.

As I proceeded down the aisle, and after about half the people in the class had already left, Wilson said, "Oh yea, I should have told your that I'm going to give one A and one F in this class. That way there won't be any hassles."

Some girls in the class really seemed to like Wilson. They walked up to him

and kissed him on the cheek as they were leaving.

By the time I was almost at his desk, I realized people were coming into the room for another class. The new people looked like high school students and I concluded that Wilson was also teaching a high school civics class.

When I reached Wilson's desk, He handed me four small thin booklets but five by ten centimeters in size. He said, "Hurry and look at it, because I can still call it back."

I was unsure what he had meant. I carried the books back to my seat, opened them and began leafing through them. They contained pictures of watches. Cosby was also standing by the desk and when he saw the booklets he said, "Yea, those

are exactly like the ones he passed out last quarter. They're nice, but I didn't want to buy any."

I certainly didn't want to buy any either. I kept leafing through the booklets and saw that they also contained maps. I wasn't really sure what to do with the books. I thought perhaps Wilson wanted me to keep them and show them to other people. I thought it would probably be best to be polite about it and take the books back to him and explain that I wasn't interested right now, but that I would like to keep one of the books to look at and maybe show to other people.

**Dream of: 20 January 1982 (2)**  
**"Hearing Noises"**

On New Year's Eve, Birdie and I were in the rear second-floor bedroom at the Gay Street House having frantic

passionate sex which seemed to last and last. All the while I worried her husband Rick might arrive. But since it was after one or two in the morning and all the doors were locked, I finally concluded he simply wasn't going to show up.

My father was in one of the other rooms. Was my mother also in the House? What would happen if my mother walked in there? I would simply have to escort her out of the room and tell her this was none of her business and that she shouldn't be in there. Fortunately, she didn't show up

Late at night I had an orgasm and rolled off Birdie. But then I rolled back onto her and began feeling her breast again. When I heard an unexpected noise outside, I quickly jumped up and said, "I heard a noise."

Birdie sat up on the side of the bed – she seemed to be going into convulsion as she groaned, "Oh no, it's my husband, it's my husband."

She was pounding her foot on the floor and making a terrible noise. I said, "Calm down. Calm down. You've got to control yourself. I'll go find out what it is."

I jumped up and put on my brown bathrobe. I walked to the door, opened it and looked downstairs to the kitchen. There I could see my father's legs sticking out of the kitchen stove. I said, "Dad, what's going on."

He replied, "Nothing."

Apparently he also was checking to see what was going on. He said he had been up on Saint Thomas Avenue and that no house was there. I

thought, "Well, that's where Birdie lives. What was he doing up on Saint Thomas?"

But then he corrected himself and said, "No, no. I mean the House up on the hill (the House in New Boston)."

Apparently he had been looking for my mother, but had been unable to find her. When he had returned to the Gay Street House, he had heard the same noise I had heard, and had gone downstairs to see what it was. But I was unsure what he was looking for in the stove.

I thought Birdie's husband might be outside looking around. I knew Birdie didn't have a car here and therefore she couldn't be traced here. But since Birdie wasn't at her home, her husband had probably simply decided she was probably here with me.

Alarmed, I wondered what her husband would do if he actually came into the House and found Birdie and me together.

**Dream of: 22 January 1982**  
**"Moment Of Truth"**

Birdie and I were together in bed and both were completely nude. I said to her, "Birdie, you're going to have to go back to your husband."

She told me she knew she did. She rose from the bed and walked over to a dresser. I also stood up and put on a pair of cut-off shorts. She stood by the dresser and said, "Well, maybe we should just make love one more time before I go."

I walked over to her, unbuttoned my shorts and let them fall to the ground. I pulled her close to me and said, "Well, if you want to."

But then we heard someone outside  
say, "He's coming."

I said, "I wonder who's coming."

I pulled my shorts back up and said,  
"Who is it?"

Someone outside answered, "It's her  
husband."

I thought, "Well, this is it then. This is  
the moment of truth."

Birdie was still just standing there  
naked as I opened up the door. A  
large fellow standing there was about  
two thirds of a meter taller than I. I  
immediately realized that he wasn't  
her husband, but someone else. He  
was actually Terry (a law student),  
although at the time I thought he was  
someone else whom I had known long  
ago. He stood there talking; he didn't  
appear to be looking at Birdie, even

though she was nude. He seemed to be looking over her head. He seemed embarrassed, because apparently he was the one who had said it was her husband outside, and he felt embarrassed about having lied.

Finally we both stepped back outside and I asked, "Why did you say you were her husband?"

He replied, "Well, they told me to say that when I came to the door."

I then looked into another room, where I saw my first cousin Ronnie. I walked up to Ronnie, shook his hand and said, "How are you doing?"

He said he was doing fine and asked me how I was doing. I said, "Oh I've been sick for about a week. I had the flu."

I asked Ronnie how he and Terry knew each other and why they had come all the way up there to see us. We were in Portsmouth. Ronnie said they had been concerned about me and had simply come down to see me. I told him I had been startled to see Terry standing there, because Terry was so big. I said, "I knew that if that was her husband, I was really going to have some definite problems."

**Dream of: 23 January 1982**  
**"Secret Lives"**

I was at the home of Karry Anderson (who had been a year ahead of me when we had attended Portsmouth High School), where I apparently was going to start living with Karry and her parents. I was lying on a bed and Karry was lying on the floor next to the bed. As we talked, I picked up a newspaper which looked like a

National Enquirer and which had Karry's pictures all over the front of it and on the next few pages. The pictures showed her wearing practically no clothing. She seemed to be wearing a scanty bathing suit. As I leafed through the pages, the pictures showed her wearing even fewer clothes. Finally I reached a picture in which she was sitting down completely nude. In another picture she was standing up completely nude. I looked at her brown pubic hairs. I then looked again at the pictures, and noticed that there were actually black boxes which covered the genital areas.

I thought Karry would have no trouble posing for Playboy, and I thought of asking her if she had ever posed for Playboy.

I looked at Karry lying on the floor and realized she wasn't wearing any top, so her breasts were visible. After talking with her more, I finally asked her how she liked posing in the nude for newspapers. I then reached over and put my hand on one of her breasts. Next I bent over and began kissing one of her breasts.

I continued doing that and was enjoying myself, until a small girl came up and attacked me. The girl began biting me on my legs and butt. I screamed and tried to kick her off, but was unsuccessful. During the struggle, Karry rose and went into the next room, where I could still see her around the corner. She took off her pants (so that she was only wearing panties) and then she put on a sweat shirt.

Meanwhile the little girl (only as tall as my knees and somewhat like a little dog) continued attacking me. I hollered for Karry to make the girl stop, but Karry apparently was unable to help.

I was anxious to get back with Karry, but Karry said that her parents were here. I looked out the window; indeed, her parents had arrived. Karry and I weren't going to be able to have any more contact.

Karry said the little girl would now stop, and indeed, the closer the parents came to the house, the more the little girl stopped bothering me. When the parents finally entered the house, the little girl completely stopped bothering me. When the parents came in, it was as if nothing had happened between Karry and me;

the little girl and everything was normal.

It occurred to me that we were all living secret lives and no one else, such as the parents, would know about it. So I didn't say anything to anyone.

**Dream of: 23 January 1982 (2)**  
**"Constitutional Law Exam"**

I was taking my Constitutional Law exam. After I had arrived in the classroom and had sat down at the table, professor Guinn, had handed out the exam. I had five and a half hours in which to complete it. I began working on the first question, which dealt with dual sovereignty.

I was going to write the test longhand. I had originally planned to type the test, but I was under so

much pressure, I didn't feel as if I would be able to type it.

I began writing on a yellow, legal-sized paper-tablet. After finishing one page, I began to turn to the second page. But when I started to turn the page, I suddenly realized I had some of my class notes on the underside of my tablets. As I turned the page, the notes were visible. Guinn happened to be standing in front of me just at that very moment, and although he didn't say anything, I was sure he saw the notes. I was afraid he would think I was cheating or that I had broken some rule, even though I knew I hadn't. Guinn walked on.

As I prepared to write on the second page, I suddenly realized that before coming to class I had cut all my pages in half, so that now I only had half-

size pages. I couldn't write on them. I sat in a dilemma.

Besides that, I was having difficulty answering the question. I could only seem to come up with vague sentences, such as, "The purpose of law should be followed according to its purpose."

I realized I was going to have to go buy some paper. When another girl stood up, apparently to go to the restroom, I thought, "Well, apparently people are leaving the room."

So I rose to go buy some paper. As I walked out, I noticed that some girl had written on her paper a case name, which appeared to be "McCullough v. Maryland." I suddenly realized I should have mentioned that case in my answer about dual sovereignty. I had completely

forgotten about that case. Obviously I was going to have to completely redo my answer.

As I walked outside, I realized an hour had already elapsed since the test began. Of the eight or nine questions, I had only gotten to the second one. It seemed as if I were obviously going to fail the test. I was in a panic.

I headed down the street and decided I was first going to get something to eat. I saw Leah outside. She was wearing a red dress and was with her parents. She was apparently taking her lunch break and was going to eat lunch with her parents.

I walked on down the street until I arrived at a small restaurant which reminded me of one which used to be on Chillicothe Street in Portsmouth.

When I walked in, I saw Anderson and Anderson's brother, Jim, sitting at a table. I hurriedly walked up to a man standing near them and asked the man if he would take my order. I asked him if they had oyster soup. I also wanted some salad, but I couldn't remember the word "salad." Since there was some salad on the table, I pointed to it and said, "Some of this stuff."

Then I remembered the word and added, "Salad."

I also ordered something else, and then sat down with Anderson and his brother Jim. Three girls (probably no more than 18 years old) and another fellow were sitting on the other side of the table. Anderson and I talked for a while and I asked him to introduce me to the girls, and he did. Although I wanted to meet the girls, I thought

they were too young for me and that we would have nothing in common. I wasn't particularly interested in meeting the fellow with them.

I began thinking again about the exam I was taking, "Now that two hours has passed, I've only got about three and a half hours to complete that exam, which I obviously cannot do."

I thought perhaps there would be another exam like it given the following day and I might be able to take it. I thought, "Well he might take off if I took the exam the next day. Like he might take off ten percent. That would really affect a person's score."

I thought I needed to review and go back over some of the constitutional law questions. I needed to look up

some of the cases and remember their names. That way I could look at each question and then determine which cases I was going to use in the answer of each question. That would be better than answering the questions without referring to any cases.

The fellow on the other side of the table asked me what I was studying. I told him I was studying law, but it seemed as if no one could hear me.

The restaurant seemed to be full of "new-wave" type people. One fellow sat down beside me, until I apparently said something which offended him, whereupon he jumped up and started to attack me with a fork. I stopped him before he could stab me, and after a struggle, I managed to subdue him. I threw him to the floor and held him down with

one foot, until I was able to motion to a policeman in the restaurant. The policeman came over and I said, "Look, I'm a law student. I'm right in the middle of an exam. I've got to go back and take this exam. And this guy just assaulted me in here, attacked me."

The policeman seemed sympathetic and took the fellow. Other people in the restaurant began marching out. When I turned back around, Anderson and his brother Jim had already left.

### **Dream of: 24 January 1982 "In Full Bloom"**

I was in some hills which seemed to be somewhere in Gallia County, Ohio. I had seen in a newspaper that week that a particular type of psychedelic plant was in full bloom at this time of year. Two other fellows and I had met

one day thereafter, intending to go through the hills in search of the plants. I was riding a bicycle and pulled it up. We then all started off through the woods.

The fellow leading was the a law student who had sat next to me on my right in my constitutional law class. He insisted that none of us eat any of the plants because the article in the paper had said that the legal authorities were keeping a watch to make sure no one ate any plants. The authorities were going to arrest anyone found eating the plants.

Finally we found a few of the plants, which just looked like weeds with large leaves, and I ate a few as we walked along. I began to feel some mild effect from the plants. Finally we found a large bunch of the plants, and I wanted to eat some of them. But the

other fellow was adamant that we not eat any and he said the police were around. He pointed to a nearby hill and said he was sure that police were on that hill watching us. I replied, "Well look. We're not going to carry any around. I'm just going to eat them right here. I'm not going to get that high. I've been so high on hallucinogens before that I couldn't move from the spot, because I couldn't see anything for the hallucinations all around me. But then other times I have just been very mildly affected by it. And that's basically what I intend now, is to just be mildly affected by it."

I pulled up one of the plants and began eating it. At the same time, I was keeping my eyes open, because I was somewhat apprehensive of the police coming up unexpectedly. And I

also wondered if the police could track us from the point where I had left my bicycle and find some stems of plants from which we had eaten the leaves. But I didn't think they would be able to do that.

**Dream of: 25 January 1982**  
**"Breach"**

I was carrying a large, brown, square pillow which was torn along one edge so some white stuffing in the pillow was visible. It was actually in rather poor shape. I was headed toward Stevens' (a former schoolmate from high school) house on Jackson Street in Portsmouth. When I reached the house, I put the pillow on the front porch, and thought about how I was tired of carrying the pillow around and how I would like to leave it there.

I looked into the front room; all the furniture was gone. I hollered inside; a woman answered from the back of the house; I walked in. In the back of the house I found Stevens' mother sweeping up the dirty house. I looked out back; all the furniture from the house had been moved out back. When Stevens' mother told me she was cleaning up the house, I said, "Well, when you clean, you really do a job, don't you."

Ron's mother walked to the front porch and brought in the pillow which I had been carrying. Only it was no longer a pillow, but a sack of potatoes, weighing about five pounds, some clothes, which included my brown corduroy pants, some blue jeans, and a couple pair of rubber boots. It seemed as if I might have

earlier bought some of the items at a Salvation Army.

I found a bucket and thought I would put all the stuff in it so I could take it with me. I really didn't want to take it, but I didn't think Stevens' mother wanted me to leave it here. After putting everything into the bucket, I decided to eat some of the potatoes, which were boiled. Although I didn't have any butter to put on the potatoes, I did put something on them and began eating them, even though they were all mixed up with the clothes, which even appeared to be dirty.

I began becoming sick of what I was eating, walked out the back door and spat out a large mouthful. When I walked back into the house and looked again at how the clothes and the potatoes were all wound up

together, I decided not to eat any more. I even thought I was going to leave the rest of the potatoes there and not carry them around with me anymore.

I began talking with Stevens' mother about what Stevens was doing these days and I asked her about a girl whom Stevens used to date. I thought Stevens had married the girl, but Stevens' mother told me Stevens had never married her. Although the girl was still around, Stevens was now dating someone else. Stevens' mother said Stevens had talked to her the day before and had told her he was unsure whether he loved the girl whom he was presently dating.

I also had a bunch of nuts, perhaps walnuts, with me. I walked out back and began pouring the nuts into a bucket. I began walking down some

steps and was pouring the nuts as I went. I spilled many nuts on the ground. Some hungry little squirrels ran up, broke some of the nuts open and began eating them as if they were starving to death.

I noticed a small girl (apparently Stevens' little sister) driving either a car or a small pickup truck. With the truck she was pulling or pushing some kind of flat trailer, which was behind the truck. I then noticed some Saint Bernard puppies under the trailer. The mother of the puppies (obviously not a full blooded Saint Bernard, but a half breed), was anxiously watching. When I screamed at Stevens' sister to stop, she stopped and got out. I explained to her that I was afraid she was going to run over the puppies. She showed me the puppies weren't actually under the

trailer, but were back behind it and out of danger.

There were four puppies in all. The mother took one puppy over to a separate place. Two puppies looked like Saint Bernard's, but two looked as if they had German Shepherd blood in them. I thought to myself that a Saint Bernard wasn't the father of these puppies. I thought that the mother was obviously a half breed and that she in turn had mated with a German Shepherd, to give these results, these two puppies that looked like Saint Bernard and these two that look like German Shepherds.

Some large, hairy, gray dogs which looked like lions were in the back yard. One dog picked up one of the other ones on its nose and threw it straight up into the air. The dog came down and landed with a thud in the

neighbor's yard. The dog lay there for a short while and I thought it was probably injured. Finally it stood up and began walking toward me. I didn't want to have anything to do with it and I walked back into the house.

Stevens finally showed up and he and I walked out back. We talked for a while, until he finally asked me about using the word "breach." He used the word in a non-legal context and I said, "Yea, you can use it in that sense, but it's really a legal term, and its used almost exclusively in legal language."

I wanted to go to the federal penitentiary at Lucasville about 15 kilometers north of Portsmouth.

Seeley showed up riding a motorcycle, and I thought perhaps he could give me a ride to the Gay Street House. I loaded up my things (which

were no longer in the bucket, but in my green back pack) unto the back of the motorcycle. I jumped onto the back and we took off. I was planning on just having him take me to the Gay Street House, but on the way I asked him if he were going by the penitentiary. When he said he was, I said, "Well maybe you can give me a ride all the way out there."

Since he was going out in the country somewhere right by the penitentiary, he said, "Sure."

As we talked, I learned that he was also going to take Don Mauntell (an acquaintance) with him, and that he needed to first stop by Mauntell's house.

I asked Seeley if he had ever ridden with three people on a motorcycle before and he told me he never had. I

was quite apprehensive at the prospect.

I was also carrying three or four checks with me. I had originally deposited the checks in a bank, and then later had returned to the bank to ask for some money. The bank had then given me back the same checks which I had deposited in the bank. One check was from my father and was for about \$200. I also had my own checkbook with me. I wondered if I would be able to cash the checks at the prison, and concluded the officials at the prison would cash the checks for me. I knew I was going to be needing some money at the prison.

As we rode along, I wasn't sitting well on the motorcycle, and I felt as if I were going to fall off, but I managed to stay on, until we finally reached the country. We pulled up a little lane,

and headed up it until we reached a house at the top of a rise, where we were going to pick up Don Mauntel.

Instead of Don, Randle (a law student) came out of the house. Randle was wearing a sports jacket. He matter-of-factly boarded the motorcycle behind Seeley, and I jumped on behind Randle. I said, "Well, Grady, you got a good hold?"

He said, "Sure."

Seeley then took off back down the lane so fast I fell off the back and pulled Randle off with me. Randle and I sat on the ground watching Seeley go on off down the road. We could hear a thumping sound coming from the motorcycle, as if it had a flat tire.

I then saw the chain fly off the motorcycle. All the while, Seeley hadn't yet realized we had fallen off

the motorcycle. He continued down the lane until he reached the bottom.

**Dream of: 25 January 1982 (2)**  
**"Feeling Of Dissidence"**

After the winter quarter of law school, I was planning to transfer to a law school in Ohio. Since I knew it would be a few weeks before I would be accepted, in the meantime I went for a visit to Iran.

In Iran, I went to a large auditorium filled with chairs and people. Paul (the older brother of my friend Steve Weinstein) was seated not far from me and reading a book. I was flabbergasted to see him in Iran. I was unsure whether he had already seen me and simply hadn't said anything, or whether he hadn't seen me at all. I stepped up to him and said, "Paul."

He replied, "Oh yea, there you are. I've been meaning to look you up. I knew you were over here."

We sat down and began talking. I mentioned that I had been working on writing a book of dreams and that I had already typed up about 80 pages of the book. I told him that the book was rather interesting and that he might like to read it. I told him that I had written a lot more of the book which I hadn't yet typed up, and that I had much of it on tape.

I began explaining why I was in Iran and I told him I didn't know if I were going to be returning to Baylor Law School when I left Iran. I knew school was going to start again in about four weeks, and I still hadn't been accepted at the school which I was planning to attend in Ohio. So I was unsure what I was going to do. I had

already once before left Baylor to go to Puerto Rico, and then had returned to Baylor. I said something like, "I just don't know if Baylor is going to keep taking me back every time I go off to different places. Traveling around sure is fun in the meantime."

I also realized that traveling around like that was costing a lot of money.

There was obviously much trouble in Iran. The people in the auditorium apparently were dissatisfied with the present regime in Iran. I didn't see any mullahs in the room. An American rock and roll band with about four members had been brought in and apparently was going to perform in the auditorium. Paul stood and said he was going to go up and talk with the people in the band. I thought about going up with him, but decided to just stay where I was and listen. I

had the feeling Paul had come there to make a report on the band.

When the band began to play, I sat and listened to the lyrics, trying to understand what the song was saying.

It sounded rather good. When everyone stood up and began clapping along with the music, I also stood and began clapping. I could sense a strong feeling of dissidence in the room toward the Islamic regime and I felt united with the people.

A variety of people were in the room.

One old man had particularly expressive features in his face. Finally I returned to where I had originally been sitting, where I found a card table with a jug of water and a couple glasses on it. I picked up one glass, and in the process knocked over the other glass. Water and ice spilled out onto the table and floor. One fellow

was sitting at a bench on one side of the table and another fellow was sitting at a bench on the other side. One fellow got up and left, but the other remained. With a white rag I began trying to push the water and ice off the table onto the floor. The fellow who had left returned and brought me back another rag. I used it to continue trying to push the water off the table and onto the floor. It was quite a mess.

### **Dream of: 26 January 1982**

### **"Hitchhiking"**

It was night and I was at the Gay Street House, which was now occupied by Hari Krishnas. Groups of people were in every room doing different kinds of physical exercises.

The groups were divided up into people who were novices up through people who were very experienced.

By looking at the way the people were doing the exercises, one could quickly tell which groups were more experienced. The more advanced people were more rhythmical and more in unison when they exercised, whereas the novices weren't so coordinated and unified in their movements.

I walked into the downstairs room on the Eighth Street side of the House, and found it filed with comic books. Apparently the Hari Krishnas were in the business of selling comic books there. One comic book (which had a number in the 30s and was put out by Marvel Comics), was about a Hari Krishna man who was some kind of hero. Most other comics were just regular comics, many of which were Marvels. Many were in plastic covers,

and were arranged in shelves all about the room.

In the ceiling of the room was a hole which had a board over it. I wanted to stand on something and look through the hole so I could see what was going on upstairs; but I was afraid someone might look through the window and see me, and since I didn't want to cause any commotion, I didn't do it.

I left the House and began hitchhiking toward West Portsmouth. I was picked up by Roleen (a girl with whom I attended Portsmouth High School in the late 1960s), Marjean (a high school schoolmate), and another girl (she was a fat girl who was in my classes at PHS and was later in Little Theater). The three were in the front, with the fat girl driving, Marjean in the middle and Roleen on the

passenger side. I climbed into the back seat and began flirting with Marjean, who closely resembled Goldie Hawn.

Roleen stretched her head over the back seat, and I began kissing Roleen. Roleen had put her hand on my penis. As Roleen and I passionately kissed, I was afraid Marjean would be upset, because I thought Marjean wanted to be with me, and I still somewhat wanted to be with Marjean.

We stopped kissing; Roleen and I began talking. The subject of dreams arose; I asked Roleen if she had ever dreamed about me. She said she had.

I asked Marjean if she had ever dreamed about me; she said she had dreamed about me several times. I told them I had dreamed about both of them. I thought it was terribly interesting that I had dreamed about

them and that they had dreamed about me. I tried to understand what that meant.

I positioned myself so I was between Marjean and Roleen; I intended to begin kissing Marjean. Finally I began first kissing Marjean and then Roleen, and then back and forth. I was thoroughly enjoying myself.

**Dream of: 27 January 1982**  
**"Sleeping Like An Opossum"**

I was watching a news program on television when a segment came on about islands somewhere in the Caribbean area. It seemed as if the islands were either around the Keys or the Bahamas. I knew my father was in the other room; I was about to go get him to watch the show when he walked in. I said, "Good, I'm glad you came in. I wanted you to see this.

I've been thinking about moving down  
in that area."

The picture on the screen showed an  
aerial view of an island completely  
covered with colorful flowers. The  
picture showed the clear blue water  
which surrounded the island. I  
commented about how good the  
fishing probably was there and how a  
person could probably go down there  
and live by fishing and never have  
many worries.

The next scene was on the land and  
showed a landing pad and the  
different ways which people arrived  
on the island. First a helicopter was  
shown and I commented to my father,  
"Now that would be a nice thing to  
have."

Next, a type of modern yellow  
airplane was shown and it was

demonstrated how it worked. It was like a helicopter since on takeoff it rose straight up into the air.

Afterwards it took off flying like an airplane, but then it turned around, came back to land, and crashed while landing. The pilot was uninjured; although the plane was badly damaged, it could apparently be easily put back together. I could not tell for sure whether the crash had been intended to show how easily the plane could be rebuilt or not.

I commented to my father that several of the law students at Baylor Law School had been pilots. I thought in particular of Leo Bacher (a law student) and my friend Jon. I was unsure if any of them actually owned a plane, but thought maybe Bacher did.

The show continued and moved on to another island somewhere in the Gulf of Mexico. The newscaster mentioned former president Ronald Reagan and how he had made some campaign pledge about that particular island when he had been running for president.

Not long thereafter, I actually went in person to that island. After I arrived, I encountered a strange character with whom I walked around for a while. We met a beautiful girl who was his girlfriend. The three of us continued walking around. The fellow had a strange name and I kept trying to pronounce it over and over, but I could not seem to get the right pronunciation.

I discovered an opossum hanging on the front of my shirt; it had fallen asleep. I continued walking around

with the opossum hanging on me. I said something about how that when an opossum sleeps, it really sleeps. I asked if there was some kind of saying about sleeping like an opossum.

We next went to a house. The man and woman went into a separate room; I thought they were intending to have sex. I stayed on the porch, which was completely enclosed by chicken wire. The opossum began biting me. It turned out to be quite a vicious little creature and would not stop biting me. I knocked it off and it went wild climbing up and down the chicken wire. I tried to escape and finally succeeded in getting into the room where the woman had gone – the man had left.

The woman was sitting on a chair. I sat down on the bed next to her and

began talking to her. I was attracted to her and kept moving my face closer and closer to hers. I did not know if she was going to let me kiss her. She did. We began kissing and I soon moved my hand over onto her breast and began squeezing it. I then pulled her around onto the bed and laid her there. She was wearing a night robe. She had her legs together and turned toward her right side. I pulled her legs up and spread them apart. I reached down and began pulling her panties. At first I was only going to pull them down part way, but then went ahead and pulled them completely down off from one leg. By now I had also pulled my pants off.

I probed around her vagina with my fingers and found it to be quite slippery and wet. I had an erection and began trying to insert my penis

into her vagina. She helped me a bit by reaching down and guiding my penis in. I was thinking I had masturbated twice that day, but then realized I had not masturbated in a couple weeks. It felt good once I was in her; I hoped I would not climax quickly, because I wanted it to last a long time.

She was attractive; I had earlier been thinking I would like to get to know her well. After I began having sex with her, I began thinking that it had certainly been easy to have sex with her ... she must have sex with lots of men. I lost some respect for her since I had been able to have sex with her after only being with her for about three minutes.

**Dream of: 27 January 1982 (2) "A Bit Of A Shock"**

Weitz (a law student), Coppock (another law student) and I were riding in a truck together. We arrived at a garage (situated on a high cliff) and pulled inside. Weitz and Coppock were going to drop me off there. I had a small car sitting there waiting for me inside the garage. As I walked to the car to get in, Weitz opened the door of his truck and began backing up to leave the garage. He came close to me and I told him to wait, but he was in such a hurry, I just lay down on my back so he could pass by me without his open door hitting me.

At first Weitz was moving backward, but abruptly he began moving forward toward a wall of the garage covered with tin on the side of the high cliff. Weitz shouted something like, "The carburetor won't work! The carburetor stopped working!"

The truck slammed through the side of the building, and straight down the cliff. I thought both Weitz and Coppock obviously had been killed. I thought how horrible it must have been for them when they started going down.

I climbed into my car and began backing. Now I noticed my sister standing in the garage; she was transfixed by what she had just witnessed. She looked as if she were about 2 years old and seemed to still be wearing diapers. She ran to the edge of the cliff and stood there looking down. I got out of the car and pulled her back from the edge of the cliff. I thought, "I've got to go report this immediately."

I looked down over the cliff and I could see trees and also a street and people down below. I shouted to the

people, who apparently could see the truck. One of the people held up two fingers and hollered, "Two."

I screamed down, "Two people!"

He screamed back, "Yea, two people! They're alive!"

I couldn't believe it, but somehow they had survived, and it looked as if the people below were going to help them. It was so far to the bottom, I couldn't understand how Weitz and Coppock could have survived. I thought perhaps they had opened the doors and jumped out on some trees before the truck hit the bottom. It seemed clear to me that if they had stayed in the truck until it hit bottom, they would have been killed.

I kept having to keep an eye on my sister, because I was afraid she would wander over to the edge of the cliff

and fall down. I took her back a ways from the cliff and told her to stay there or she would fall off the cliff, but she didn't really seem to understand. I likewise didn't want to get too close to the cliff. Although there was a place over to the right where I could jump down to a lower cliff and get a better view, I was unsure I wanted to jump down there. It looked as if there was some junk on the lower cliff. Besides, I was experiencing a bit of shock myself.

**Dream of: 28 January 1982**  
**"Gathering Fruit"**

I was in a large truck being driven by Buckner. Carolyn was sitting between us in the front seat. We were on a country road almost like a one lane driveway, but as we drove along, we passed several houses.

Carolyn was directing us and was taking us somewhere. I was unsure myself where we were going. It was growing dark outside. We came up over a rise and the road just ended. A fence was in front of us, but we had enough room to turn around. An old barn was standing to our left.

For a moment I thought of playing a joke on Carolyn and telling her this was where she was going to meet her end, but then I realized she had been the one who had directed us here so she obviously wouldn't think it had been our idea to bring her here. I considered playing the joke on Buckner, but I quickly discarded the idea.

I stepped out and when I turned back around I saw that the truck was now a little car. I looked on the ground which was covered with fruit which

had fallen from a tree. The fruit looked something like persimmons or plums. It was brown-colored and quite ripe. I picked up one and bit into it.

When Carolyn slid out of the car, I told her to be careful not to step on the fruit. Then I realized she had brought us here to gather fruit.

I wondered if the owner of the property would mind our taking the fruit, but then I thought that the fruit would simply rot if we didn't take it. I wondered about the squirrels and as I looked around, I thought I saw several squirrels scampering off through the brown leaves.

### **Dream of: 31 January 1982** **"International Law Articles"**

While I was at Baylor Law School, someone (perhaps one of the

professors) gave me a sheet of paper, which had something to do with international law written on it. Apparently the paper had been taken from a larger work and it contained small excerpts of articles which people had written. In the lower left corner was an article which I had written concerning international law. The name of the article was there, then my name, Steven Collier, and then another word written in long hand which I couldn't understand – it might have been "lawyer like."

I was in the back part of the law library. I stood up to leave and as I walked down the hall inside the library, I encountered Leah, who was wearing a red dress. As I walked toward her, I thought of showing her the paper to see if she understood the word, but I decided I didn't want to

do that right now. When she saw me, she walked toward me and said, "Well, here's Steve Collier. He'll be able to tell me if I'm going to have a test today."

I replied, "Yea, there's just no doubt about it, you're going to have a test."

Actually I had no idea whether she was going to have a test today, but since she seemed to want me to prognosticate, I simply told her she was.

My nose was so stopped up I couldn't breathe through it. I said to Leah, "I gotta go. My nose is all stopped up."

Apparently her nose was also stopped up, because she sniffed and said, "Yea, I know what you mean."

I *did* want to talk to her but I wanted to go to the restroom first. I walked

on and entered the restroom. When I finished, I walked out of the restroom and began walking down the stairs.

On the stairs was a fellow whom I thought was Flanigan (a fellow law student). I thought he was probably headed for the constitutional law class, where I also needed to go. But when I walked closer, I saw he wasn't Flanigan. I glanced at a clock; it was already a quarter till the hour. I looked in the lounge; since no one was there, I thought, "Oh, no. Everybody's already in class."

I didn't want to go into the class, because the law professor, Guinn, didn't like people arriving late, but I thought, "Well, that clock is a little fast. So I won't really be late."

I walked into the class, even though upon entering I could hear Guinn already lecturing. I was going to head

for my seat but then I saw that only about half the people were sitting in seats; the rest were sitting in the aisles. I then realized this class was a special session to go over old tests. Some old tests were lying on the desks.

I didn't understand why so many people were sitting in the aisles and standing around instead of getting in their seats, but I knew I wanted to sit down. I edged my way to the back where I saw some empty seats. Crouch (a law student) began walking down one aisle and I followed him. We passed some people until we reached a point where some people had their feet sticking into the aisle so it was difficult to pass. Crouch made it by. I was almost ready to step on a fellow's legs which were in my way.

Guinn asked what all the commotion was about. The fellow straightened up and let me pass. I went on until I found some large green bags which I sat on. Perkins (another law student) was seated to my left, and on the other side of Perkins was Leah's husband, Kent; on the other side of Kent was Leah, who had her arms around his neck. Since Kent wasn't a law student, I wondered what he was doing here. I thought, "Well, he must have just come to listen in once, to see what it was like."

Guinn had been talking about federal actions, but now he began talking about the fellow who hadn't wanted to let me pass down the aisle. Guinn was trying to use the fellow as an example, to show how a person who interfered with another's rights could be sued. Guinn went into a rather

long diatribe as he asked people questions about it. He talked about "injury in fact" and explained how actual injury must exist in order to be able to sue someone, but if a person's rights are interfered with, that might be injury in and of itself.

When the class was over and I had left, I wanted to do something nice for someone. As I walked through the building, I encountered an overweight girl doing dishes at a sink. I had once before told the girl I would help her do dishes. So I stood at the sink and helped her wash the dishes, even though there were many dishes and it took a long time. I had no feelings for the girl. I just felt as if I wanted to do something to help someone. The dishes belonged to her and her husband; apparently she had to wash them every day. Although some small

brushes were lying there, they weren't scrub brushes, so I didn't have a brush with which to. I had to scrub on one pan for a long time with my fingers. I was trying to remove some stains which seemed like coffee stains.

The girl was pretty; she just needed to lose weight. As we washed, I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror; I was starting to grow a beard.

I thought about Leah: she wouldn't be able to believe seeing me actually doing something nice for someone.

We worked on the dishes for a long time until only a couple remained. The girl told me not to worry about them – we could just leave them dirty.

She walked over to a calendar which had the initials PSB at the top. The

initials stood for a chemical drug. The girl said I had previously written the letters there. I told her not I, but **she** had written the initials.

As I started to walk out of the room, the girl walked up to me and stuck her hand inside the back of my shirt. Inferring that she wanted to have an amorous affair with me, I protested, "Don't do that. Don't do that."

She was overweight and I didn't want to have anything to do with her. I had just wanted to help her out. I walked away.

After leaving her, I walked upstairs, and found myself in the upstairs of the Gay Street House. I looked into a bedroom; a light was on, but I didn't see anyone. I walked into the upstairs living room. My father was lying

under a cover on the floor. He awoke, saw me and said, "So there you are."

He proceeded to explain that the police had been looking for me. Although I was unsure, I thought I had about \$100,000 worth of marijuana here in the House. Referring to the marijuana, my father said, "Well, I thought maybe that was what they were looking for."

My father also told me he had asked the police about the bail; they had told him the bail would be \$100,000.

Apparently the police wanted to arrest me because I had escaped from prison in Iran. They wanted to deport me because I had apparently broken a national law, and there was now a national cause of action against me. My father said the police, as well as

an Indian chief, had been here every day looking for me.

I wasn't completely surprised; I had been thinking for a long time that something like this might happen. I was still uncertain whether I should turn myself in or become a fugitive. I could call and try to determine exactly what the police wanted from me. I could possibly call from the Gallia County Farmhouse, or a pay phone, or perhaps even right here at the House. I rejected all those ideas because I thought the police might be able to trace the call and find out where I was. If I were calling from the Farmhouse and the call was traced, the police would surely be able to cut off my means of escape.

My father said he would stand by me if I tried to clear myself.

## **Dream of: 01 February 1982 "Big Mess"**

My brother Chris had become something like a king or a high governmental official. But he was only a small child (3-4 years old). One day (while no one was watching him) I put him in a car and drove away with him. We were in Portsmouth and I thought I might take him to my Cabin. So I drove onto route 140.

I was having a rather difficult time driving and once I nearly ran off the road on my right. I swerved just in time to avoid going off a steep cliff.

I finally stopped and began pondering whether I should take Chris to my Cabin or somewhere else. I stood outside the car and started thinking I would have to carry not only Chris but also food up to the Cabin. I knew

he would be very happy. I decided  
that would be best.

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Chris and I were in the Cabin, which  
had several rooms. The room where  
we were had much furniture. Colorful  
wallpaper made the room attractive. I  
explained to Chris that I had built the  
Cabin all by myself.

When a car passed by outside, I  
became disturbed and I walked out. I  
then realized I wasn't actually at my  
Cabin, but at the House in New  
Boston. The car pulled up toward the  
House and I saw a black fellow  
(probably in his late 20s) inside. He  
stopped the car, stepped out and  
approached me. Meanwhile another  
car driven by a second black man  
pulled up. He likewise got out, and  
then made some kind of motion as if

he were pointing a gun. Completely unarmed, I became alarmed. I might be able to fool them into thinking someone in the House had a weapon.

I motioned as if I were telling someone in the House to point a gun in the direction of the black men.

The first black man walked up to me and asked me if it would be OK to do some shooting up here. I promptly told him no, that we didn't allow any hunting or shooting. We enjoyed having wildlife around and didn't want hunters coming in and killing it all.

The second man began talking about how he had driven farther out the lane looking for the place where the view was supposed to be so good, but had been unable to find it. I didn't want to direct him back out there, for I wanted them to leave. I said he

wouldn't be able to see anything today because the fog was so bad. Indeed the entire area was covered by a dense fog which reduced visibility to about 20 meters.

The second man walked up to the House and began looking at it. He looked into a window at the end of the house where we were standing and asked, "Why is this window covered over from the inside?"

I began to explain that the house had been different at one time and that I had added on to it. In the process it had been necessary to cover one of the windows from inside. We looked at the House; a log room had been added to one end.

When a third fellow showed up, the three men appeared to be white. One walked up to the House and began

kicking it on a level with his face with his muddy shoes. The siding there was white and his shoes left muddy marks on the board. I said, "Hey, take it easy on the sideboards."

Another man walked toward the log part of the House, which was the part where I had been with Chris. Being unable to stop him, I followed him inside. The room was a total mess. Clothes, pillows, covers and clutter were piled all around on the floor. I began saying that the place was such a mess, I hated for anyone to see it right now. The fellow walked across to the back of the room, picked up a white towel and held it stretched between his hands. He started walking toward me with it and I immediately knew he was going to try to kill me. I backed toward the door and prepared to run. He was only

about 10 steps away and I knew if he could run fast, he could easily catch me. I thought for a moment about leaving Chris and I wondered if the men would kill him. In a way I thought it might be for the best since he had muscular dystrophy anyway.

**Dream of: 04 February 1982 "A  
Bit Delirious"**

Having finished using the urinal in a public toilet, I decided I also wanted to wipe my rear with some nearby toilet paper. I pulled down my pants, wiped, and when I had finished, was surprised to see a large glob of feces on the paper. I thought I must have forgotten to wipe the last time I had defecated.

I walked around to a stall which contained a commode and as I entered it, I noticed a woman

standing in the entrance door to the toilet. She disappeared and I began to wonder if I had made a mistake and had entered the women's toilet. I pulled down my pants, but not my white shorts, and I sat down on the commode.

I heard something, and looking around the corner of the stall, I saw several women enter. I asked them if I was in the wrong toilet and they said no. I concluded they were cleaning women. One walked over to me and stood in front of me even as she kept talking to the others. Finally she reached out and pulled down my shorts, revealing my erect penis. The woman stroked it a couple times, then stopped. I told her it was all right if she stroked me. So she began again. Then she bent over and stuck my penis into her mouth. I began

thinking that I had just urinated and some bacteria was probably still on my penis; but I decided if she didn't care then I didn't care.

After watching intently as she stuck about two thirds of my penis into her warm and wet mouth, I began pumping up and down.

Another pretty woman dressed in white stepped up. The first woman backed off and the second woman plopped my penis into her mouth. I was beginning to feel a bit delirious. I reached down and stuck my hand in the top of the woman's blouse and slipped my hand under her bra. Her breasts weren't large but were firm. I squeezed them hard. I decided I wanted to get inside her pants. As she continued performing fellatio on me, I twisted around so I was able to reach under her dress. I thought I might be

able to turn her around and actually begin having intercourse with her.

**Dream of: 04 February 1982 (2)**  
**"Concentration Camp"**

I was in the downstairs bedroom of the Gallia County Farmhouse. My father and some other people were waiting for me to get dressed. I came across a magazine in the room which was something like a National Enquirer. Opening it up, I found pages filled with pictures of nude women. There were several pictures of one woman who had black hair and was very attractive. I become aroused and began to masturbate. I imagined the woman being in some familial relationship to me, such as my sister, mother or aunt. Abruptly I quit masturbating and decided not to succumb further to the urge. I busied myself about the room getting ready,

but I kept thinking about the pictures and finally gave in and opened the magazine again.

This time I opened to a page with several pictures of nude blondes. I thought at first the pictures were of Marilyn Monroe, but looking closer and reading a bit, I learned that the magazine had had a Dolly Parton look-alike contest and all the pictures were of women who looked something like the singer Dolly Parton. I excitedly began masturbating. I wanted to see more pictures and I leafed toward the front of the magazine, but I only found ads for flowers. The ads were very colorful and I thought some pictures could be used in collages.

I leafed to the back and was surprised to find picture after picture of scenes from World War II. One picture

covered the whole page and seemed glossy. It showed Adolph Hitler in vivid color standing tall and proud.

He had a mesmerizing look about him. I couldn't help but wonder at the evilness of the man.

Another picture showed a room in a Jewish concentration camp. On the right were double-tiered bed-like arrangements. They actually consisted of only boards, one row on the bottom, another on top, on which starving Jews were lying. They were all men and most were nude and emaciated. A couple men were wearing gray prison clothes and were in better physical shape than the others. I thought those men were probably Nazi sympathizers or informants for the Nazis. I thought it ironic that if the prisoners were ever

freed, the ones who had helped the Nazis would have survived.

The men were all crammed in together on the beds. Apparently they spent all their time lying there. Next to the beds on the left was some type of machinery which resembled a conveyor belt. I thought I saw some bodies on the belt and realized the belt was to convey the dead outside to be buried. I thought how it might be possible for someone to escape by pretending to be dead, and be conveyed out. Then if the bodies were all thrown into a common grave and covered with a bulldozer, he could possibly dig his way out. It would certainly be a long shot chance but maybe it would be worth it to try.

**Dream of: 04 February 1982 (3)**  
**"Avoiding Mistakes"**

I had returned to Puerto Rico. I was thinking Puerto Rico was close to total collapse due to rampant inflation and economic problems. I was going to see first-hand how a revolution kindled. I planned to go to law school here. I went to the University of Puerto Rico; all the iron gates were locked and the university was still shut down. The grass was high and ragged; so I inferred that even the maintenance men had been laid off. I tried to think what I should do. I was carrying some luggage with me; I would have to find someplace to live. I thought about returning to a house where I had once lived before with some elderly French women. But they might not be too happy to see me since I had left the last time without paying a \$15 phone bill.

I contemplated returning to Baylor Law School; but I had just spent considerable money to reach Puerto Rico and I couldn't afford to keep flying back and forth. I should have called first to find out if the school was open.

It began to seem more as if I hadn't actually gone to Puerto Rico, but was still thinking of going; now I was able to see the mistakes I could avoid.

I found myself in a car with Ramon and Marta (two law students from the University of Puerto Rico Law School). We were in the back seat. I was on the left, Ramon in the middle and Marta on the right. They were telling me about one of the law students who had to take a law-clerking job because he had run out of money. Marta said law clerks in Puerto Rico were paid \$250 a week. I

told them that in Texas law clerks made around \$400 to \$450 a week and some even made as much as \$650. I was thinking that law clerks in Texas made more than actual lawyers in Puerto Rico. Marta said that the law clerk she had been talking about had then taken his bar exam and had become a lawyer. I didn't understand how he could have done that and she explained that in Puerto Rico it wasn't necessary to have a law degree to be able to take the bar exam. Anyone could take it and if they passed, they became a lawyer. I thought that was a great idea; I started thinking about not even continuing in law school and simply studying on my own in preparation for the exam.

I continued looking at Marta – how beautiful she was. I hesitated and

then said, "Marta you're the most beautiful girl I know. I've seen women as beautiful as you before but never one more beautiful."

She seemed a little embarrassed but pleased. She said something to Ramon to the effect that was how she thought about me. But I knew she wasn't talking about my being handsome but was referring to something else. Looking at her I knew that she was simply far too beautiful to ever feel anything toward me.

**Dream of: 05 February 1982**  
**"Commercialize"**

I had been looking for Kim (a friend whom I first met in Portsmouth in 1977) and went to a house to visit a girl who I thought was Kim. There I found her weaving something from bamboo strips which I thought were

baskets. I lay down, watched her and thought I needed to be doing some art work. If I had my collage pictures, I could work on making collages or if I had my typewriter, I could be typing up my dreams. But since I had neither my pictures nor my typewriter, I just watched.

In the room was a large lamp (as big as a person) which looked something like a gigantic bean bag. I looked at the material of the lamp and asked Kim if it had been woven. She replied that it hadn't, that it had just been some cloth that had been sewn together. Apparently it had some kind of sand-like material in its interior.

I finally realized she was actually making chairs. She finished one chair, which was quite pretty, and then began working on another one. She worked and worked and finally a

fellow showed up and began helping her. The two continued working until they finished. I was amazed because the chair was absolutely beautiful. I had never seen anything put together with bamboo so beautifully.

I looked again at the first chair and asked, "Kim, can you make one of these in a day?"

She replied that she thought she could. Even though I knew it would go against her grain I said, "Kim, what you need to do is commercialize. Commercialize."

I then noticed the first chair had a few pieces of wood at the bottom which appeared to be coming out of their sockets. Apparently she hadn't been making chairs long and I asked her what she could do to keep them from coming apart at the bottom

where the wood fit together. She replied, "Well it's just an art. You have to take some time to figure it out."

She then sat down on the chair and began violently rocking back and forth. As she did so she reached underneath the chair and began pulling on the bottom until the whole thing came apart.

The fellow then walked upstairs and hollered down, "Oh Steve I think I know where Kim is now."

He said she was upstairs and I heard him talking to her. I could hear her tell him that she had come in but she just didn't feel like the mood was right for her to come downstairs right at the moment. She said she had lain down on a couch upstairs and had almost fallen asleep.

I continued sitting with the girl who had been making the baskets and I thought about Kim. Finally I walked upstairs and found Kim sitting on the floor. It was definitely Kim. Part of the confusion arose because Kim was both upstairs and downstairs at the same time. I walked over and sat down beside Kim. She spoke and I thought she said, "Do I stand in the way between you and Kim?"

I looked at her funny. I knew she knew I was interested in the girl downstairs. I drew close to her and she put her arms around me. I rolled onto the floor next to her and she said something like, "You know I'm the one for you."

I wasn't quite sure what she said and I wanted to ask her to repeat it, but then we began kissing. The kiss was very good and I was surprised she

could kiss so well. I remembered I had asked her to kiss me the last time I had seen her in Portsmouth and she wouldn't do it. I saw that she had now had time to think it all over and was no longer inhibited about it.

**Dream of: 06 February 1982**  
**"Never Happened"**

Someone else and I were somewhere out in the country selling insulation. We drove and drove, and kept passing by where people were building new houses. Most houses had plugs in their sides where people had drilled holes in the houses and insulated them. Finally as we passed by where one new house was being built, I realized I had once before insulated another house on that same spot. Apparently the house which I had insulated had burned down.

My companion and I got out of the car and began walking. Staggs was standing nearby; I talked with him for a minute before walking on.

I began thinking my brother Chris was going to have a baby. At first I thought he himself was actually pregnant, but then I began thinking he had gotten someone pregnant. Finally I concluded that Chris wasn't going to have a baby, but that he was going to become an uncle. I began thinking perhaps I had gotten someone pregnant, but I really was unsure what the situation was.

I encountered my sister, who said she had already told Chris that he was going to become an uncle. I hadn't yet told him. I thought it might be best that she had told him.

It seemed that my sister and I were on an upper level and that Chris was down below us. He seemed unconcerned that he was going to become an uncle. I had thought he would be concerned about it.

Finally I found a news magazine, which I began reading. On the second page were some encapsulated summaries of the stories in the magazine. One story was about some members of the United Nations. Two stories had pictures of two men, Indians from India. The Indians apparently were seeking help for having been expelled from the United Nations. One of the Indians smoked cigarettes. There were a couple other things which I didn't like about him. I didn't pay much attention to this story. One story was only three lines

long. I glanced at it and then went on to the next one.

That story was about the man who had played the character Doctor Smith on the television series "Space Family Robinson." The story said the man had played a role in an earlier space show, then had played a stowaway on "Space Family Robinson." The story mentioned that on the last episode of the show, the man had turned into some kind of freakish monster. There was also a weird picture which showed a head which just seemed to consist of ram's horns which seemed to be butted together. At the bottom of the picture, it said someone had hit the ram's horns with the head. That had caused some slits in the ram's horns, which were like yellow teeth.

The more I read the story, the more it seemed like a long, pretty poem, the last sentence of which said, "You can't pretend that it just never happened."

**Dream of: 06 February 1982 (2)**  
**"Unbearable Pressure"**

I was in Portsmouth, engaged in the job of painting a cottage white. My father had earlier marked on the cottage with a pencil to show where I was supposed to paint. He had marked all the way around the cottage with the pencil, and then at the top of the house, so the result was that I was going to have to paint the entire house. But the black marks had somehow been covered over, so I had to redo them before I actually began painting.

Finally I went to downtown Portsmouth, where I found that a large building had been erected on the corner of Gallia and Second Streets, right where the Ramada Inn normally stood. I, then, was given the task of building a building of about 25 stories directly across the street from the new building. Apparently the city had found some plans for the building dating back to the 1940s, and wanted to build the building according to the plans.

I was put in charge of the operation and had the building built. When it was finished, the building was quite large at the bottom and diminished in size going up, until the top wasn't very large. At the top of the building were some gigantic statues.

First I looked the building over from the inside. My father walked up to me

and said a comic book had come for me in the mail. I was getting ready to get the comic book, when I looked outside through the glass doors and saw Leah walking up. She was carrying some books. I thought she probably wanted to see the building which I had built. She stood in the door, until I walked up to her and we walked outside. We walked across the street and boarded a car. As I leaned back in the seat, I looked at the building and commented about it.

I looked at the beautiful statues at the top of the building – they were somehow moving. Although the statues were obviously made of concrete, it looked as if people were on both sides pulling on the statues, having some kind of pulling contest. It also looked as if some animals,

perhaps cows, were on one side of the statues.

Meanwhile Leah's and my arms and hands were touching. She laid her hand on my arm and I put one of my hands on her arm. Finally I managed to move my hand around so my thumb was in her armpit. As I talked about the building, she suddenly leaned over and kissed me on the lips. I kept my mouth shut, pushed her away and said, "Leah!"

I hadn't expected that from her. She backed away and said she had just had to do it, that the pressure had become unbearable. I wondered whether I should have let her kissed me, or if I had acted correctly by pushing her away. What was I going to do now?

## **Dream of: 07 February 1982**

### **"Practice Court"**

I had been talking to professor McSwain at the Baylor Law School. McSwain had made an appointment for me to go upstairs at 11:45 and talk to a man named Mr. Turk. Mr. Turk was located on the third floor in either room 18-19 of the faculty section of the building. The subject was going to be whether I was going to be able to continue in law school. There seemed to be some problem about my remaining which I needed to discuss with Mr. Turk. I told McSwain I would go.

Although I already had another appointment at 11:45 to talk with another professor, I decided to talk with Mr. Turk first. At 11:45 I went up. As I walked by the lawyers' lounge on the second floor, I noticed

a practice court session supervised by Dawson (the practice court professor) taking place there. Part of the room had a glass wall along one side. Dawson was sitting inside. Apparently he hadn't wanted to be disturbed by anyone passing the glass wall and had draped a purple mop over his head so he wouldn't be able to see people as they passed.

I walked to the third floor to the end of the hall where the last room was number seventeen. I walked into a large room and looked for room 18 or 19; but I couldn't find either. As I turned to leave, a secretary walked in; I asked her if she knew where Mr. Turk's office was. A man sitting at a desk right behind me suddenly said, "I'm Mr. Turk."

A woman was sitting with him at the desk. I turned to him and said, "Oh,

well, uh, did you know I had an ... My name's Steve Collier and I had an appointment with you at 11:45."

He replied, "Well, I don't have it here on my list."

He showed me a list. Absolutely nothing was written on his schedule for the entire day. I said, "Well, Dean McSwain made it."

Turk told me he was busy at the moment. He said he would soon be going to lunch and that he would meet with me after lunch. I said, "Well, one o'clock will be fine?"

We agreed to meet at one o'clock and I walked back down to the second floor. I decided to go into the lawyers' lounge for a while and watch the practice court session. I walked in, sat down next to Dawson (who still had the purple mop on his head) and

began working on something of my own.

The practice court participants were talking about a train which had wrecked into a car. One law student stood and began questioning the witness. When the student had finished his questions, he sat back down and another law student rose to question the witness. On a slanted desk right in front of me was a paper on which Dawson was giving marks for the students' performances. I glanced at what he had written; he had given one person an "A."

The next person stood up. He walked to the side of the room and crouched on his knees, apparently as if he were at a railroad crossing. Then he jumped like a frog toward the jury. He grabbed his tie as if he were choking himself. Then he jumped

back over to where the train wreck was supposed to have occurred. I didn't think he was doing a superlative job; but Dawson had given him a high "A" when the student had finished.

On a board in the room was what appeared to be a large picture made of wood which seemed to have on it the names of different people who were in practice court. Also on the board was a Puerto Rican flag next to an American flag. On Dawson's list I also noticed the name "Mrs. Hodges"; I thought Mrs. Hodges was Puerto Rican and that the Puerto Rican flag was for her. Dawson had written comments by some of the names. Beside Mrs. Hodges name he had written, "You'll have to try much harder."

Suddenly Dawson pointed up to the light and said, "Light."

I thought he wanted me to turn it on; I asked him if that was what he wanted me. He said no. I then realized he wanted a light for his cigarette. I told him I didn't have a light. I turned to a fellow sitting on a couch to my left and made a motion as if flicking a cigarette lighter. He said no (meaning he didn't have a lighter).

Another student stood up to present his case; but he didn't say a word. Instead, he pulled some little railroad cars into the room. The cars were each about a meter long and a half meter wide. Apparently the student intended to give a demonstration of what had happened. I was amazed; I didn't know quite what to think.

At one point a paper on which I was writing became mixed up with Dawson's grade sheet. I separated them. Dawson didn't seem to mind that I could see his marks; the last three people who had stood had made "As." But no grade had yet been put down for the fellow with the railroad cars.

**Dream of: 11 February 1982**  
**"Black Ray Of Light"**

I seemed to be in a law school class being held in a stock yard. I was on an upper level where I could see down into an arena, where a group of cattle seemed to have run amuck and had fallen on some law students. I was trying to descend down to where they were. Most students (including myself) appeared to be wearing suits.

Somehow the cows had grouped into a pile and were lying on several law students and crushing them. Leo Bacher (a law student) and Campbell (another law student) seemed to be at the bottom of the pile. Some other people were frantically trying to get the cows off the law students. By the time I reached them, most cows had already been taken off. When the people were reached, the first fellow on top tried to rip off his suit, as if he were smothering.

People were pushed off the pile until the bottom was reached; there lay Campbell. I reached Campbell and said, "Campbell! Campbell! Are you hurt?"

He replied, "No. I seem to be OK. I'm breathing."

I asked, "Well, are there any broken bones though. We'll get you to a hospital."

He said, "No."

He was still lying on his back; he seemed happy just to have the cows off from him. He said, "No, I don't think I have any broken bones. I think I'm going to be OK."

After Campbell had regained his feet, he and I began talking. It soon became clear that he had acquired an old letter I had written, perhaps to my father. The letter was a bit like a post card; it seemed to have a little pornographic cartoon and funny little pictures on it. It seemed strange that he had obtained the letter. Referring to myself I said, "Boy you sure do know some characters, don't you."

Campbell walked off, leaving me standing alone; I looked around. Some other students were nearby; I debated whether I should join them or just wait for people to come to me to talk.

A number of my classmates were nearby; among them were several Mexicans. The Mexicans were talking about test scores. One Mexican, who had made a score of 24 on a test with 25 questions, was standing at a railing near some stairs. He was wearing blue jeans and a blue denim shirt. Apparently he couldn't speak English well. A large crowd of people was around him; someone told him he had made the high score. McSwain walked up to him and stuck out his hand to shake as if to congratulate him for his score. McSwain was in a rather jovial mood and said

something like, "Oh you're the one that made such a high grade."

The Mexican had his hand hanging over the railing and he didn't see McSwain's hand at first. But finally the Mexican saw McSwain's outstretched hand and put his hand in McSwain's hand. Although McSwain had vigorously shook the Mexican's hand, the Mexican had simply held his hand limp. The Mexican whispered something into McSwain's ear and McSwain replied, "No, I don't mind."

The Mexican kissed McSwain on the cheek the way men do in the Middle East. A general commotion followed and people began marching away.

Patterson (a law student) was standing to the side. As people marched away I could tell Patterson

was dissatisfied that Mexicans were in our class. He seemed dissatisfied in general about any foreigners being here. His attitude angered me. As we marched out, I walked behind him and sarcastically said, "Yea we ought to get rid of all the Mexicans. Get rid of all the Jews. And the coloreds. The black people. And the Catholics. And all the foreigners in general."

Just as I said "Get rid of all the Jews" I noticed Haim (an Israeli) standing nearby. I could tell Patterson had heard me, but he just walked on.

It began to seem that working with foreigners might be part of my destiny. I understood the feelings of foreigners in the United States because I had been in other countries. Taking up their cause appealed to me.

Just as I began walking up some stairs, Brian stepped up in front of me. I knew Brian and Patterson were good friends. I said to Brian, "Your friend really pisses me off sometimes, when he starts talking about getting rid of the foreigners."

Brian stood erect in front of me. He looked strong and virile; I felt the same. Even though I was complaining, I was in a good mood. As Brian stood in front of me, a ray (almost like a ray of light, only black) appeared to be coming out of one of his eyes. The ray was almost like a hair, or a group of hairs. I only noticed it for a moment and then it seemed to vanish.

Brian began talking and making motions with his hands. As he did so, he touched my lip with his finger. While his finger was there I bit it. He

then pulled his finger back and continued talking. I said, "Well, I'm sorry I bit your finger. But you know how it is when people stick their finger in your mouth. You tend to bite them."

I made a motion as if I were going to stick my finger in Brian's mouth; but then I stopped and sarcastically said, "But of course Brian, it would be OK if **you** stuck your finger there, because I know your fingers are so clean."

I was merely poking a little fun at him. He seemed to understand that he probably shouldn't have stuck his finger in my mouth.

**Dream of: 13 February 1982**  
**"Logic Of The Blues"**

I was sawing something with a chain saw in the front room of the 29th

Street House. I set the saw down while it was still running; it tipped over, cut a large swath in the brown and white carpet and made a few other nicks. I tried to push the carpet together with my hands where I had cut it. The cuts were about the thickness of a chain saw blade. I tried to push the threads of both sides of the carpet toward the middle. I covered the hole somewhat, but not completely.

My mother had been sweeping in the next room with an electric sweeper. She entered the living room, gave me the sweeper and I began using it. The carpet *did* seem a little dirty. While I was sweeping, my mother discovered the cuts in the carpet and said something about it. I replied, "Well, I'll never cut with the chain saw in the living room again"

She said, "No, no. That's OK. You're just going to have to learn to be more careful."

She was somewhat upset, but she didn't seem to be extremely angry.

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I was walking around the halls of Baylor Law School with my law school friend Leah. We had our arms around each other. She was no longer her normal thin self; she had gained some weight. I commented about it. I said that surely her husband knew by now that she and I had been having sex together. But I didn't think that either he or she would be really concerned, because Leah and I figured that since her husband had been away for so long, he must be having sex with someone himself.

We walked through the halls until we came to a gymnasium. We entered from a door in one of the corners and began walking toward the center of the gym. Then we made a U-turn and walked back to the door in the corner.

After we entered a room, I was no longer with Leah, but with a woman of about the same size as Leah who had black rather than blonde hair. We

were now standing in a room of a house in which I was living in Portsmouth. I walked out onto the front porch. A man pulled up in a car to the front of the house and asked me where Long Street was. I told he we had only lived in the house for about a month. I looked at the street in front of me and realized I was in the Grandview Avenue House. I pointed down the road and said I thought Long Street was in that direction. I explained however that I

had only been living in the House for about a month. Although Long Street used to be in that direction, I told him the streets in that area had been changed around and I didn't know anymore exactly where Long Street was.

My companion was still standing in the room when I walked back in. As I walked in, I heard a woman singing on the radio. I knew immediately it was Leah singing. Her voice was quite beautiful. There was a man in the background accompanying her on a musical instrument. I stood almost stunned. It seemed I just fell over on my back on the floor. When I regained my senses I realized several people were in the room listening to the radio and that the broadcast was coming out of Columbus, Ohio. I

asked my companion, "Do you know  
who that is singing?"

When I saw that she didn't know, I  
said, "It's Leah."

We then heard the radio announcer  
come on the air. He said, "This is  
Leah ..." and then pronounced her  
last name. I was not positively sure  
what he had said, but it sounded like  
"Mannassa." I was unsure whether it  
was Leah's husband's name or the  
name of the man who was  
accompanying her.

I was surprised to hear Leah singing  
on the radio. Although my companion  
and I had been planning to make  
music together, we thought Leah had  
been interested in film and had left to  
go into making movies.

I said to my companion, "She's singing and we're not. Why don't we sing?"

She replied, "Well what would you like to sing?"

I answered, "Just anything. We just gotta sing something."

She said, "Well, no, you can't just sing anything. You gotta pick out a certain kind of music. Every kind of music had its own style and its own logic."

She mentioned the "blues." She said the blues had its own logic.

### **Dream of: 14 February 1982 "On Hands And Knees"**

While I was in the bathroom of the House in Patriot, Regina (a Portsmouth acquaintance) stepped into the doorway. She was very attractive and looked better than I had

ever seen her. She asked me what I had been doing and how I had liked where I had been. I looked at her for a moment and thought of answering, but Instead, I slipped my arm around her waist, pulled her toward me and began kissing her. She immediately responded and we quickly fell into a passionate embrace. I decided I wanted to have intercourse with her right there.

I reached under her dress which fell to her knee, grabbed her panties and began pulling them down. I thought once the panties were off she would put them in her purse.

I shut the screen door and regular door to the bathroom, but I didn't lock them. I unzipped the beige pants I was wearing and extracted my penis. As we continued kissing, I hiked up one of her legs with my

hand. I wanted to hold one of her legs up in the air and have intercourse with her standing up, but finally I told her to knell down on the floor on her hands and knees. She knelt down and I pulled up her dress exposing her rear. I then inserted my penis into her vagina. I noticed some sperm-like white substance around the edge of her vagina as my penis went in, but apparently it was some liquid she was exuding and not sperm. I began pumping.

**Dream of: 14 February 1982 (2)**  
**"Bridge Collapse"**

I was driving across the U.S. Grant Bridge (which crosses the Ohio River from Kentucky to Portsmouth) headed toward the Ohio side.

Some construction workers were working on the bridge and large

metal poles rose from the bridge high into the air. Several metal, rectangular platforms were attached by metal chains to the tops of the poles and the platforms dangled beneath the poles. A chain ran from each of the four corners of the platforms to the top of a pole. Each platform was about 5 by 10 meters in size. Construction workers were standing on the platforms.

Suddenly the bridge (while I was still on it) began shaking and I thought it was about to collapse. I jumped out of my car, raced toward one of the central beams and grabbed it as the bridge collapsed around me. I saw a platform still held by the chains and I jumped on to it. The entire bridge collapsed except for the several poles and the hanging platforms.

Three or four other platforms were hanging from the same pole which supported the platform I was on. All the platforms were at different levels.

My platform (made of steel) was hanging motionless; but other platforms were swinging like pendulums. Some platforms had several construction workers on them and some had only one.

Two construction workers were on one of the platforms. One worker was standing with his arms crossed as the platform swung back and forth around the pole.

One platform swung closer and closer to mine. Finally it ran into mine and knocked mine into motion. My platform began swinging wide, back and forth around the pole. I swung quite far from the pole. My platform

was becoming dangerous, because I was coming close to hitting another platform also swinging. And I also came close to hitting another platform which wasn't swinging. On a platform below mine a fellow had spread out a large, beige, fur cover. He was lying on the cover as his platform swung about the pole.

My platform began to tip a bit. I placed my hand on the side to hang on. I was worried, however, that another platform might hit mine and injure me.

My platform was near the top of the pole. The pole was quite slender and only about 5 centimeters in diameter. When another platform with only one person came near mine, I reached out my hand and grabbed the other platform. Both platforms came to a halt.

I looked into the water of the river below us. We were very high. I asked the fellow on the other platform if he thought someone could fall into the water from here and still live. He said a person could probably fall from our height and still live.

Some bolts were protruding from the pole. I suggested to the other fellow that we climb down the pole on the bolts. I said, "Well, let's climb down this pole."

I began climbing down the pole. After I had descended a ways, the pole began bending over, but I simply reached out and bent the pole back straight. I continued down the pole and the construction worker followed. As we approached the bottom, I could see that people had come out on a boat to rescue us. One fellow had come out on what appeared to be a

motorcycle which went in water. He came close to me and said, "Jump on."

I made a leap and jumped onto the back of the motorcycle. I held onto the back as he headed toward the Ohio shore. My seat was on a level with the water so I couldn't see anything below the seat. At first my legs were hanging down in the water, but then I raised up my legs and held my tennis shoe-clad feet out in front of me, pushing the water.

When we neared the shore, I jumped off into water up to my waist and walked up onto a platform which extended out into the water. The construction worker who had been on the bridge with me was likewise being brought to shore by someone on a floating motorcycle. But the construction worker wasn't sitting on the motorcycle. Instead, he had what

appeared to be a fishnet thrown over him and he was being pulled through the water to the shore. There was nothing to prevent his sinking into the water, and he appeared to be about to become exhausted and drown. So I jumped into the water and swam toward him. I reached him, grabbed him and pulled him up on the shore. He then appeared to be all right.

I walked toward a large crowd gathered on the shore, and among the people I recognized some women from law school. One woman approached me and I said, "I just come off that platform off the bridge."

One woman was Katherine, although she didn't really look like Katherine. I walked up and began talking with her.

## **Dream of: 15 February 1982**

### **"Roused From Slumber"**

It was still early morning and I was in a large building which seemed like a movie theater. Many people were sitting in the seats sleeping and most looked like Mexicans.

I had my flute with me and I began playing loud shrill notes which sounded quite nice. As I ran over the scales a few times, people roused from their slumbers. They didn't seem angry that I had awakened them. I had entered from the front and walked toward the back. I then noticed a door in the back and saw several Mexicans furtively enter the theater through the door. I surmised that they were sneaking into the country from across the border. I walked back to the door and went into the room from which the

Mexicans had come. It was a toilet. A small window was there and I figured the Mexicans had crawled through it.

I tried to stick my head through the window to see what was outside. But it was too small to put my head through. I wondered how the Mexicans had been able to enter.

**Dream of: 15 February 1982 (2)**  
**"Flying Ducks"**

Vickie and I were flying kites. The sky was clear and blue and the sun was shining. Somehow my kite turned into a bird to which was attached the string I was holding. I looked at it more closely; it was a duck; several other ducks were flying in the same area. The ducks seemed to be having difficulty coming with the wind. They would fly in the direction of the wind for a while and then turn around and

just ride the current back in the other direction.

First one and then other ducks landed on the back of the duck which was attached to my string. My duck was much larger than the others and had much room for the other ducks on its back. My duck began flying farther away than I had intended and I then realized the string had broken. As the duck flew away, I could see the string still dangling from it.

I called this to Vickie's attention and we both followed the duck with our eyes. But it headed straight for the sun and we lost sight of it. The sun was so bright we just couldn't keep our eyes on the duck.

Vickie and I left; we entered a little shop and she began talking with some other people. One of them seemed to

be her mother. From what Vickie was saying I inferred that she was soon going to stop seeing me. If that was the case, it would probably be better for me to simply depart now and end the whole affair. I didn't want to leave her and was unsure how to do it. Finally I just stood, said good-bye and walked out the door. I had only gone about ten steps when Vickie called out to me. She was standing in the doorway and had tears in her eyes. She sobbed that I shouldn't just leave her like that.

I wanted to walk back to her, but thought that if I did so I would be giving in. So I just stood here and listened to her.

**Dream of: 16 February 1982**  
**"Buying A Plane"**

I was in the Gallia County Farmhouse, where I had been staying for a while.

My mother came to get me to drive me to the House in Patriot (I myself didn't have a car). My mother began complaining about how much the gas was costing for taking me places. I told her I hadn't asked her to come and get me, but that she had insisted on it.

We boarded the car and headed off. As we traveled, I reflected that I had learned that the Swiver family (who lived across the street from the House in Patriot) had an airplane which they wanted to sell for about \$25,000. I thought I might be able to buy the plane for about \$1,000 down and pay off the balance in monthly payments.

I talked with my mother about borrowing some money from her with which to buy the plane. I didn't know

exactly why I wanted to buy the plane, but I thought I needed it.

When my mother and I arrived at the House in Patriot, Casey (a law school classmate) was there. Casey and I walked into the House, where we found my father. My father had already talked to the Swivers; he showed me some plans he had. He had already negotiated with the Swivers, and had offered to pay \$901 down. He had the rest of the figures as to how much we would have to pay for the plane.

The plane itself was sitting in the kitchen of the House. As I looked it over, my father turned it on. The engine looked quite small, more like a toy than anything. We could look down some slots in the top of the engine and actually see it running.

The plane had two seats which

weren't enclosed, but open to the wind. My father said we could take it up and try it out. Although the plane was old, my father said the engine was brand new and only had about 1,200 miles on it. My father talked about having a mechanic look the plane over; I wondered where we would get parts if something went wrong with the engine.

Casey walked up and began looking at the propeller going round and round on the front. He was standing so close I was afraid he would get the arm of the green sports coat he was wearing ensnared in the propeller. I told him to keep away from the propeller. But he continued looking at it; he said he knew how to fly the plane. I myself didn't want to go up without a parachute and I began

looking for one. I asked, "Well, are there any parachutes?"

But obviously there were no parachutes.

In the meantime, Casey took the plane out the door. I said to my father, "Well, we'll just let Wade go ahead and take it up. He can test it out and if he lives through it, then we can try it."

### **Dream of: 17 February 1982 "The Castle"**

A companion and I had gone to a house on Scioto Trail in Portsmouth where another fellow used to sell drugs. When my companion and I arrived, although the fellow who sold drugs wasn't home, my companion and I entered the house anyway. While inside, I found a billfold with money in it. Thinking I might simply

borrow some money from the billfold and use it to buy drugs elsewhere, I thought, "Well, I'll have to go buy some."

Concluding I could pay back later the owner of the billfold, I took the money. My companion and I then headed for the home of Walls (a Portsmouth acquaintance) to see if I could buy some marijuana from Walls.

As we were on our way to Walls' house, I began worrying about the owner of the billfold; if he returned to his house and found his money gone, he would think someone had stolen it.

We reached the place where Walls was living; it seemed to be in the bottom of a large old building, perhaps a castle, which, in a way, made me think of Kafka's book *The Castle*.

The building was quite dark and grimy. I knocked on the door, but no one answered. Duke (my sister's Dachshund) was with me. When Duke escaped from me and began running around outside, I was unable to catch him. After another person and I chased Duke all the way around to the back of the building, I thought about simply letting Duke wear himself out and then returning for him the next day (by which time he should be ready to let himself be found), but I decided I needed to catch him now, because he might be killed if I didn't. Finally I saw Duke with a group of dogs, some of which were also Dachshunds. I had difficulty telling which one was Duke. One Dachshund had feminine characteristics and was apparently a female.

I finally managed to catch Duke. As I tested various notches on Duke's collar, trying to figure out which notch I should buckle so the collar wouldn't slip over Duke's head, Duke suddenly slipped out of my hands and took off again. I chased Duke back around to the front of the building.

Unable to catch Duke, I finally entered the building and walked down a long narrow passageway until I came to a door. As I opened the door, a man who was a judge dressed in a black robe opened the door from the other side. He was coming out. When he told me to go through first, I replied, "No, go ahead, judge."

After he walked through, I said,  
"Hello, judge."

He replied, "Well, hello Steve."

He was a muscular, formidable, impressive, good-looking man. Although he was probably in his early 40s, he looked young enough to be a college football player. I felt small and insignificant standing next to him. I even felt a bit despicable. I said, "I'm looking for my sister's dog."

Apparently he knew about the dog, because he said, "Oh, you mean Duke."

I replied, "Yea."

At that point, I could see all the way down to the end of the passageway, where Walls lived, close to where the passageway led to the street. I could see some dogs down there and referring to Duke, I said, "Yea, I think I see him now."

I took my leave of the judge, but as I walked down the passageway, I

began wondering how the judge had known my name. I continued walking until I passed Walls' room on my left. When I saw Walls's sister, Carol, and a couple other people in the room, I thought to myself that Walls had probably returned.

When I neared the end of the passageway, I saw Walls at the end, and when I realized Walls had caught Duke, I said, "Oh don't let him go. Don't let him go."

Walls said, "OK."

Before I could reach Walls, he put Duke into a basket. When Walls took his hands off Duke, Duke jumped out of the basket and ran away again with a group of mongrels. When I reached Walls, I sarcastically asked him if he could do anything right.

I opened up the door leading out of the passageway to the outside. A bus was sitting there with some other people who apparently had either come to see Walls, or who had arrived with Walls. Looking back inside the building and down the passageway, I could still see the judge standing in a doorway at the other end of the passageway. I thought to myself that the judge was going to know that I was there with Walls and that the judge would probably know that Walls was a disreputable type who sold drugs. I thought, "I'll be guilty by association."

I knew a Portsmouth attorney named Marshall. I also knew Marshall's father was a judge and I asked someone there if the judge at the end of the passageway was Marshall's father.

## **Dream of: 27 February 1982**

### **"Curse Of The Wolf"**

I owned a large dog which resembled a German Shepherd or a wolf which my father had seemingly given to me.

After I somehow deduced that I was going to have to kill the dog, I went to my father and told him what I had to do. I also told my father a curse was on him, and a curse was on me. I was unsure how the curse had been placed on him, but he had placed the curse on me. If I didn't kill the dog, then someday when the dog died, it would return and destroy me.

Killing the dog was especially difficult for me because it was beautiful and I cared very much for it. Realizing that my father seemed to understand my feelings, I enlisted his help to kill the dog. He and I discussed the matter, and I explained to him that I would

have to shoot the dog twice, once in its body and once in its neck. It was very important that I shoot the dog both times.

We led the dog out into the backyard, which seemed like the backyard of the House in Patriot, Ohio (the home of my maternal grandparents when I was a child). Other people standing around the yard watched us. I had a large gun which seemed like a shotgun. As my father held the dog on a leash, I pointed the gun at the dog and pulled the trigger. When the gun clicked without firing, I said, "There's something wrong."

As I worked with the gun and tried to figure out the problem, the dog began to catch on to what we were doing and I became concerned that it might try to attack me. Finally I pointed the gun at the dog again and fired. The

bullet hit the dog's body and the dog fell over, but it wasn't yet dead. It then stood up, and headed toward me. Although my father was still holding the dog by the leash, I thought the dog was going to reach me. I aimed again, fired, and hit the dog in the neck. The dog fell over again and bled profusely, but it still wasn't dead - so I shot it again in the neck. It lay there gasping, obviously dying. I regretted having shot the dog, but as it gasped its last breaths, I felt as if a great burden had been lifted from me.

**Dream of: 02 March 1982**  
**"Barefoot In The Snow"**

My mother, my sister and I were in the kitchen of the Gallia County Farmhouse. My mother had a silver knife which I had pounded with something until the knife was bent

out of shape. My mother was quite upset about what I had done, because she had a whole set of silverware of which the knife was a part. She was quarreling with me as she stood there trying to straighten up the knife. She handed me the knife to look at what I had done. I just turned away and without even looking at her, I tossed the knife at her. When I heard her scream, I turned around and saw the knife embedded about two centimeters in the upper part of her chest.

I ran over to her and pulled the knife out. She was wearing two shirts, and I tore the first one open. I hesitated about tearing the second shirt open, because I knew it would expose part of her breast, but I tore it open anyway, exposing only the upper part of her breast. I could see a nasty cut,

which I tried to push together with my hands. She was obviously in pain, but I didn't think the wound was serious enough to warrant her having to go to the hospital. I said, "Well, we're going to have to call a doctor, an ambulance."

I decided the wound was going to require some stitches, and said, "No, we're just going to have to get in the car and take you straight to the hospital."

I picked her up in the air and carried her outside, where my step-grandfather Clarence pulled up on a tractor. I told him I had thrown a knife at my mother, and now we were going to have to take her to the hospital. He asked me if I had done it on purpose and I told him I hadn't, that it had been an accident. I said,

"That doesn't matter now. We've just got to go."

I laid her down on the ground and turned away for a moment. I heard my mother scream, and when I looked back at her, I realized Clarence had run over one of my mother's arms with the bush-hog which he had on the back of the tractor. I ran over to her and saw that her arms hadn't been chopped up. Only the tire had run over her arms.

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My mother was taken to the Gay Street House, where she was being cared for. When I arrived in Portsmouth, I began walking down an alley in the direction of the Gay Street House. I was only wearing a blue tee shirt. I had earlier been wearing pants, but I didn't have them on any

more. Since the tee shirt only came down to my navel, I was nude from the navel down. I began trying to pull the tee shirt down because I knew when I reached the House, people would probably be there.

I reached the House and walked in the back door into the kitchen. My sister and Bolata (a little girl who lived next door to the Gay Street House) were inside. Bolata (about 6 years old) and my sister (about 10 years old) likewise were wearing tee shirts and were looking for underwear for themselves. They were also exposed from the waist down. At first I could not see either of them clearly, but then while Bolata was standing in the bathroom next to the kitchen, I noticed she had a small penis, and then I noticed my sister also had a small penis.

I had my tee-shirt pulled down far enough so they could not see my private parts. I ran down into the basement to look for some underwear. I saw some old pairs of white underwear hanging on the clothesline in the basement. I took one pair and smelled it to see if it was dirty. I was unsure whether it had been washed and I thought it might be dirty. I put it on.

I walked back upstairs and decided to go and visit my old friend, Mike Walls. I drove a car to the neighborhood where I thought Walls lived, but I couldn't find his house. I found another house where I thought Walls' house should be, and I thought Walls' house must have been torn down for some reason.

I saw another house I thought was his but then saw that no one was living in

it. I got out of the car and walked around behind the house, and then saw Walls' house not far away from there. About a third of a meter of snow was on the ground; I began trudging through it, even though I did not have any shoes on. I did not mind it, and I even thought the snow felt invigorating. After a while, however, my feet did begin to feel cold.

I reached Walls' house and walked up beside a large porch on the house. A path through the snow led to the front door. As I began walking along the path, a car was pulling up. I continued to the door and walked on inside. To my left was Walls sitting on a couch; another fellow was sitting beside him. Stretched out on the floor on the other side of the room was Fulkerson (a law student). That didn't really surprise me, because I thought

Fulkerson had probably come there to buy some marijuana. I was unsure Fulkerson smoked marijuana, but I thought he probably did. He said, "Hi, Steve."

I had never spoken to Fulkerson before, but I said, "Hi Tom."

I thought as long as we were there, so far from law school, we might as well talk. Davis (another law student) was also in the room sitting behind Fulkerson. I was disconcerted for a moment, because I thought it might have been Davis who had said hello to me and not Fulkerson.

I pointed out that I was barefoot and that it was invigorating to walk barefoot in the cold. Someone said they just could not believe I was barefoot. It seemed as if a Christmas tree were behind Davis. I began

wondering what I would do if the others began smoking marijuana. Would I smoke also? I felt good about being here, but I felt apprehensive when I thought about whether I would smoke.

### **Dream of: 07 March 1982 "Having Faith"**

I seemed to be living in Germany, where I was going to law school. I received a grade of B for one of my classes. Shortly thereafter I was supposed to go to a class taught by Edwin Elias (a law professor at Baylor Law School). At first I thought I wouldn't go, because I simply didn't want to, but finally I decided to go.

It was about 7 or 8 p.m. when I reached the classroom. I was uncertain it was my class and I asked someone what the class was. I

thought they gave me the name of a class which wasn't mine, but for some reason I thought I was supposed to go into this particular room any way.

However, a bit peeved because the class was being held at night, I said, "If I were in that class they were in I would protest about it and say something to the administration about the shoddy way they were handling classes, to put them off till late at night like that."

At the entrance were two long lines of people waiting to enter. A man was standing between the lines checking some cards of people in both lines as they passed through. I walked to the man's left and passed him without showing any card. I thought he would probably stop me, but he didn't and I walked on in.

The room was a large auditorium which reminded me of the one at Portsmouth High School in Portsmouth, Ohio. It also reminded me somewhat of a church. I had once attended with Brian (a friend whom I first met in January 1981 when we began classes together at Baylor Law School in Waco, Texas). Not many people were yet there. I was unsure I wanted to sit directly in front of Elias, because I didn't particularly want to be called on to answer a question. Nevertheless, I headed toward the center of the auditorium, where Brian was sitting on an aisle seat. A couple girls were sitting next to him.

I walked over and said hello to Brian. He said hello. He smiled and acted as if he were glad to see me. I was going to sit in the seat right in front of him, but a purse was lying on the seat. At

first I was going to ask Brian if someone was sitting in the seat where the purse was lying, but instead I walked a few seats farther down and sat in a seat about ten rows from the front and almost directly in front of Elias.

Moon (a law student) was sitting nearby. He wanted to know how I had done on the test. I thought of holding up my fingers and trying to make a figure of a "B" with them, but he held up his fingers as numbers and I thought, "Yea, that's a lot easier."

If I held up three fingers, it would signify an A, two fingers a B, and one finger a C. I held up two fingers to signify a B. He seemed satisfied with that. I figured he was thinking I might be able to make law review if I made a B, but I knew I would need to make an A because I had already made a C.

I wasn't interested at all in working that hard to make law review, so it didn't make any difference to me.

I could still talk to Brian from where I was; we exchanged some words. I was glad to see Brian. We had talked earlier before coming into the auditorium. I rather wanted to tell Brian I had made a B, because I was rather proud of it, but the subject didn't arise, so we didn't talk about it.

We were more interested in whether I had been smoking marijuana. I hadn't smoked marijuana in a long time – I wasn't exactly sure how long. I rather thought Brian was aware of that fact.

I knew he had once gone through something similar. The way he was looking at me I wondered if he could somehow detect how I was feeling. He asked me how it was going. I held out my hand level, shook it a little and

said, "Well it's kind of shaky at the moment."

Brian changed his seat and sat in the seat right behind me. He seemed to want to comfort me. I was unsure whether he thought I might just be acting as if I hadn't been smoking marijuana and actually had been smoking it, or whether he thought I was being truthful about the matter. I felt, however, as if Brian had faith in me; his faith was important to me and helped me.

### **Dream of: 08 March 1982 "Too Late"**

I was lying in the back bedroom of the 29th Street House (a pretty brick-faced bungalow into which my mother moved in 1977 in Portsmouth), while my mother was sleeping in the front bedroom. I thought I heard a noise

from outside coming in through a window by the headboard of my bed. I raised up, pulled the blind back a little bit and looked outside. I couldn't see anything, but I thought my movement at least would scare anyone away who might be outside. Unable to see anything, I lay back down. Since I could still see a light coming from my mother's room, I thought, "Well my mother must still be up."

I rose and walked to the door, from where I could see my mother lying on her bed in her bedroom and reading something. Although I was completely naked, I walked down the hall to her room. I turned the light off in her room, but there was still enough light from the hall so I could see. I was apprehensive that someone might be able to see me with my mother

through the windows. I certainly didn't want that. But the windows looked as if they were covered well.

I lay down behind her on the bed, put my arms around her and scooted over on top of her so that my feet were on the floor beside her bed. I pulled up the little blue night gown she was wearing and began having intercourse with her. Almost immediately, after I began pumping, I felt as if I were going to ejaculate. But I didn't want to ejaculate so quickly, and I blurted, "Hold it. Hold it."

But suddenly I ejaculated and said, "Oh, it's too late."

I looked down at my penis, which was still inserted in her.

**Dream of: 08 March 1982 (2)**  
**"Metallic Head"**

I was in a car which my father was driving. A woman (probably in her early 20s) was in the front seat with my father. I was surprised when my father turned toward the woman and she gave him a kiss on the lips. It took me a while to realize that she must be his girlfriend. Since she wanted to go to a movie, my father drove her around to some movie theaters; but she had already seen all the movies. Since she continued to insist that she wanted to go to a movie, my father continued driving. I had the feeling that my father wasn't going to go to the movie himself, but that he was simply going to drop the woman off at the movie theater while he went to do something else. I began thinking I would also like to see a movie.

The woman and I fell into an argument. The argument escalated

until we became physical and I knocked her down on the floor of the front seat. She had a small metal box, from which she extracted a little instrument which had a razor blade in the end of it. She held the instrument in her hand and was trying to twist it around so she could cut me with it, but I pushed her hand so the razor blade pressed against something and was bent back. When she finally dropped the razor blade, I picked it up and put it on the dash. I then picked up the metal box and threw it on the dash. The box contained another razor blade which popped out onto the dash.

The woman and I continued struggling until I finally pulled off the wig which she was wearing. Some kind of flat, silver, metal piece was attached to -- and stood straight up

on -- the back of her head. The piece was rounded at the top. In a way, it seemed as if her entire head were metallic. I was going to throw the wig out the window, but since I saw that her head was partly metallic, I finally gave the wig back to her and said, "Well, I won't do that to you."

We didn't go to a movie, but kept riding around until we arrived at the woman's mobile home, out in the country. I had been to this mobile home before, but I couldn't remember when. My father and the woman both stepped out of the car. I stayed in the car while one of them asked me if I wanted to come in. I asked my father who lived there and he replied, "Well this is her place of business."

I now understood that the woman was a prostitute.

Another car pulled up behind our car. While my father remained standing beside our car, the woman ran back to the other car. When I heard her talking to some fellows in the other car, I said, "Dad, she's asking those guys to come up here and beat me up."

My father just stood without responding. I finally stepped out of the car just as four large men began walking toward us from the other car. One tall thin fellow with black frizzy hair was walking in front of the others. I heard him say, "Well, two years younger than him."

All four were bigger than I, and I could see that it would be hopeless for me to fight against all of them. They all walked right up to me, grabbed me and held me down against the fender of the car. As they

pulled back their fists as if they were going to hit me, I said, "Wait a minute. Let me explain something first. I'm a law student."

I told them they would all be accused of "battery with intent to kill." I asked, "You are intending to kill me, aren't you?"

They hesitated for a moment, looked at each other and smiled. I was unsure whether they wanted to kill me. I began thinking I ought to cover my face and bend over so they wouldn't be able to kick me between the legs.

They said something which I didn't quite understand, but it sounded as if one of them might know something about the law, and I thought he might be in law school. I looked at their faces more carefully, thinking I might

need to be able to identify them later.

One muscular fellow was wearing a red shirt. All seemed like pretty good guys. Apparently they had come to engage the prostitute in her services.

But apparently they were also her friends.

I saw my father over by their car, and I thought he might at least be trying to get their license number.

**Dream of: 08 March 1982 (3)**  
**"2001 A Space Odyssey"**

I was in a class at Baylor Law School being taught by law professor Morrison. It was the first day of classes and I hadn't yet read my lesson. I had just opened my book for the first time while sitting in class. I didn't know whether we were supposed to have read anything, although apparently some students

had been reading. We had a list of things which we needed to know; I expected Morrison to begin calling on people. I was apprehensive of that, but Morrison didn't call on anyone.

Instead he began talking about something on page 34. I began looking through my book; pages 20-33 were missing. Clifford was sitting next to me. I tapped him and pointed to my book at pages 20 and 34 to show that the intervening pages were missing.

Morrison said we also needed to look at page 36; so I leafed on to page 36; that page was in my book.

The class ended and we went to the next class, which was likewise taught by Morrison, who was sitting behind a desk. The class seemed like one in high school, perhaps my high school

physics class. I needed to reach the front row, where my seat was; but the chairs were pushed up so close to the front wall, I had difficulty. I pushed the chairs back so I could get to my desk; then I sat down.

Morrison began writing something on the black board. Since I still couldn't see the board, I began pushing back some seats. Other people began pushing back the seats also. Morrison was watching what we were doing, but he didn't seem to disapprove.

Finally we settled down.

Morrison talked for a little while, and finally said he was going to play a recording. None of us knew what it was going to be about. After he turned it on, I figured out that it was a recording of music from the movie

## **Dream of: 16 March 1982**

### **"Picture-Interpretation"**

I met a girl and her husband in a bus station. I knew the girl had recently advertised that she was taking riders in her car. I stopped her and asked her if she were still taking riders. She didn't seem quite sure. She said something about furnishing a car one way if the rider would furnish the car the other way.

She sat down on a table and began looking at the cover of a magazine which appeared to be either "Time" or "Newsweek." Her husband sat down on the other side of the table and began looking about the room.

I sat next to her and also began looking at the cover of the magazine. The picture seemed rather abstract and the girl tried to clarify what it

meant. At first I thought it was a picture of part of the eastern coastline of England which was being battered by a tidal wave. On closer scrutiny I saw a jumble of old cars from the 1950s which seemed to have been washed up in a pile by the wave.

I announced to the girl my interpretation of the picture. I said it was a part of the American coastline, probably in Florida. Pointing out a Japanese flag with its red sun in the middle and a smaller British Union Jack which could both be seen on the shore line, I said that the waves represented the inundation of America with foreign imports.

The girl seemed quite impressed by my perspicacity and she saw immediately that I had correctly interpreted the picture. She began rummaging through a pile of

magazines looking for another picture.

I meanwhile began thinking that if she wanted to play the picture-interpretation game that it would be better to use art paintings. A pile of paper with pictures of paintings on them was lying on the table; I began looking through them. I pulled out one which was a famous abstract-type painting of four nude dancers holding hands in a circle and dancing on a dark blue background. I concluded that Matisse had been the artist. The picture had apparently been a two-page spread in a magazine and when it had been torn out, it had been torn in two. I held a page in each hand and held the two sides together.

Meanwhile the attention of the girl had been caught by four young teenage girls who had walked up

behind us. They were carrying a large painting which appeared to be on cloth and was about three meters wide and a meter tall. The painting was of the faces of the four teenage girls. They were arranged in a zigzag order from top to bottom and each face was a different color. It was a bit amateurish but still quite well-done.

Apparently the girls had brought the painting here to sell and were in the process of auctioning it off and were accepting bids. The girl I was with offered them \$10 for the painting. They smiled at so low a bid, but wrote it down anyway.

The girl showed me another picture to unravel. She opened a book and showed me a map of Europe. It was apparently a historical map and had a legend which said something about "Hamburg." It looked as if at one time

Hamburg had been the capital of a large area which was colored orange.

At the borders of the orange color was a line with crosses on it which represented a railroad.

The map was distorted. It looked as if it were a photograph taken from above the earth and was therefore curved. The middle was in proportion but the edges weren't. Apparently the girl wanted me to somehow determine whether German-speaking people had any claim to land not presently occupied by Germans because their ancestors had once owned the land. But I only surmised that was what she wanted and was unsure.

I said, "Well, first let's see if we can find Warsaw."

I began looking for Warsaw on the map.

**Dream of: 18 March 1982**  
**"Spiritual Connection"**

Birdie and I were sitting together in the front room of the Gay Street House. She had apparently moved to Sciotoville and had come to visit me. We sat and talked for a long time, and I kept looking at her. She was wearing wire-framed glasses. She seemed composed, older and wiser. The more we talked, the more I was spiritually drawn to her. I reached a point where I wanted to tell her that although I had thought I would never be able to say it again, I felt as if she and I were the same as when we used to be together, and as if I now wanted to be with her again.

She was sitting across the room from me. I looked at her right in the eye and we held each other's gaze for several minutes. It was clear to me that there was still a strong feeling between us.

I asked her where she was living and she responded that she was living in Sciotoville in a building where half the units were apartments and the other half were part of a motel. She told me her apartment had a burglar alarm in it. I mentioned that she didn't like to have a place without burglar alarms.

I thought my father would probably return soon.

Finally my sister showed up, and I walked into the kitchen. Birdie followed me into the kitchen. It was dark in the kitchen, and for some

reason I thought I was going to embrace Birdie and kiss her, but I wasn't quite sure. Finally my sister came into the kitchen and I asked my sister if I could borrow her car to take Birdie home. Apparently Birdie didn't have a car and I didn't have one either. My sister said, "Yea."

I thought I might get a chance to talk with Birdie a while when I took her home.

I was unsure whether Birdie's husband was in town.

**Dream of: 18 March 1982 (2)**  
**"Good-Bye Mr. Goodbar"**

A younger man had come to my mother's 29th Street House one morning to visit my mother. She and the man had then traveled to Gallipolis for a while, and when they returned, my mother introduced the

man to me. We talked for a while about some people they knew in Gallipolis. They mentioned one person they had met in Gallipolis who apparently was a mutual friend of theirs.

I asked the fellow what he did. Apparently he worked in a factory and made a device which was used to hold up the roofs of mines, but now he was laid off. He apparently lived somewhere in Sciotoville, Ohio, and he wanted my mother to go there with him. Finally my mother and I walked out of the room, and I pulled her into the bathroom with me. I said to her, "Mom, there's something about that guy. I don't want you going up there with him. I can't put my finger on it, but I just don't trust him."

I could see she really wanted to go. I raised my hand up and brought it

down over top of her as if I were stabbing her. My actions reminded me of the final scene in the movie *Good-Bye Mr. Goodbar* where a stabbing takes place. I was trying to show my mother what might happen to her if she went with the fellow, but she didn't seem to be paying attention to me.

To make my point more clear, I laid her down on the floor on her back. I spread her legs apart, got on top of her and simulated having intercourse with her. While I was doing that, I raised my arm up and down over her as if I were stabbing her, but she appeared to have passed out and she wasn't paying any attention to me.

My sister walked into the room and saw what was happening. She supported my effort to keep my mother away from the man.

My mother stood back up, walked back into the room where the fellow was, and told him that she wasn't going to be able to go with him today, but that she might go some other time.

In the meantime, the fellow had picked up a pair of my ear phones and put them on. He walked back where I was and told me that he had his own set of earphones at his place, that his were larger than mine and that he liked his earphones better than mine.

When he finally left, I acquiesced, "Well if he comes back again, maybe the next time it'll be OK."

But I was still uncertain about the fellow.

. I sat listening for a while. There were no words, only music. I finally looked up and saw that everyone else

in the class had left. As soon as Morrison had turned on the tape recorder he had left. Then everyone else had left. I decided I wasn't going to stay if everyone else had left.

I stood up and walked out into the halls of the law school. I headed for the locker room; I thought I saw Morrison coming down the steps. I didn't want to encounter him, because I was unsure whether I should have left his class. I ducked into the locker room.

**Dream of: 21 March 1982**  
**"Country Living"**

I encountered Mrs. Weinstein (the mother of an old friend from my early college years) and I told her she had appeared in two of my dreams. As she showed extreme interest, I began telling her the first dream, which had

taken place in my mother's 29th Street House in Portsmouth (my old hometown in hill-cradled southeastern Ohio). I first described the House's front door, which had actually consisted of two sets of doors, with four doors on each side, eight doors altogether. Each door had had a window at the top, and each door had opened so it folded back toward the wall. I described the doors to Mrs. Weinstein in great detail, and I even drew her a picture. As I first began drawing, the lines were straight and showed rectangular doors, but as I proceeded, the lines became more and more crooked and out of proportion. I could hardly find room on my drawing to insert the little windows into the doors, which somehow reminded me of doors which I had seen at Mrs. Weinstein's house. I told Mrs. Weinstein that the

doors had made me realize she had had something to do with the dream.

As I recounted the dream to her, however, I realized that when I had written the dream, I had forgotten to include her in it.

In the dream, my sister had also been in the 29th Street House with me.

When some people in black leather jackets who looked like part of a gang started trying to break into the House, I ran over to the doors (which were open) and with difficulty pushed them shut. The doors, however, began to bulge inward as the gang members pushed them from the other side. I pushed back, thinking if I could push the doors back to a certain place on the floor, a golden bolt attached to the doors could be shoved down into the floor to hold the doors shut. I told my sister to push the bolt down, but

we couldn't seem to make the bolt work, and the gang members continued to push from the outside.

As I related the dream, it occurred to me that Mrs. Weinstein had actually been in the House and had helped me fight off the gang members. I tried to think of a title for the dream and I thought of entitling it "Gangland." I intended to name the second dream in which she had appeared "Country Living."

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After I had told Mrs. Weinstein about the dreams and left her, a couple days later I was feeling as if I would like to have sex with someone, and I decided I would like to go to bed with Mrs. Weinstein. I went to the place where she and her husband, Dr. Weinstein (an optometrist), were living in a

modern house on a big hill in the country. I climbed up the back of the hill and reached the rear of their house, where I was surprised to find piles of cow manure all over the yard. I didn't think the untidy yard seemed to represent the way the Weinsteins would live.

I walked around to the front of the house, where I saw an old cow and a goat. I also saw a llama, which stood up and looked me right in the eye. When I looked at the llama's mouth (which was crunched together), I thought it was a cute animal. A fence kept all the animals in the yard.

When another furry animal jumped up and began making a shrill sound, I thought it might be a dog, even though it didn't look like a dog. It looked like an animal which I had never seen and which didn't have a

name. A freakish little animal, it displayed a long gray with white hair all over it. The shrill sound the animal was making sounded somewhat like a pig, but I thought, "Well, surely the Weinsteins, being Jews, wouldn't be raising pigs."

As all the animals began making strange sounds, I walked onto the back porch, looked inside, and saw Dr. and Mrs. Weinstein lying on the floor of the living room. Apparently they had been sleeping, but the sounds of the animals had awakened them. Dr. Weinstein put on a pair of glasses and walked over to some wrenches and other tools scattered on the floor with which he had apparently been working. At first I stood outside, looking in, without saying anything, but finally I walked

in and said, "Well, I just decided to come on up and see you again.

When Mrs. Weinstein smiled, I felt somewhat guilty about wanting to have sex with her, but the urge was still overwhelming.

I asked Dr. Weinstein where he had obtained all the animals, but he only replied that they were giving him a headache. I told him he could sell them, then added that he would probably hate to do that because he had become attached to them. He replied that he hadn't become attached to the animals.

### **Dream of: 22 March 1982**

#### **"Tobacco Grower's Gun"**

I had just arrived on a college campus, and while I was walking around carrying a couple of books, I ran into an old female schoolmate

from junior high and high school, King. I hadn't seen King in probably 11-12 years. I was so glad to see her, I walked up to her and put my arms around her. I told her I had just arrived in town and I still didn't have any place to stay. An older fellow with a small gray goatee was standing close to her; I thought he might be her husband. He walked up to me and began talking. It was soon quite evident that he wanted me to leave, but I continued talking with him and somehow was able to get rid of him.

As King and I walked away from campus, I looked up into the sky, which was dark blue - almost black - with some white clouds in it. A jet was flying across the sky. I looked more closely at the clouds, which seemed to resemble a map of Europe. I was sad, because I wanted to go to

Europe and I told King I would like to go to Europe. I thought that I might go and that I might even ask King to go with me, even though I doubted she would want to go.

We continued walking with our arms around each other. At one point we put our cheeks next to each other. I was ecstatic to see someone I knew there.

We went to a house where my mother and I were living. My mother was upstairs in bed; King and I got into bed downstairs which almost seemed as if it were in the basement. As we lay there talking, I thought I heard my mother coming down the stairs. When I got out of bed and walked to the door, my mother said, "Is there somebody in there with you?"

I answered, "Yea, there's some girl.  
That's OK. Come on in."

King (wearing a long pink nightgown which fell to her ankles) got out of bed and stood beside me. My mother (also wearing a long nightgown which fell to her ankles) walked in and said, "Oh, I thought it was the little blonde-haired girl in here with you."

Apparently a little blonde-haired girl was staying with my mother. I said, "No, it's Birdie."

I wasn't referring to my old girlfriend Birdie, but to King, whose name I actually thought was Birdie. My mother said, "Hello, Birdie."

When I asked my mother about the little blonde-haired girl, my mother responded, "Yea, she's disappeared."

My mother told me a story about how earlier in the evening she had heard someone prowling around outside. She had thought a man was outside and had called the police. After the police had arrived and been unable to find anyone, they had departed.

I looked out of the house, which was abutting a street which seemed to be Scioto Trail in Portsmouth in the vicinity of the Stag Bar. I watched a little white car which almost looked like half an egg pass by and pull into the parking lot. Kay was in the car. Another car driven by a man followed Kay into the parking lot.

When my mother also looked outside and saw Kay and the man, she became upset and said, "Oh no, they're going to come for the gun. They're going to come for the gun."

I having earlier had a conversation with Kay in which the subject of the "tobacco grower's gun" had come up. I knew "the tobacco grower" was my father. From what my mother was now saying, I inferred my mother had a gun in the house which belonged to my father. My mother apparently thought Kay and the man outside were going to try to take the gun.

Concluding that we were in danger, I grabbed a large shotgun and tried to load it. The shotgun had two chambers, one of which already had a shell in it. I pulled out some other rather peculiar-looking shells which basically looked like shotgun shells, except they were quite short. Instead of being loaded with pellets, the shells were loaded with wires. As I struggled to load the shells into the

shotgun, two white men and a very black man walked into the room.

The black man was wearing a green army shirt. He was a few centimeters shorter than I, but muscular. When the three of them walked toward me, I pointed the gun at them and pulled the trigger, but nothing happened. I

realized the safety was on, but I couldn't figure out where the safety was. Obviously the black man was going to take the gun away from me. I was afraid he was going to kill everyone in the house.

### **Dream of: 25 March 1982**

#### **"Nefertiti"**

I was in a house where my mother lived, which seemed to be on Third Street in Portsmouth. I walked outside, encountered Ron Stevens (a schoolmate from junior high school),

took Stevens back into the house, and then walked outside again.

This time I encountered Leroy Maggard (another acquaintance from junior high school). I wanted to walk past Maggard as if I didn't see him, but he saw me and hollered to me. He seemed happy to see me. We started talking, and I also took him back into the house.

I recalled an incident when Maggard had once tried to pick a fight with me. I had been in my late teens and I had had long hair. Maggard apparently no longer remembered the incident. He only remembered when he had known me years earlier (in about the seventh grade) and we had been on friendly terms.

Maggard was carrying a little metal box which contained a tooth with a

gold filling. A second gold filling (not in a tooth) was also in the box.

Maggard began trying to pry the gold filling out of the tooth with a piece of metal, but he was unsuccessful. He tried and tried, but he couldn't do it.

Finally he handed me the box with the tooth and I was immediately able to pry the gold filling out of the tooth.

The gold was bright and shiny, and flat on one side. Maggard looked surprised that I had been able to pry the filling loose so easily. I handed it back to him as if it had been easy to do.

My old girlfriend Birdie and her daughter Brandi (about three years old) walked into the house. I was supposed to take them downtown, but before we left, I wanted to give something to Birdie. I had a nice brown shirt, as well as my black shirt.

When I told Birdie she could have the black shirt, she said she would also like to have the brown shirt. When I told her she could also have the brown shirt, she fetched the shirts and some other things. She put a few things in a suitcase and a few things in a multicolored cloth sack which she had. When she was finished, however, I said, "Well Birdie, I'm not going to be able to give you those shirts."

I had started thinking Birdie would simply let her husband Rick wear the shirts, so even though she seemed disappointed, I said, "No, I'm not going to be able to give you those."

However, I did want to give her something. I knew I had a statue carved from wood which looked something like Nefertiti. I began looking for it, but couldn't find it. I looked and looked and searched

through some drawers, one of which belonged to my sister. In my sister's drawer I found a wooden carving which I had given to my sister. The carving seemed to be religious in nature; it seemed to have the nativity scene in it.

Birdie and I walked into the bedroom where I continued my search. I discovered a number of toys in the closet and concluded that a child must be living with my mother. My sister's son, David (only about a year old) was in the room on the bed. I had earlier left him there alone. I now saw that he had managed to jump off the bed and fall on his head, but he hadn't hurt himself. When he stood up and started walking around, bumping into things, Birdie said to him, "Well, I didn't know you could walk."

I continued looking in the closet, but finally gave up when I couldn't find the Nefertiti statue.

Finally Birdie, Brandi and I walked out of the house and caught a bus headed downtown. The bus finally stopped at the place where Birdie intended to get off, and we all climbed off. As we stood in an area which appeared to be the entrance to a store, for some reason I became suspicious of Birdie and I wanted to look into her multi-colored sack. I opened the bag and discovered my flute in its brown case inside.

Accusingly, I said to Birdie, "Oh, you just happened to want to take my flute with you, huh?"

I then pulled from her bag the statue of Nefertiti. I told Birdie that I had originally bought the statue for her and that she didn't have to steal it

from me. Now I decided I wasn't going to give her anything. I also pulled out an ornate wooden cross which belonged to me, as well as some other ornately carved items, and I laid everything on the floor beside me. I had thought Stevens had stolen all these things from me and in my mind I had been blaming him, but he hadn't stolen any of the things after all.

Brandi kept running around and grabbing my leg until I finally said to Birdie, "Get that kid away from me."

### **Dream of: 27 March 1982**

### **"Looking Into The Future"**

Fugitt (a former high school schoolmate) and I were at Walls' house in Portsmouth, listening to a red-covered album by Jimmy Buffet. After drinking about four beers, I

thought about going to sleep, but liking the lyrics so much, instead I turned up the music and we listened to one whole side of the album. Fugitt said he wanted to hear the other side, so he turned it over and kept playing it. I had been planning to go home, but it became so late, I decided to simply spend the night. Finally about 12:30 in the morning, Walls came home, parked his car in the garage, and came down a passageway to where we were. Since the lights were off in the room, I stumbled over to the light switch and turned them on. Walls already knew Fugitt was in the room, but when he saw that I was still here, he seemed amazed that we were still listening to the Jimmy Buffet album and said, "Collier, you're still here."

I said, "Yea, I didn't feel like I was in any shape to go home."

Someone at Walls' house, perhaps Walls, needed to go to the West Side for some reason. He and I got on a motorcycle with him driving, and headed in the direction of Cincinnati. When we reached the West Side, the Ohio River was on our left. I noticed on our right, on the side of a hill, some giant cans which had been converted into out-houses. One can was about ten meters from us up the side of a steep bank. It was about two meters tall and had originally been used for holding tomatoes. I had never seen anything quite like it. The fellow with me said the cans might be being used as toilets and I replied, "Yea, that's exactly what I thought."

Then I noticed a somewhat smaller large can sitting on the railing of a porch of a house.

Finally we stopped in front of a barn whose sides were covered with sheet metal. It occurred to me that the cans could be used for sheet metal for the barn. The cans could be cut, straightened out, and then put on the barns in place of the sheet metal.

I could hear something in the barn but was unsure what it was. I walked around some chicken-wire fence to look into the barn. I could see what I thought were three calves lying on the ground inside. But then I noticed they had utters and were actually cows. One of the three stood up.

When one cow finally came over to me, I put my fingers through a crack in the barn and petted it. The cow seemed to like my rubbing its nose.

Another cow started to come to me,  
but then backed off.

We walked into a house where I found  
what appeared to be a computer  
screen which seemed to have a movie  
on it. I put some information into the  
computer and began watching it. In  
the movie a man saw that a woman he  
knew was going to be attacked. There  
was a scene which showed the  
woman being approached by a  
shadowy figure. I watched two or  
three scenes of the same event which  
hadn't happened yet, although I knew  
the scene was about to take place.  
The man had ESP and had gone to the  
rescue of the woman. The movie  
showed how the man had been able to  
look into the future and react to the  
situation.

It suddenly occurred to me that a  
woman who I knew was going to be

attacked. It took me a minute to realize I needed to react in a similar way as the man in the movie to the situation. I knew the attack on her hadn't happened yet. The movie I had seen had been like looking into the future. There was still time to save the woman. I knew I needed to steal the motorcycle and go to the rescue of the woman.

### **Dream of: 30 March 1982 "Rolling Pin"**

I was in a log building, almost like a barn, where a class was being given by professor Guinn. Guinn was standing in the front of the room, while I was sitting in the rear on the right side. The room was dark, except for the light from one window behind me. But even on that window the shade was pulled down.

In connection with something we had been studying, from a piece of wood I had carved out a rolling pin, handles included, only about 10 centimeters long. When I had been carving out the middle of the rolling pin, I had made a mistake leaving a large gash on one side of the pin. When I practiced rolling the pin over what appeared to be dough on my desk, the pin worked fine, except that there would be a hump in the dough corresponding to the gash on the pin. Although I still thought the pin was functional, with my knife I began trying whittle down the area around the gash so it wouldn't be so obvious. Slivers of wood began piling up on the old, wooden desk where I was sitting.

The students in the room were supposed to have read some legal cases, and Guinn began calling on us

to talk about the cases. He first called on a girl in the front of the room, who flatly admitted she hadn't read the case. Guinn called out another name which sounded like either "Cole" or "Collier." But since he didn't look at me, I didn't answer, especially since I hadn't read any of the cases. He quickly called out another name, and a girl who had read the cases began talking about them. After she had explained the cases, Guinn said, "Yea, that's right."

Finally Guinn walked to the back of the room and stood right behind me. He raised the blind on the window behind me, and then picked up a small rolling pin, although I couldn't tell whether it was mine or another one. He began talking about the rolling pin in connection with one of the cases.

My book was lying open, face down, on the desk next to me. I quickly picked it up, thinking Guinn might call on me, As Guinn continued talking, I looked ahead to the next case, which was only two pages long. It contained an introduction written by Leo Tolstoy. The case seemed quite beautiful, and more interesting than the normal Supreme Court cases which we were accustomed to reading.

### **Dream of: 01 April 1982 "The Radish"**

I was in a small cottage owned by Haim (a fellow law student). Since it was late at night, I was quite tired and I might have even dozed off.

Although I was quite groggy, I became aware that Gregg Cooke (another fellow law student) had arrived. Cook began talking about

food, and I opened the door to the kitchen. We both walked in and it became clear that he wanted me to get some food for him. As he pointed out different food in the kitchen, it seemed as if he were also joking at the same time. He wasn't at all like I thought he would be. He was quite funny, amiable and jovial. I had thought I wouldn't like him, but he turned out to be a nice fellow.

He wanted me to get some food for him, so I opened the refrigerator, where I saw quite a variety of food. Since Cook apparently was going to eat the food, I thought, "Well, he must pay Haim something for this."

I thought I might also eat something, but I thought I might ought to pay Haim something for it. But then I realized Haim just kept the food stored there for his friends to eat. He

simply liked providing food. Cook asked for some lettuce. I pulled some out and I asked if ordinary lettuce would do. He said no, that he wanted a special kind of lettuce in the rear of a small drawer. He reached to the back of the drawer and pulled out the lettuce.

When he said something about "the radish," I saw some radishes in the refrigerator, and I thought about eating some myself. When he began eating some radish, I thought, "Well I don't know if radish would be good by itself."

Nevertheless I began fumbling through the radishes trying to find a good one. Most looked all right, but some had brown spots.

He said something about two girls, and I (finally beginning to snap out of my grogginess) said, "Where?"

He replied, "Is that all you think about is girls?"

I said, "No."

But I kept looking around until finally through a window I saw three girls, probably in their teens, walking along the street beside the big back yard. I kept looking at them, becoming ever more interested, and thinking, "I'm going to say something to them."

Two of them crossed through a small field next to the house and entered the house next door. The third girl, who had long brown hair, continued walking toward us, and I began trying to think of something to say to her, but I was bashful, and I thought perhaps Cook could think of

something to say. Since I still had radishes in my hand, I thought of saying, "Hey, I'm selling radishes. Would you like to buy some radishes?"

But then I thought how stupid that sounded. I didn't want to say anything that had to do with money, or as if I were selling something.

A large yellow-orange cat and her kitten were coming through the field. I called to them, "Kitty. Kitty. Kitty."

I was using the cats as a ploy, because I thought if I called them I might somehow meet the girl. But I was surprised to see the large cat come right toward me, meow, and open its mouth so I could see its white teeth. I thought the cats must be hungry. The girl, however, stopped, and looked at us. Another

fellow smoking a cigarette had shown up beside her. I thought he perhaps lived in a neighboring house and maybe was her boyfriend.

**Dream of: 01 April 1982 (2)**  
**"Funeral Parade"**

The sister of Debi (my ninth grade girlfriend) had died, and I had decided to attend the funeral. I thought Debi had gone to my brother Chris' funeral, and my repaying the kindness would be a kind act. I donned a new suit which I had decided to wear, then went to Debi's house, a large Victorian house amazingly similar to the Gay Street House. I walked onto the porch and waited a moment, trying to decide what to do. As I glanced up at some upstairs windows, I thought Debi was probably living in one of the rooms upstairs.

I entered the house and walked into a small room. In front of the stairs in the room was sitting a fellow who was drying his hair. I immediately knew he was Debi's husband. He looked as if he were from the country and he appeared quite obnoxious. At first I thought he was Shaw (a former junior high classmate who married Debi after high school), but then I realized that Debi was no longer married to Shaw and that this was a different man. I thought, "Well, I'm not going to be able to talk to Debi with him around. So I'm just going to have to leave."

I walked back outside. Apparently some kind of parade for the funeral was going to take place and I debated whether I should join in the parade. I was concerned that Debi's husband

might be offended if one of Debi's old boyfriends showed up at the parade.

**Dream of: 02 April 1982**  
**"Maintaining Lucidity"**

I was completely nude in the kitchen of the Apartment on South Fifth Street when I heard someone coming from the living room into the kitchen.

Suddenly a slender man (about 55 years old) about five and a half feet tall appeared in the doorway. He was wearing a baggy, yellow sweat shirt, pants and tennis shoes. He had stubble on his face and appeared not to have shaved for several days.

He stopped in the doorway and excused himself when he saw that I was naked. I didn't know who he was, but thought he seemed somehow familiar. Perhaps he was either a maintenance man or my roommate

Reon's father. He stepped back out of sight into the living room.

I suddenly realized the man was actually someone who had been sent to challenge my power. I thought I should have done battle with him. I stepped behind the kitchen table which I thought perhaps I could use for a weapon. At the same time I was afraid and thought perhaps I should break out a window and call for help.

From where I was standing I could see the walls and door of the living room although I didn't notice any furniture in the room. The walls seemed wavy and things just didn't seem right.

Suddenly I became lucid. I maintained my equanimity while the awareness of my lucidity grew. I could actually feel power all about

me. I was over anxious to exert my power over my immediate environment and began thinking of what I wanted to do.

I looked at the door and decided that if I really had power over the situation then I wanted Haim to step through the door. I continued looking at the door but nothing happened, even though the room seemed alive with energy.

I experienced difficulty maintaining my lucidity and felt myself slipping back toward my body lying on the bed. I realized I needed to hold my hands up to my face and look at them. My hands were resting on the table and I couldn't see them. It seemed to require more energy than I had and I was unable to raise them.

## **Dream of: 04 April 1982 "Misery And Sorrow"**

I was singing in a booming voice, "Oh, Lord, what you give me that I never utilize. Oh so much misery and sorrow inside."

## **Dream of: 05 April 1982 "The Whipping"**

Someone from Baylor Law School sent me a note which said I had been laid off from school. The reason for the lay-off wasn't entirely clear. I was uncertain exactly what the note signified, but I thought it meant I wouldn't have to go to school the following quarter if I didn't want to. I immediately decided I would simply take a quarter off.

Since I was sure I wouldn't be in school the following quarter I decided to return to Portsmouth. I went to the

Grandview Avenue House, walked into the middle room of the downstairs of the house and stood there nude. My mother was in the room.

When I saw my step-grandfather Clarence and my grandmother Mabel, pull up in a car in front of the House, I told my mother to give me something to wear. She hurried about trying to find something, but she couldn't locate anything. So I just put on an old pair of cut-off blue jeans.

Clarence and Mabel walked in and sat down in some chairs on the right side of the room. My father was also with them and he sat near them. After I had sat down on a couch at the rear of the room, Clarence said, "Well, Steve, just how long is it going to take you to finish school anyway?"

When I told him I didn't know, my father asked me the same question. Clearly he was driving at the subject of my having been laid off. I knew my father thought the lay-off was mandatory. I didn't want him to know it was actually voluntary and that I simply didn't feel like going to school next quarter. I preferred for him to think I couldn't go to school.

His meddling in my affairs angered me, however; the thought of his trying to control me riled me. I rose from the couch and blurted out, "Well it doesn't make any difference. I've decided I'm not going and nobody can change that."

My father replied, "Yea, that's right. Nobody can change that but you."

He likewise was obviously becoming angry. I screamed that I was 29 years

old and that he could no longer control my life. He asked me if I thought the money being used to put me through school had been coming from some kind of bottomless well. Although I knew what he was getting at, I asked, "Do you mean the kind of well that you draw water out of?"

"No. I don't mean that," he replied.

"Well what exactly do you mean?" I asked rather cuttingly.

I knew he was obviously talking about money coming from him. I told him I was sure I wouldn't be receiving another scholarship. That was evident. I thought about my grades of the previous quarter – a B+ and two C's – but I didn't mention them to him. I didn't want him to know I had made the C's. I wondered if my

grades might have had something to do with the lay-off.

He continued talking. I wanted to explain to him that I was just planning to stay out of school for the one quarter that I had been laid off, and that I would return to school the following quarter. I realized that I was going to need some money from him when I did return to school and that he was therefore indeed going to have some say-so in the matter.

The more we talked, the more I began to wonder exactly what it did mean that I had been laid off for a quarter. And the more I thought about it, the more unsure I became. I began to wonder if the lay-off might not indeed have been mandatory rather than voluntary.

Having decided to find out what the lay-off meant, I returned to the school. When I arrived I found myself involved in some kind of hearing being conducted in an open field. I was sitting amongst some people gathered together in several rows of chairs. Apparently I was on trial and they were my judges. Several professors were there, but professor Dohoney was the only one I recognized.

Obviously the faculty was taking the whole matter quite seriously. I now realized my being laid off wasn't voluntary as I had previously thought; the lay-off was indeed mandatory. I had been laid off and I wouldn't be able to attend school even if I wanted to.

By now I had decided I did indeed want to return. I began thinking that

somehow I hadn't received proper notice and that I had been denied due process of law. I wasn't even sure why I had been laid off.

Papers were being passed around amongst the faculty concerning me. Quite a few interested students were also nearby. They obviously thought it would be interesting to see if I could challenge the administration and win.

The people sitting in the same row of chairs as me pulled their chairs around to form a circle. They were mostly professors, but there were also a few students. About 15 people were in the circle, which was completely closed except for one space directly opposite me. No chair was in that space.

I anticipated I was going to be questioned. Duesler (a fellow law

student) was sitting directly to my right. I began to think about the type of questions they might ask me. Duesler was talking and interrupting my thoughts. I thought they would probably ask me about drugs and about my having been in prison in Iran. Duesler continued talking; I felt a certain heartening strength emanating from him. I was trying to remember how long before I had gone to Iran I had started taking drugs. I also thought that since Duesler was a Christian and I wasn't, that he might not really be on my side. I finally concluded I had been 21 or 22 years old when I had gone to Iran and that I had started taking drugs five years before that.

Duesler began singing. I tried to prepare my story in my mind. I had once before been through this type of

questioning and I had to be certain my story now was the same as the story I had told before. Some other students were also singing.

A couple people in the circle stood up from their chairs and motioned me to stand up. I realized I was going to have to start answering questions.

They led me to the part of the circle opposite from where I was, and there I saw a gigantic mirror, perhaps three meters tall, directly in front of me.

Looking into the mirror I could see the people behind me. Two women stood on either side of me, and both reached up and grabbed the top of my shirt. I realized they were going to tear my shirt open right down the back. They proceeded to tear my shirt open from the collar to the bottom, so that it just hung on my back. I stood

there immobilized, looking at myself  
in the mirror.

The two of them quickly stepped to the side; another figure was standing behind them. The person appeared to be a man, dressed up in what looked like a costume. He wore some kind of black cap and a black mask. His outfit likewise was mostly black.

He was slender and reminded me somewhat of an actor or a clown. His movements were extremely graceful and smooth. He had a whip in his hand, but it looked more like a toy whip than a real whip. I realized I wasn't going to be laid off from school and that instead, my punishment would be to be whipped. That was a great relief. The idea of being whipped didn't bother me so much because I reflected that I had been whipped once before in Iran.

He suddenly brought the whip down and it cracked loudly. I thought it had struck me but I felt no pain. When I looked at myself in the mirror, however, I winced so hard that I almost bent over double. He brought the whip down on me again. Every time the whip made a powerful crack, but it didn't seem to be actually hitting me. The first three times he cracked the whip I saw in the mirror that I was cringing in abject fear, but then I stood up straight and tall, and I simply watched my face and eyes in the mirror. I was impressed with my stalwart attitude and the tranquil expression on my face. My face seemed strong and intriguing as I looked at it. I was amazed at how good I looked.

The fellow with the whip jumped around and up and down. Finally he

finished and walked up to me. When he did so I floated up into the air a few centimeters and came back down.

He touched me on the shoulder and I again floated up into the air a few centimeters. I watched myself in the mirror floating up and coming back down.

The fellow seemed concerned that he might have hurt me with the whip. Apparently he also was a student. I turned around to him, told him that he hadn't harmed me and we embraced. A crowd of students was sitting in bleachers nearby. A cheer went up from them when it was all over and it was clear I wasn't being laid off from school.

The circle that had been around me then disappeared. Some festivity seemed to be taking place and the

whole place had a carnival-like atmosphere. As I began walking around, I passed some of the professors who had been my judges.

A couple of them had gray hair. I wanted to go up and say thanks to them. I stepped toward three or four of them and said, "I want to thank you one and all."

But no one paid any attention to me. They just looked in the other direction and walked on by. I saw professor Dohoney among them. I was uncertain whether she looked back at me. It became apparent that not all of the judges had voted for me. Some had probably voted against me and I didn't know which were which.

As I continued walking around, I ran into some older people who were eating something. I wanted to talk to them. I thought they had something

to do with Baylor Law School. I thought they perhaps were patrons. They had bright red and white make-up all over their hair and faces. They were all dressed up. I inferred that it was their custom to dress up and wear the peculiar paint.

A festive air was still about. I was unsure what the occasion was and I didn't know if it had something to do with my trial. I refrained from talking to the older people and just observed their talking to each other. The more I looked at the make-up, the more it intrigued me. It almost looked like chalk.

I walked around more and came to a place which resembled a shopping mall. As I walked through the aisles of the mall between the stores I saw that in the middle of the aisles were some large trays sitting on the floor

with cakes on them. Someone had already eaten much of the cake but several pieces were still left. At first I thought the cake was probably free, but then I noticed a little cup with a top in it and holes for inserting money. The price marked on the cup was 69 cents. I thought perhaps I could just put a few coins in the cup and take a piece without paying the entire 69 cents, but I decided I didn't want to do that.

I walked on down the mall and came to a table standing in the middle of the aisle. On it were some big tubs that had what appeared to be some sweet substance with a jelly-like consistency. There were different colors. I stuck my finger into the green tub and pulled it out. Along with the icing-like stuff something hard was mixed in. I stuck it in my

mouth and realized it was a large walnut about half the size of a silver dollar. I ate it. A man suddenly appeared beside me. He pulled out a bowl and said something about my eating the stuff. I told him I hadn't known I shouldn't have eaten it. I thought it was just icing. He put another walnut half in the bowl and then put some of the sweet green stuff over top of it. He asked me if I would like to try it. I said, "Yea. Give me one."

I then asked him how much it would cost. He replied, "Well, I'll give you one and a half portions. It'll be \$2.69."

I thought that was a ridiculous amount of money and said, "Oh no, no. I don't want one and a half portions. Just give me a regular portion."

I thought he must be charging me extra because I had eaten the one walnut before he had even shown up.

I asked him how much a regular portion cost. He handed it to me and said that it was free. I said, "Oh no. I can't take it for just free. I want to pay something."

He said, "No. It's absolutely free. If you only take a regular portion for the first one."

Someone standing to my right poured me a glass of milk. The man then said, "But that'll be a dollar for the glass of milk."

I smiled and said OK. I started to reach in my back pocket for my billfold, but my pocket wasn't only buttoned at the top, it was also sewn together in two places so I couldn't pull out my billfold. As I struggled to

pull out my billfold I heard music. Some people were dancing in the aisles of the mall. I saw some girls walking by. The people were doing some kind of two-step. I wanted to dance too. I simply wanted to pay the guy and then ask one of the girls to dance with me, even though I was still eating. I really felt like dancing.

It had been so long since I had danced I wasn't even sure that I could remember how. I began shuffling my feet trying to remember the dance.

### **Dream of: 05 April 1982 (2) "Two Killed With One Shot"**

I had returned to Portsmouth, and was with my father in my second cousin Don's silver car, which Don was driving. My father was in the front seat with Don, and I was in the back seat. We were planning to go eat with John Roach, and Roach got into

the back seat with me. It was rather dark in the back seat, but in my lap I could see the screen of a small Lexis computer which I was holding. I began typing on the computer and was going to show John how it worked. As I typed, the computer made a buzzing sound. Don didn't know I had the computer and asked what was making the noise. I told him it was Lexis buzzing, and continued typing away. John didn't understand much about Lexis, and it was difficult for him to figure out what was going on.

Don turned in a circle so he could go into the parking lot of a restaurant. As he swung the car around, the front of the car barely missed the edge of a building. My father told him to stop, but Don continued anyway and finally made it into the parking space

between a car on the left and an orange van on the right. Since the orange van was between us and the restaurant, I didn't want him to park there, because when we went inside I would have to leave Lexis in the car, and I wouldn't be able to see the car because of the van. I wouldn't be able to see if someone tried to steal Lexis. I told them that Lexis had cost a great deal of money, and I knew if someone stole it, I wouldn't have enough money to pay for it.

Before I got out, I pushed Lexis to the middle of the back seat and slung a coat over it. I didn't say anything, but when we got out, I checked to make sure all the doors were locked. Before I got out I pushed down the door locks on both the left front and left rear doors. I then got out and checked the right doors. But I had a

difficult time getting the front right door to lock. Each time I would shut it, it wouldn't stay locked. When Don, who was waiting for me, started to walk toward me, I realized I needed to hold up on the handle when I shut the door. I held up on the handle the next time and the door stayed locked.

We then all walked toward the restaurant.

I knew that Don had moved from his country home on Schultz Run, Kentucky to another home. I asked him if he missed living in the country, and he indicated he was satisfied with his new home.

As I thought of the idea of living in the country and how nice it would be, I found myself sitting on the side of a hill somewhere in the country, perhaps somewhere near my Cabin. Although I was sitting under a large

tree and trees were all around me, I could still see over the hillside. I watched some birds fly around and noticed a large black bird. I listened to the bird making its loud obstreperous chirping.

I looked in the tree overhead and saw a squirrel running around in the tree. I was sitting on a rather steep bank and had to move so I wouldn't slide off. I was afraid that my moving would scare the squirrel away. But after I had moved, I looked back up at the squirrel; it was still there. Suddenly I noticed another squirrel and finally realized three or four squirrels appeared to be running around in the tree. It seemed as if the squirrels in the area had multiplied so there were more than there used to be. That was good because I didn't

want the hunters to come in and kill them.

I thought of a story my grandmother Mabel had once told me. She had said she had once been hunting squirrels, and had seen two squirrels running through the trees. They had come to a point where they met and put their noses together. At that point she had shot and killed both squirrels with a single shot. I thought if someone were to shoot at the squirrels now in the tree, two could be killed with one shot.

**Dream of: 07 April 1982**  
**"Abandoned Guitar"**

While I was at mother's 29th Street House in Portsmouth, my old friend Buckner stopped by to see me. We walked to the bedroom, and after we had talked a while, I suddenly

realized Buckner was an artist, and that he should be playing the guitar. That was his role in life, but he had abandoned it. Buckner said he had been thinking about it and had reached the same conclusion. I said, "Buckner, you can't think about it. You can't talk about it. You just got to go out and do it."

Apparently Buckner had invited a couple pretty girls along with him. As we talked, the girls climbed into the room through the window, and then climbed back out. When I asked Buckner about the girls, he told me he had arranged for us to go out with the girls that night. I was uncertain I wanted to go out with them, but I figured I probably did.

**Dream of: 07 April 1982 (2)**  
**"Bodies In The Basement"**

It was the first day of new classes at Baylor Law School; I was sitting toward the back of a class being conducted by McSwain. Five or six new female students were sitting in the front of the class with their seats turned around so they were looking toward the students instead of toward the front. Della (the law school librarian) walked into the room and asked the five or six new students to stand up. Della wanted each of them to say something to the class. Each of the first three students stood up in turn and said something to the class, but the fourth student (an older female) said to Della, "I'm sorry, but I don't think I should have to do this. I object to this."

I myself thought it had been wrong from the beginning to make the students do that. Some hands sprung

up and someone said, "I agree. I agree."

A couple people stood up. I also stood up and I shouted, "I agree."

At least half the people in the class stood up and shouted, "I agree!"

Clearly the students thought the new students shouldn't be forced to stand and make statements. Della, obviously angry, didn't say anything; but she stopped the operation.

McSwain spoke for a while, but then stopped. A fellow on my left began playing a large radio so loud that it bothered me because I couldn't hear what was going on in front. Since I thought the fellow was asleep, I walked over to him and turned the radio off. Less than 30 seconds later the fellow turned it back on.

I sat down on an end table next to a girl who was sitting on the floor. She commented how much she loved Cream, and I realized the rock group Cream was playing on the radio. Even though I also liked the music, I was angry because the fellow had turned the radio back on after I had turned it off. I walked back over to the fellow and said, "You ever seen a radio go flying out the window?"

He didn't respond. He looked Mexican; but something in his face reminded me of Blackstock. When I looked at him closer, I realized I knew him. I had once told him of a plan I had to kill four people and put them in the basement of the law school. Seeming to suddenly remember, he said he had forgotten about my plan to kill the four people and down in the basement of the law school. Then he

said that a body had been found a month or two ago down in the law school basement. He said the body had been stored and had not yet been examined.

I told him I had not committed the murder, but I was petrified, because I knew I had indeed committed the murder. I had killed someone and hidden the body in the basement. I remembered having covered the body with a cover so no one could see who it was. That body had been found over a month ago; I hoped no one would be able to trace it to me. Now as I looked into the fellow's eyes, I realized I had covered all my tracks except that I had told him about my plan. Now he might be able to blackmail me. I recalled when I had told him my plan, I had told him I wanted to put the

bodies in "Manila." I thought I had been referring to the city of Manila.

**Dream of: 08 April 1982**  
**"Preparing To Blast Off"**

I was in a room which I at first thought was the library of Baylor Law School. I wanted to use a telephone. Since a woman was sitting at a desk using the telephone, I sat down in a chair and waited. The woman reminded me both of Della the librarian, and Mrs. Thompson (my eighth grade art teacher). As I sat here I noticed another room separated by glass from the room I was in. I could see a band playing in the other room. The only member of the band I could see well was a woman drummer. Although I could see her drumming, the room was apparently soundproof, and I couldn't hear her.

I waited and waited for the phone, but the woman just continued talking.

I looked up at the clock; it was a quarter till nine. That was too late to make my call. I rose and walked to another part of the room where a fellow and a girl were sitting down, and another black-haired girl was standing. Apparently they knew me and they offered me a coke. I took it, drank some and talked with them.

Apparently they worked here. The coke tasted good and I thought it was the kind of coke sold in restaurants where the syrup and water were mixed on the spot instead of being poured out of a bottle. It had been brought down from a place upstairs where food was sold. The coke was sold in the upstairs part of the building.

I sat down on the couch and the girl who had been standing sat down next to me. I thought she was pretty and I wanted to talk with her. She began talking about the woman who had been on the phone and about how she had an odd-shaped nose. She was referring to the fact that the woman was nosy. I said the woman's nose wasn't odd, but was long and straight. But I added that toward the end of the nose it did twist and turn a little peculiarly.

A man wearing a silver outfit which covered him from his feet to his neck walked into the room. I could see some wires in the outfit around his neck. Apparently the man was an astronaut, and the place we were in was a spaceship preparing to blast off.

As I continued talking to the black-haired girl sitting next to me, I suddenly realized she was Chris (a Portsmouth, Ohio girl with whom I knew when we were teenagers in 1970). I said, "I wonder what ever happened to Denise." (Denise was another Portsmouth, Ohio girl with whom I had a short relationship when we were teenagers in 1970).

**Dream of: 09 April 1982**  
**"Flickering Lights"**

Leah and I, who were partners in the moot court competition at Baylor Law School, were walking to a room at the end of a hall to argue our case.

Neither Leah nor I knew what the case was about, and I thought the competition was a big joke.

After Leah and I entered the room, Leah sat on one side of the room and

I sat on the other. When two other fellows who apparently were our opponents entered, I had the impression they likewise didn't know what the moot court problem was. Law professor Erwin Elias and two other people who were going to be judges had entered the room.

I was under the impression that a different type of problem was handled each day in moot court, but that all the problems were about the same general topic. I figured I had a basic idea what the problem would be about today.

It was growing dark in the room. I walked over to the wall which contained two white light switches, one of which appeared to be broken. Nevertheless I managed to push both of them up. Two rows of lights were arranged across the ceiling, but only

one row flickered on. I turned the switches off, then on again and said, "Here goes full power."

But no lights came on. I turned the lights back off and one of the little white switches broke off in my hand. I walked back to my chair and sat down. One of the fellows from the other team rose and said something like, "May it please the court."

He then walked over to Leah. I turned to Elias and said, "May it please the court. I don't know what the problem is."

Elias told me the problem had been posted the day before. The whole thing still seemed like a big joke to me.

**Dream of: 10 April 1982**  
**"Attacked"**

I had somehow acquired some marijuana, perhaps from my old friend Randy Ramey. I was in a shack where I was living in the country. A girl with me seemed somewhat like Kim (a friend whom I first met in Portsmouth in 1977) and somewhat like my old girlfriend Birdie. She and I had smoked some of the marijuana together. She left and much time passed.

One day she came back; she had stopped smoking marijuana. I walked into my bedroom where I had what was left of the marijuana under a sheet. About all that was left was seeds. I sifted through it and retrieved enough marijuana to roll one joint. I walked back out to the girl and showed her the handful of seeds. When I asked her if she wanted to smoke any, she shook her head and

looked away. I walked outside and threw the seeds into the back yard. I thought perhaps some plants would grow from some of them.

I walked back inside; the girl was obviously upset. Thinking she was probably going to leave, I told her I didn't have any more marijuana, but then I admitted I did actually have one joint left. We walked back into the bedroom where I pulled out some rolling papers and the one joint I had already rolled. It was rather bent up. I could tell she didn't want to see it.

So I left the house, walked alone out into a field and threw the joint away. I wasn't quite sure where I had thrown it and I started looking around to see if I could find it. It was dark outside.

It suddenly occurred to me the girl was probably going to leave. It finally

got so dark I couldn't see the house. I  
hollered out, "Hey Birdie."

As I looked toward the house I could  
see a road leading away to the right.  
She was already on the road leaving.  
She answered, "Yea?"

I hollered, "Wait. Wait. Don't leave  
yet."

I started walking toward her. Some  
crops were planted in the field. It had  
also been raining and the new light-  
brown shoes I had been wearing had  
become wet so the color was turning  
a dark brown. I wished I had been  
wearing tennis shoes. I hollered  
again, "Wait. Don't leave."

I began trudging through the field  
and kept hollering, "Don't leave."

I could hear her voice and I could tell  
she had turned around and was

walking back toward the house. I finally reached the house; when I entered, I suddenly realized four creatures of some sort were in the house. The creatures suddenly attacked me. They stayed behind a counter, but I still began fighting with them. They seemed somewhat like people, except they had somewhat of a mechanical nature. One had a large knife-like weapon which I wrenched away. I began attacking the others with the weapon.

The name of one of the creatures was Joe. I suddenly heard a song in the background that went:

"Because ... goes to Joe,  
Because Joe was awake."

**Dream of: 14 April 1982**  
**"Strumming My Guitar"**

I encountered Fulkerson (a fellow law student) at Baylor Law School and I began walking with him. Fulkerson was friendly and I enjoyed talking with him. We were both carrying musical instruments: I had a black and white instrument which appeared to be a cross between a banjo and a guitar, and Fulkerson was carrying a saxophone. We headed toward a large gymnasium and as we entered, Fulkerson asked me about my torts class. He said he had noticed from the way I had spoken in class that I had a good method for dealing with the subject of "contributory negligence." He had been in my torts class, but he hadn't done well on the first exam. I had never discussed grades with him before, but I said, "Well, that was the only class I did well in. I got a B plus in there. I got C's in everything else."

Once we had entered the gymnasium,  
I noticed to my left a large group of  
people resembling some of my high  
school classmates, and to my right a  
group resembling my law school  
classmates.

Fulkerson walked down the middle,  
and after laying down his saxophone,  
slipped and fell on his butt. Everyone  
burst out laughing. I followed him and  
I likewise slipped and fell on my butt  
-- once again everyone began  
laughing.

I picked myself up, walked over in  
front of a stage, and after laying my  
guitar down, stood by myself.  
Fulkerson picked up his saxophone  
and walked to the other side of the  
stage.

When other people walked onto the  
stage and began playing music,

Fulkerson began fingering his saxophone. I thought I would like to start strumming my guitar.

**Dream of: 14 April 1982 (2)**  
**"Church Bathroom"**

I awoke and stepped out of bed in a house where my mother lived in Portsmouth, Ohio. My mother slept in a bed in a room on the right side of the house while I was in a room on the left side. I was naked and I didn't want to put my clothes on, because I wanted my mother to see me naked. I looked at myself in a mirror; I had a partial erection which quickly faded.

A living room and bathroom separated my mother's room from mine. I walked from my room into the living room, leaving the door open. I walked in front of the bathroom where my mother was. I knew my

being naked in front of her was unusual, but I thought it was time to do so. My mother, with a blue towel wrapped around her torso, walked out of the bathroom. The towel only came to the top of her pubic region. At first I couldn't believe my eyes, but I looked again; her pubic region was clearly visible.

She walked toward me and angrily said I shouldn't be standing there like that, but I remained standing, relishing her intently staring at my penis, becoming more excited. She told me I should put on some clothes.

I answered, "Well, mom, there's nothing wrong with this. If you think there's something wrong with it, there's something wrong with you."

I walked back to my room.

My sister had to be at school at Portsmouth High School at 8 o'clock every morning. Since we lived so far from the school, my sister had to leave by 7:30. I was uncertain whether she was still in the house or had already left. I myself was attending law school and I also had to be in class by 8 o'clock, but I didn't have to leave as early as my sister.

I put on my brown suit, walked back to the bathroom, and as I began urinating, I realized I was in a church. The bathroom in which I was standing was right in the middle of two separate sections of the church. On one side - where the living room had been - were pews with people sitting in them. On the other side of the bathroom was the chapel. I heard someone say something about some singers who were in the chapel.

About nine young men were getting ready to sing.

Since the bathroom door was half open, I was afraid someone might be able to see me urinating. I stooped and zipped up my pants. I then opened the bathroom door the rest of the way so that when the singing began in the chapel, the people in the pews on the other side of the bathroom would be able to hear the singing better. When the singing began I stood to the side and listened.

I then walked out the back door of the church and outside I found some cinder blocks which I had stacked up.

Some piles of fire wood lay atop the cinder blocks. My father drove up in a car and I got in the car with him. He said I had done a good job of stacking the wood, although he originally hadn't wanted me to stack it that way.

We then both got out of the car and walked over to the wood. To my surprise, he began tearing down the stacks of wood and tossing the wood around.

Some hay was behind the wood stacks, partially piled under a shed and in front of some stairs which led back up to the house. I thought to myself that the hay could be used to get a fire started in the fireplace.

Some small children had gathered between the wood piles and the hay. When my father began pushing over the wood, some of it fell on the children; I could see that some of the children were injured. I ran to them and began pushing some of the wood away and trying to reach the injured children. I screamed, "Get out of the way! I've got to get in here and help them!"

Apparently the children had come there to help my father work that day. I said to them, "Everyone go home. You don't need to help."

My father became angry and said, "No. No. You can't send them home."

I went to him and said, "Oh yes I can. And I'm leaving too."

As I stormed off, I realized the entire incident hadn't happened, but that I had just imagined it. I couldn't afford to have a fight with him. I still needed him to help me go through law school and pay my tuition for the following quarter.

I walked over to the shed and sat down in the hay, some of which wasn't covered by the shed. I stood and watched some water dripping through the roof. Some water fell into a rock which had a basin in it. Being

thirsty, I cupped my hands together and dipped them into the water. As I did so I noticed I was wearing a dark brown leather jacket.

I began thinking that in a previous life I had actually been Adolph Hitler. I thought to myself that my present life was pretty good. No one would suspect that the Adolph Hitler was living in the body of Steven Collier. One wouldn't expect Adolph Hitler to be in my position. One would have expected Adolph Hitler to have suffered some terrible fate.

### **Dream of: 15 April 1982 "So Sad"**

I was at Baylor Law School (which I had begun attending in Waco, Texas in January 1981), which seemed more like a high school than a law school. I was sitting in a class being taught by my constitutional law professor,

Guinn. Although my thick red constitutional law book lay open in front of me, I was concentrating on Guinn, who was standing in front of the class. He had just mentioned an article which he had read in *Time* magazine. The other students seemed to appreciate Guinn's remark, and when Guinn closed his book, I spoke up and said I thought talking about appropriate subjects from *Time* in class was a good idea.

Having said my piece, I turned my attention to the textbook in front of me. We had almost finished our study of the book and we had reached the last chapter, which (I was surprised) covered world history. The subtitle of the first page of the chapter was "English History."

Leafing through a few pages, I came across a map of some Pacific islands

which belonged to the United States. Although I didn't know the names of the islands, I thought knowing which islands the United States owned was important.

When I turned to another colorful map, I at first didn't understand the map, and I needed a moment to decipher it. I finally realized the map displayed the entire Moslem world, stretching from Mauritania to Pakistan. An elaborate diagram on the map showed the spread of Islam from Iran toward Egypt. A thin black line meandered through all the Moslem countries – a line which seemed to be showing the route which Mohammed had taken in his conquests.

When the class finally ended, I walked up to where Guinn was standing at the front of the room. As I

deferentially waited to speak with him, we suddenly heard a loud, piercing sound originating from outside the room. Looking through the window, we could see the faculty offices on the other side of the courtyard. Apparently the sound had been caused by someone playing music in those offices. For some reason, Guinn found the fact amusing, and he and several other people laughed out loud.

I was anxious to talk with Guinn concerning a paper which I was writing about cable television and the First Amendment's guarantee of Freedom of Speech. Other people also wanted to talk with Guinn and when I looked around the class, I saw several students still sitting and waiting in their seats. When I turned back to Guinn, I discovered he had already

left – I never even had a chance to speak with him.

One other student still sitting in the room was Tom Fulkerson, an intelligent brown-haired fellow-law-student whom I had admired from a distance. As Fulkerson talked with someone else, I overheard him mention a dream which he had had. Interested, I walked toward him and began listening to him relate his dream. When he recounted how he had fallen down in one of his dreams, I became especially interested because I had also had a dream of him in which he had fallen down. In fact, I had recently had three dreams in which Fulkerson had appeared. Since I had never even spoken with Fulkerson before, I was puzzled he had been appearing in my dreams, and I thought I would like to discuss

that riddle with him. I recalled that in one dream he had been playing monopoly, and that in another dream he had been playing the saxophone. I especially wanted to ask him whether he actually played the saxophone in real life.

Instead of approaching Fulkerson, I walked over to another classmate, Donna Krebbs, and began telling her one of my dreams. I couldn't remember the dream well; but I did mention to Donna that a boy had taken LSD in the dream.

Gradually, as I related the dream to Donna, I realized that I was dreaming even as I talked, that I was having a lucid dream. I thought I should probably write down what was happening to me so I would remember it later, but that seemed like such an effort – I felt much too

torpid to write anything. I almost felt immobile, as if I could hardly move.

Besides, it seemed as if nothing important had been happening to me, nothing worthy of being written. I knew I could wake myself up if I wanted to, but I preferred to continue dreaming. I was intrigued by my lucid state, fascinated by how different my thoughts seemed from my waking thoughts.

I took my leave from Donna and walked from the classroom out into the corridor. I headed straight for my locker, opened it and laid my books inside. Just as I finished, a black fellow walked up behind me and gruffly told me some of his books were in that locker. I informed him he must be mistaken because the locker was mine; but he insisted. Since my locker didn't have a lock, I wondered

if he might have opened the locker and put his books in it. When he looked on a nearby table and saw some books lying on it (apparently the very books for which he was searching), he realized he had obviously made a mistake. When he also suddenly realized he and I both were taking Guinn's class, he immediately apologized and strode off.

Stepping away from my locker, I began walking around in the halls. Still aware I was dreaming, I wanted to be able to later recall as much as possible, but so much was happening to me, I was uncertain I would be able to remember it all.

It occurred to me that it might help if I crossed my eyes. I had first come across the technique of crossing the eyes in the works of Carlos

Castaneda, who had written about an old Indian sorcerer from Mexico named Don Juan. In Castaneda's books, Don Juan had maintained that a person could obtain a different perspective of reality simply by walking around with crossed eyes. I had previously experimented with the technique, and I had discovered Don Juan had been correct. So now I tried again. As I crossed my eyes and continued rambling through the halls, I felt invigorated. When I met and passed people without being able to identify them, I thought I had definitely reached a different plane of perception.

Yet I was uncertain exactly what I was doing. I knew I had attained an important state of awareness, but I didn't know exactly how to use my new-found abilities. I proceeded

through the halls until I reached the door of the same classroom where I had originally started out. Standing outside, I peered through the door and could see students sitting inside.

One resembled another of my classmates, Hugh Davis (I knew Davis was also in Guinn's class). Because my eyes were still crossed, I couldn't see well enough to ascertain the fellow was Davis. When I finally uncrossed my eyes so I could see, I realized the fellow wasn't Davis. In fact, none of the students in the classroom seemed familiar to me.

Apparently these weren't students from my class and there was no need for me to tarry there. Besides, it was probably already time for me to have another class. But the last place I wanted to go was class. I turned and paced away, wanting to escape before

I ran into someone like professor Guinn in the halls.

Anxious to leave the law school, I hustled out of the building. I was still aware I was dreaming and I still wanted to somehow use my awareness. Yet my lucidity was so tenuous, I was unable to focus my attention well. Gazing up toward the sky above me, I saw green and yellow branches stretching out (at least what I observed seemed like green and yellow branches). Everything was still quite hazy, and I couldn't focus well. Basically all I could make out were tinctures of green and yellow.

I continued walking. Suddenly I felt intensely sad. I encountered someone who made an attempt to talk with me, but I quickly turned away and I said I only infected everyone with whom I came in contact with sadness.

Sadness seemed to be welling up within me. My inability to decide what to do with my lucidity made me even sadder. What was worst, I just seemed to be constitutionally a doleful person.

Abruptly I encountered Grady Randle, one of my more jocund law school classmates. He said something humorous which made me smile. I fell onto the ground for a moment, then picked myself up and walked on, still acutely sad. Wishing God would explain to me what was wrong, I called out, "God, why have you made me so sad."

I didn't know what to do – but suddenly it occurred to me that I should write poetry. Although I was on a city street, nearby lay a grassy area on a little hillside surrounded by trees. I thought I could walk over to

the grassy spot, sit down, and write a poem. Although alluring, the idea still didn't absolve me of the intense sadness plaguing me.

I bore toward the grassy spot, and I had almost reached it, when I passed a table with a magazine lying on it. On an open page gleamed a picture of the head of a soldier wearing a helmet. I halted and starred. The soldier's face had been painted black, and on his helmet was etched what appeared to be a colorful American Indian design. The picture reminded me that as long as soldiers remained in the world, sadness would continue to exist. "God," I somberly asked, "why must it be this way?" At least the picture offered me a modicum of solace by reminding me that I wasn't alone in the world with my chronic sadness.

I realized I needed to write down what I had witnessed in my dream, but I still didn't want to awaken. I wondered if crossing my eyes again would make a difference. Maybe if I opened my eyes, while they were crossed, perhaps I wouldn't awaken. I could then sit down at my typewriter and write everything I had seen without waking -- while I was still dreaming. I began trying to remember where I was, and where I could find my typewriter.

**Dream of: 16 April 1982 "A  
Rogue"**

I was apparently at my mother's home which somewhat resembled her old Logan Street House, but which also seemed like a house in which I had never been before. My sister and I were in a room which seemed to be a bedroom. As my sister and I talked,

she suddenly had a pain in her stomach. She stood and walked into my mother's bedroom, where my mother, apparently asleep, was lying on the bed. I followed my sister, who began moaning and groaning. When my mother asked her what was wrong, my sister replied, "Appendicitis attack."

I asked, "Well, do you think we should take her to the hospital?"

I sat down on the floor next to my mother's bed and said, "It seems awful strange that I can be such a rogue and do such terrible things, and nothing bad happens to me, and here my poor little sister comes along, and she's got all kinds of problems."

After turning on the lights, I noticed a plastic packet containing what

appeared to be marijuana lying on a tray next to my mother's bed. I picked it up; I could clearly see marijuana seeds in the packet. When I asked my mother what it was, she replied it was something like lemon grinds. I looked at the substance again and I was sure it was marijuana.

I looked on the dresser beside the bed and saw a large marijuana roach. I picked it up, thinking that combined with the pot in the bag I could roll me a joint, but I immediately dropped the roach because it was hot. Fire was in it. I stopped and asked myself why it was hot. I looked at my mother and said, "You've been in here smoking, haven't you."

At first she said, "No." but then she admitted she had been smoking. She lay back on her bed. I walked over to her and kissed her. I moved my head

down so it was over her white panties. I moved up so my penis was right in her face. She reached up and put my penis in her mouth. It felt fantastic. I was just about to put my hand inside her panties, but my penis felt so good in her mouth that after just a few seconds I cried, "No, hold it stop!"

I was afraid I was ejaculating. She took my penis out of her mouth, but it was too late. I felt myself ejaculating.

### **Dream of: 16 April 1982 (2) "Full Of Tricks"**

I had gone to visit Leah and her husband Kent, who had moved into a nice, one-story, stone house with several other families. When I arrived, everyone was outside. They appeared to be returning from fishing, and the men were all holding

up strings of fish. One man had a long string of bright red sunfish and some bluegills. Another fellow had a similar string of fish. When I asked where they had been, they said they had been near the roller dam near Gallipolis.

That appeared strange to me, because I knew the roller dam was on the Ohio River. I thought about the turbulent water there. I didn't think such pretty sunfish could be hooked on the Ohio River. When they asked if I had ever been there, I said, "Oh. That's where you caught them. Oh yea. I've been there plenty of times."

I walked inside and looked around the house. I sat and talked a while with Leah. It seemed strange that she would have moved into a house with several other families. Yet at the

same time, it seemed natural for her to do something like that.

I finally left and returned to my home.

I had moved into a room in a two-story building with several other rooms, apparently a rooming house. I had to walk down a long hall to reach my room, which had two beds in it.

The day before I had been reading Latin in my room. I had decided I was going to learn Latin as thoroughly as possible and forget about everything else. I had thought to myself, "Well, I know it might not seem very practical, but I'm just going to learn it, and then I want to follow the history of words down through the languages and just learn about the meanings of different words."

For example I thought I might look at a French word and trace its history back to the Latin word.

I also had a catalog of food. As I looked through it, I found a place where I could actually put in a quarter and get a can of pop right out of the catalog.

Leah arrived. She had decided she was going to stay with me for a while and be my roommate. A desk was in the corner and I saw a chair behind it which I hadn't seen before. I pulled the chair around in front of the desk.

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I awoke in the morning. I had overslept and missed a law class. I looked at my watch, which said 7:70. I thought it strange that it said 7:70 because I didn't know the second hand went to 70. I looked at the

watch again, trying to figure out what time it was. I had a torts class and a sales class to go to. I thought, "Well, I've already missed one of them, but I'll make it to the other one."

Leah was in the other bed and she had also overslept. I was completely naked when I got out of the bed, while Leah was completely clothed. I walked around the room in front of her. She didn't say anything about my being naked, and it didn't seem to matter. I thought, "Well, if she's going to live here, then she's going to have to get used to seeing me naked."

I walked into the bathroom to take a shower. I stood in front of a small sink and a mirror, and began shaving.

As I continued, I spoke with Leah, who I thought was out in the hall. But when I looked up, I saw that she had come into the bathroom, and was

sitting on the back of the commode, which was between me and the door. She was watching me. I was surprised to see her, but it didn't bother me.

As I looked at her, she didn't look like Leah. She looked absolutely beautiful.

She had brown hair. She had a fashionable dress which came to her knees. As we talked, I began calling her Allison.

She stood and walked closer to me. She continued talking, but I couldn't understand exactly what she was saying. I noticed an obese man walk by in the hall. It looked as if he were carrying a small child.

I was aware of my nudity and thought Leah was looking at me. But every time I looked at her, she averted her eyes. I started to become aroused and have an erection. My penis was limp

at first, but then rose about half way.  
I was a bit embarrassed. I didn't  
really want her to see me with an  
erection.

As she continued to talk, it suddenly  
seemed as if she were saying  
something about her and me. But I  
couldn't understand her, and kept  
saying, "What? What?"

She kept looking at my body, and she  
said something about my leg. I looked  
down at my leg, which appeared to be  
lop-sided in the back. She said  
something about my stomach, and  
touched my stomach with her hand.  
She moved her hand along my thigh  
and down behind my leg. She said I  
needed to have an operation to take  
care of my leg. I said, "Well, I might  
be a little overweight or something,  
but I surely don't need an operation."

She came closer to me, and began moving her fingertips over my stomach. She moved them down again along my legs, and then right under my testes, brushing them with her fingers. She kept talking and I kept saying, "What?"

I couldn't imagine exactly what she was trying to say. It finally occurred to me that she was saying something about my vasectomy. I thought I might have heard her say that one of my testes was lop-sided, but then I realized that hadn't been what she had said. She then put her hand below my testes again, and once again touched them.

All the while I was becoming more aroused. She walked away from me, then returned again. I knew she was referring to my being naked as she

said, "Well, you're just full of tricks,  
aren't you."

I looked at myself in the mirror as I  
said, "Leah, I've used up all my tricks  
already."

I meant that being naked in front of  
her was as far as I was going to go. I  
had no intention of going any further  
with her, even though I felt so  
attracted to her. I knew she was  
married and that I wasn't going to  
step over the line with her.

She stood right next to me and said,  
"You really like me, don't you."

I couldn't tell whether she was testing  
me to see what I would do, and had  
no intention of having an affair with  
me, or whether she really wanted to  
have an affair with me. I wasn't going  
to do anything because I thought she

was testing me. I thought I was going to be strong enough to resist.

She moved her face close to mine until our lips touched. She began kissing me.

A thin man almost three meters tall, dressed in a green soldier's uniform, suddenly walked in. I broke away from Leah as the man looked at us. I thought her husband was away, and he wasn't going to walk in on us. But I thought to myself, "Here's this soldier guy."

He turned around and walked back out.

I didn't think Leah had actually come to live with me, but just to visit.

**Dream of: 17 April 1982 "A  
Different Path"**

I was enjoying walking around naked in front of my mother in a house where she was living. It felt erotic even though she wasn't paying much attention to me. She was busy preparing a dinner for some people she had invited over. After I had sat down to eat in the dining room, a man walked into the house and went to the bathroom. As he passed me, I wrapped my sleeping bag around me and thought, "Well, now I better put some clothes on."

He was wearing old dirty clothes and appeared to have been working. I asked my mother who he was and she said, "Oh, that's your half-brother."

I said, "What?"

She laughed and said, "Yea."

I didn't know what to think. I thought she must have been hiding for years that she had another child.

I thought my father was also going to come and I didn't want him to see me walking around naked.

My mother piled several pairs of pants on the floor for me. There was a black pair and a blue pair, but they were all a little too small for me. I wanted a pair of blue jeans, but I didn't think I had any clean ones here. Finally my mother found a pair of blue jeans for me and I put them on.

My mother left the room and the man came back out of the bathroom. A girl (about 14 years old) and another person were also in the room. The girl tried to be affectionate with me, but I pushed her away.

After we had all eaten, my mother left and the man asked me if I wanted to play. I assumed he wanted to go outside and play ball. I told him I didn't think I wanted to. He said he didn't understand why not. When I asked him his name, he said it was Wayne or Dwayne. He walked around a bit, then said that anytime someone invited him over, he always thought it was correct to go out and play. I said, "Look, I don't even know your name. What was your name again?"

He replied, "Dwayne."

I said, "Dwayne, I didn't invite you over here. My mother invited you over here."

He still seemed upset.

Looking through the front window, I noticed my mother had returned and was standing outside the front door.

She walked inside, smiling and happy. Dwayne asked her if she would like to play with him. She said, "Yea, I'll play a game."

She asked the girl and the other person in the room if they wanted to play; they seemed interested.

I was sitting in an arm chair. As I began talking to my mother, the girl walked over and sat next to me on the arm of the chair. Gradually she leaned over, put her head on my shoulder and snuggled up close to me. I slowly began to realize that the girl was my daughter. My mother commented about how nice we looked together.

The girl and I rose and left. We began walking from the house. Apparently I was going to walk her home. We were close together with our arms around

each other. It felt good being with her. I was glad to finally have my daughter with me. It wasn't a sexual feeling, but just a pleasant feeling. Finally I picked her up and carried her. We reached a place where we could see a long stretch of road. She asked, "Well, is this the way?"

She said it was much different the other way. I said, "What other way?"

She said, "Up the path and over the hill."

I then noticed a big hill with a path going over the top of it. It looked like the path went through the woods. I said, "Well, we'll just go that way."

As I began climbing a bank, I saw four older men standing at the top of the embankment, apparently traveling in the same direction as us.

I put the girl down and told her she would have to walk now. That didn't bother her. She walked closed to me as we headed up the path. I thought how glad I was to feel so close to someone and how happy I was to finally be with my daughter.

### **Dream of: 20 April 1982 "Come To Me"**

I had been doing something in one part of a house, then walked into a large room, where a table was sitting in the middle of the room. I sat down at the table, stuck my hand in my pocket and pulled out a handful of round tin pieces, similar to coins, about the size of half dollars. They had some writing on them. I held them out into the air.

For a second, I noticed my mother's father, my grandfather Liston Halley,

standing in the door where I had entered.

I became lucid and realized I was dreaming. I thought if I let go of the coins, they would stay suspended in mid-air. I let go and it seemed as if they stayed in the air. It occurred to me the coins had become a problem for me, preventing me from being able to properly manipulate my environment.

I turned to my grandfather at the door and beckoned, "Come to me, grandfather, come."

Unsure whether he would come, I thought, "Well, it would be something if he really did show up."

I knew I was dreaming, and I was trying to call to him to meet me. As I spoke, trying to call him to me, I became slightly frightened. I knew I

was delving into an area I was unsure of. I was afraid, but I didn't know whether I was afraid of my grandfather or of something else. I was uncertain what I was doing.

**Dream of: 21 April 1982**  
**"Existential Problems"**

I was in a small village (somewhat like Patriot, Ohio) in a white building like a store. About 20 other people were in the room, including a man who had been hired to act as a professor and give the rest of us law lessons. Although the class was supposed to begin at 9:30 and end at 10:30, it didn't actually begin until around 10 o'clock (someone said the broadcasting didn't begin until 10 o'clock), and therefore it appeared the class would last until 11 o'clock.

The professor sat down on a bench next to me on my right. He began talking and I listened. He seemed to know what he was talking about. He reminded me somewhat of Watkins (a law school professor), except he didn't have a beard. He also looked a bit like Mike Metrisko (the American counsel in Tabriz, Iran when I had been imprisoned there). He spoke about a paper which the class had previously been involved in writing. He had shown a copy of the paper to a person apparently involved with the American Bar Association and the person had apparently given the paper a passing grade, even though (the professor said) some members of the bar hadn't understood how the paper had passed. The paper was now needed to be rewritten.

The professor said the paper had contained part of a poem. He said that poetry was unacceptable, and that any paper containing poetry would definitely fail.

The professor spoke about the problems with writing which law students often had. He also spoke of existential problems. and he said something about not getting married -- he said that a man could go around with plenty of girls out there and that the natural empty-headedness of the girls didn't matter.

When some students began talking, I didn't say anything. Instead, I stood up and began walking around. I saw Bob Morris (a former high school classmate) and walked over to him. He seemed to be facing some of the existential problems about which the professor was speaking. Since I

thought he played the drums, I said,  
"Well that's what you can do, Bob,  
you can get you a set of drums, and  
just play the drums. Pound away and  
that'll kind of take away the  
pressure."

I walked over to a fellow I knew  
named Howard. On a chair next to  
him, lying on its case, was a black  
musical instrument with silver keys. I  
thought it was a clarinet, although it  
was shaped like a saxophone. When I  
sat down next to it, it slid, and I  
feared I might have damaged it.  
Howard didn't notice. As he looked  
askance at me, I asked, "Well, can I  
see it?"

He replied, "Yea. OK."

I picked up the instrument and put  
my fingers on its keys - my right hand  
on the bottom, my left hand on the

top. As I tried to figure out the keys, I recalled my father had an old clarinet, and I thought I should try to get it so I could at least learn what the keys were.

A small metal lever was sticking out of the instrument. I had never seen anything like it. It felt as if it did something to the inside of the instrument. Referring to the lever, I asked Howard, "Do you use that much."

He replied, "No, hardly ever."

I pulled on a second smaller lever. I still didn't understand what the levers were for. I asked Howard, "Do you use that any?"

He replied, "Yea, I use that quite often."

I asked him if he knew the proper fingering for the note "C." He didn't know. I said, "Well, you probably just cover all the keys."

I pressed down all my fingers and stuck the head piece (which had a reed) into my mouth. I began blowing, but nothing came out.

As I fingered the instrument, the professor continued to talk. The discussion had turned to people's opinions of lawyers. I stood up and said, "You know, I really don't have that much respect for lawyers. It's hard to be a member of a class for which you don't have any respect, cause the other members soon find out, and become offended by the fact. They in turn lose respect for you."

As I spoke, I thought of Lou Khourey. I knew I respected him, even though

he was a lawyer, but I continued to explain that it seemed to me that most lawyers I knew were only concerned with partying. When the lawyers finished working, they partied.

Some people smiled at my comments. I continued, "They don't care about who they defend. They'd defend anybody if they could make money."

I recalled the movie *Justice For All*, in which a lawyer had defended a murderer who had been acquitted and who had then killed someone else.

### **Dream of: 24 April 1982 "Butterfly Wings"**

I went into Brown's clothing store in downtown Portsmouth, Ohio and headed for the children's and young men's department downstairs instead

of going into the men's department upstairs. After I had gone down a few stairs, a lady who apparently knew me called to me from above by my name. She looked somewhat like my great-aunt Beulah (the wife of my great-uncle Curt). She asked me where I was going and I told her downstairs. She said I was too old to go downstairs and I would have to shop upstairs. That irritated me, but I reluctantly turned around and went back upstairs. My main reason for going downstairs was because I thought the clothes would be cheaper there. I figured my size could be found on both floors, but was cheaper in the young man's department than in the adult department.

I told the lady I could never find anything to fit me upstairs, but I could downstairs. But she was

unbending. She led me to a table which had some sweaters on it and she proceeded to show them to me. A stack was there with four or five sweaters. I looked at a couple. One seemed made of terry-cloth and was white with green trim. I thought it looked as if it were made of the same material as a bath towel.

The prices seemed too high to me. They were about \$20 for each sweater. When I saw the prices I was determined I wasn't going to buy anything. I looked on another table and saw some nice, brown underwear. I thought it would be nice to buy some, but then I looked at the prices and saw it was from eight to eleven dollars a pair. I knew I couldn't afford it and I wondered how some people were able to pay such prices for clothes.

I looked toward the back of the store, but I couldn't see very well what was back there. It seemed to be some type of jewelry store in the back. I thought

I could discern little boxes which looked as if they had jewelry in them.

I headed toward the front of the store intending to leave. When I reached the front of the store I noticed some butterfly wings lying on a window sill close to the door. I picked one of them up and examined it. The design was truly amazing. I was bedazzled at how nature had been able to create something so beautiful. Part of the wing was transparent and I looked right through it. The rest had gold, black and blue designs in an intricate beautiful pattern. Several wings were lying there. A couple were as big as my hand. I thought they were the biggest butterfly wings I had ever

seen. I thought about taking one, but then realized they had been arranged there on the window sill and must belong to someone. I laid them back down. As I did so, I became uncertain whether they had actually been butterfly wings at all or just pictures of them on paper. I thought maybe some artist had made them.

At the door I stopped to listen to a conversation between a girl and a man. The girl looked as if she were 18-19 years old and the man was much older. The girl was telling the man about some problems she was having with her husband. She was slim and had a rather dark complexion. She was complaining to the man about how her husband always ignored her. She went on and on. She said when he used to come home and get into bed she used to be

able to get his attention but now it was getting harder and harder to do.

I had sat down and I was sure she could see me there listening. I thought maybe she wanted me to hear and open a conversation with her. So I said, "I don't see how you could fail to get someone's attention."

Apparently however I didn't speak loud enough because she just turned and walked out of the store. While she had been talking I had been close enough to her to see that her two front teeth were rather badly chipped. The chips were small, but both front teeth had a couple small chips. I concluded the girl had probably had a rather rough childhood and had spent much time out in the streets. Looking her over, I could tell she probably had come

from a lower class family, if indeed she had had a family at all.

After she walked out, I looked into a mirror at my own teeth and was astounded at what I saw. My right upper tooth was even more badly chipped than hers had been. But it was the left side of my mouth that was astounding. Beginning with my front upper left tooth and going left to the back of my mouth all the teeth were broken in the middle. There was a gap between the bottom of the teeth and the top of the teeth of several millimeters. The bottom part of the upper teeth however didn't fall out of my mouth because all the bottom parts were somehow attached to each other and then at the back of my mouth the last bottom part was somehow attached to the bottom row of teeth. This totally amazed me. I

could see right between the gap in the broken teeth. I touched the broken part; it was just loosely hanging there and could possibly be knocked out at any time. I needed to go immediately to a dentist.

I looked outside through the window of the door and saw it had begun raining. It was a torrential downpour. The gutters across the street were flooding and I thought at first the whole street was going to flood. But the water began going down the gutter. The rain continued beating down and it was obvious that I couldn't yet venture out.

### **Dream of: 01 May 1982 "Pacifist In Church"**

It was Sunday. I was wearing my light blue sweater, a white shirt, and a pair of blue jeans. The jeans were a bit

dirty because I had already worn them for one or two days. I encountered three young people who asked me if I were going to church. I said, "No. Look at me. Do I look as if I was going to church? Do I look like I'm dressed to go to church?"

As soon as I had spoken, I realized that all three young people were wearing blue jeans and that they were all on their way to church. I thought I might have offended them by suggesting that blue jeans weren't good enough for church since I hadn't at all intended to demean or offend them in any way.

After talking with them a bit more, I decided to go to church with them. After reaching the church, we entered a small room where a Sunday school class appeared to be taking place. I noticed a couple young girls and I

was attracted to one, even though she was only 16-17 years old. The other one was quite small and didn't attract me. Finally the time came to go to the main room of the church. To reach the main room, we all had to crawl on our hands and knees through a narrow space. The passageway was about a half meter high on the right, and the top slanted down at about a 45 degree angle to the left. Squeezing through was most difficult for me since I was the largest.

We emerged into the main room of the church where the preacher was standing in front of the congregation seated in the pews. We were separated from the congregation, but the preacher invited us in. The church reminded me of Trinity Methodist Church in Portsmouth, Ohio. We went to the balcony section and sat down

in folding chairs. The rest of the congregation was down below us.

The preacher indicated that he would like each of us to tell the congregation something about ourselves. I thought the discourse would begin with a young fellow and a girl who were on my left. I thought, "Well, it'll be ok if he just asks what we're doing here. I'll just say, 'I'm going to law school.'"

Being able to at least say that I was going to law school made me feel good. I thought, "I hope he doesn't ask me how old I am," for I would then have to say that I was 29 years old, even though I thought my being that old and my being with such young people would seem silly.

The preacher continued talking, but for a long time I didn't understand

what he was talking about. He said something about jet bombers, and I noticed some pictures of jet bombers appear on a television screen to our left. I also noticed pictures painted on the sides of the bombers, and I thought the pictures represented the names of senators who had been in favor of the jet bombers. Some numbers on the sides of the jets described the types of the jets.

Finally, instead of asking us about ourselves, the preacher asked us to give our thoughts on what he had been talking about. He began with the two people on my left. They responded, but I didn't pay much attention to what they said.

I was no longer wearing my sweater, but was now wearing my blue coat which had a hood covering the back of my head. I was wearing a nice

shirt, but I was still wearing the blue jeans. At first I thought I would keep the coat on, so the people behind me wouldn't see my jeans, but finally I decided to take off the coat. When I took it off, I moved from the small chair in which I was sitting to an even smaller chair which only had about a ten-centimeter square seat on which to sit and on which I experienced particular difficulty sitting. Finally I moved into a more comfortable chair.

I knew I was soon going to be asked to answer the question. I still didn't know the answer to the question, although I thought the question had something to do with the bombers and war with Russia. I thought the question might be whether the United States should be preparing bombers. I knew that a young, thin, black-haired boy about nine years old

sitting back behind me at a desk and writing with paper and pencil would be able to answer the question very well.

When the preacher finally asked me what I thought about the question, I said, "Well, could you repeat the question?"

He smiled and rather sarcastically said he understood that it was hard to pay attention since there was only one television there. He seemed to be sarcastically implying that one television was more than sufficient and that I should be paying attention to what was being shown on the television.

When he repeated the question, I finally understood what he was asking. He wanted to know whether the United States should convert a

strip of "Highway Thirty-One" into a landing area for bombers. I thought about it for a moment and I decided to respond in two ways. I was going to say that the answer was "No," both from a personal and from a practical viewpoint - I wanted to present both subjective and objective reasons why the United States should not be preparing a landing strip for bombers. Subjectively, since I personally was a pacifist, I didn't think the highway should be converted into a landing area for bombers, and as a pacifist, I subjectively thought no money should be spent for the military.

I then began trying to think of a practical, objective reason why no money should be spent for the military. I concluded that the airstrip wouldn't help the United States'

balance of power with Russia. I tried to think of reasons why that was true. At the same time, even though I was a pacifist, I was having difficulty concluding that no money should be spent for the military. I was beginning to realize that there might be times when the military was necessary. That was a new and awkward feeling for me.

**Dream of: 01 May 1982 (2)**  
**"Putting Out A Fire"**

My mother and I were walking down the street of a large city. I was a lawyer and was preparing to go to court for someone. I was wearing a white shirt. Suddenly we noticed that a building was on fire. Investigating further, we learned that the American Embassy was on fire. We stood in a crowd and watched. Even though we

were outside, I somehow could see what was going on inside.

The fire was on the roof of the building. In the ceiling of the main room in the building was a square hole, apparently for an air-conditioning unit. I could see that the fire was coming down through that hole.

Everyone except the servants had left the building. The servants were sitting at a long dining table in the main room. Apparently they were eating and for some reason they weren't leaving. Even though the fire was coming through the hole in the ceiling, it hadn't yet begun to burn anything in the building.

Finally something happened which caused all the servants to jump up and run up some stairs. But they

quickly came back down the stairs  
and exited from the building.

However, an oriental family  
consisting of a man, a woman and  
their daughter stayed in the building.  
They had vowed to stay there until  
the end.

The fire spread and came down into  
the building. A long stout beam on the  
stair's banister caught fire. The  
oriental woman wrapped a blanket  
around the beam. She succeeded in  
putting out the fire for a moment. But  
the fire quickly burned through the  
blanket.

The water had been turned off in the  
embassy. But there were some large  
flower pots in the room which had  
some water in them. The woman  
hollered to her husband and daughter  
to grab the flower pots and begin

pouring the water over the fire. She herself picked up one flower pot and poured the water in it over the long beam on the banister. The water put out the fire, but it continued to smolder.

I wasn't due to be in court for another hour; I wanted to help with the fire. I noticed some girls in the crowd. As I talked to my mother, I could see a reflection of myself in one widow of the building. It looked as if my white shirt might be somewhat too big for me.

As I walked by the girls, talking to my mother, I wanted them to know I was a lawyer. I said, "Well, I've got to be in court in an hour."

But I didn't think anyone heard me.

The fire trucks hadn't yet shown up. Someone said that the fire

department was on the other side of town. I looked down the street; a train was on the tracks. I thought, "Well, there's probably a train blocking them."

I knew the family was still in the building. I thought, "Well, surely that oriental family will not stay in there when it gets so hot. I mean they won't stay in there until they're dead."

Seven or eight people who were going to put out the fire arrived. They threw some stuff on the ground. A fellow with long blond hair was leading the group. I ran up to him and said, "Can I help."

He said, "Well, sure."

He pointed to several bundles of electric cord and said, "Grab some of that."

I picked up two of the bundles. A cord ran from one of my bundles to one bundle on the ground. I tried to figure out where the connection was so I could separate the cord and just carry my two bundles. I began examining the bundles.

I began thinking about how dirty my shirt was going to get. Maybe I could tell the judge what had happened and he wouldn't hold it against me.

### **Dream of: 03 May 1982 "Mayan Statues"**

I was in the neighborhood of Court and Fourth Streets in Portsmouth, Ohio. I was wearing a tee shirt and a pair of cut-off shorts. Needing to use the bathroom, I began looking around for a store or gas station which might have a bathroom. I walked into what I at first thought was a store, but which

turned out to be a hotel. I walked past the front desk and went through a hall toward the back. I saw the women's room and continued on until I came into a large room. I heard music playing. It seemed to be coming from several different places. I looked down a hallway and saw several different rooms. I heard someone playing the piano; who could it be? The music sounded quite good.

I encountered a brown-haired fellow (about 25 years old) wearing a bath robe. I asked him if he knew where the men's room was. He pointed back in the other direction and said it was back there. He said that he had been in the hotel quite a while and that he had once come down that way, although he had never been in the men's' room.

I looked around and noticed a sign which said, "Mayan Workshop." I asked, "Mayan Workshop?"

The man answered, "Yea."

I realized I was in a rather large room which had couches around the edges. In front of some couches were small tables with statues sitting on them.

People were in the process of creating the impressive statues. I looked more closely at one statue. It was about 10 centimeters tall and was a small angel, a small boy with wings. The second statue I looked at was of a man's face. I could see where the beard was still being sculpted.

The next statue was of a person with wings, only that it looked like Mayan art. The statue had two legs like a person, but something was over the

head which had a beak like a bird. Its arms were spread out like wings. It was about a third of a meter tall.

Another statue showed a similar figure, bent over with its beak in the stomach of a person lying on the ground, as if it was eating that person, pulling the person's guts out.

All the statues seemed to be made from soapstone. I was quite impressed. I had not expected to find people working on things like that here. I needed to wear some better clothes the next time I came. I would like to get to know some people here.

Perhaps I could get to know the manager of the hotel.

As I walked past the statues, I forget that I had wanted to use the bathroom. I walked out into an open space in back, and there saw more statues. As I began walking down an

incline, I realized I was walking through a passageway and I was caged in on both sides by some screens with wooden borders around them. I was so close to the one on the right that I almost knocked it down.

Ahead of me at the end of the passageway I saw a man whom I had seen before. He had a black beard beginning to gray. The man grabbed the screen that I had almost knocked down; I said, "Hey can you come here and help me for a minute?"

He said, "Sure."

He walked up to me on the other side of the screen at a place where two screens met. I pushed them apart and slipped through to where he was. I tried to set the screen back up straight, but it was hard to do. The man seemed to be angry that I had

knocked the screen over and I began to become concerned. Maybe I could drive a couple stakes into the ground on both sides of the screen to hold it up straight.

### **Dream of: 04 May 1982 "Oil And Gas Law"**

As part of a class I was taking on oil and gas law, I had gone to an oil refinery. All around me were large pipes, about 30 centimeters in diameter, most of them transparent. They were all empty until all at once, some white fluid began passing through the pipes. Then the black oil was turned on, and I watched it pass through the pipes all around me. I hadn't thought I was going to enjoy oil and gas law, but now I was beginning to enjoy it.

The oil circled around through the pipes. I saw the oil coming in both directions in one pipe, and watched as it filled up the entire pipe. Finally the oil came out of a pipe that was just to my right above my head. It fell into a large vat below the raised platform on which I was standing.

Right at the end of the pipe, just before the oil came out, was a section which was loosed, which I had to hold up. The piece I was holding wasn't transparent, but was made of metal. It was about the size of a stove pipe.

As I held the pipe, I became engrossed in watching the thick oil pass through it. It was so thick it looked as if it could be cut with a knife.

I began to weary of holding the piece of pipe, but I knew if I let go it would fall. I tried to get the attention of

some people to come and help me. When no one came, I finally let go and watched the piece of pipe fall into the vat. Then some people came over. A heavy-built worker turned off the oil, so it stopped flowing. He sealed off that part of the pipeline so the oil would come out somewhere else. The man didn't seem angry, and after perfunctorily performing his task, he moved on.

I began talking to a man. I asked him what the white stuff was called which went through first. He said it was called "milk."

I thought it was a byproduct of the oil. I asked, "Well, where does it come from?"

He said it was a byproduct, an oily type of product. The milk had been as thick as the oil, and something about

its consistency pleased me. I thought there might be some machinery here which whipped the white fluid up into a foam. The man told me the white fluid went through some underground pipes and that it was whipped up down there.

I was beginning to think I was going to enjoy learning about all I was seeing.

**Dream of: 04 May 1982 (2)**  
**"Neglecting The Dog"**

I was in a house in which my mother was living in Portsmouth on a street which seemed to be behind Sherman Street. The house seemed somewhat like Buckner's house, except it was on a different block and was shaped differently. It seemed as if the house were on the side of a hill.

It was my father's birthday and my father was supposed to come to my mother's house today. My father had been doing quite a few things for me recently, and I felt bad because I hadn't bought him a birthday present. I had simply failed to buy anything for him. My mother had however bought him a nice present and had left it at his office for him. I thought the present might be a typewriter.

My father called to tell me something and he mentioned that my mother had bought him a nice gift. I told him I already knew, even though I didn't mention I hadn't bought him anything. I didn't even say Happy Birthday. We talked a few minutes about something else and then hung up.

Walls, who seemed somewhat like Ramey, had come to visit me. I had

two tiny, purple pills about the size of a pin head which were LSD. Walls had two more purple pills which were on the heads of matches. He was going to sell them to me. I took them from him and walked alone out behind the house. I scrapped the match heads off into a small box which had some marijuana mixed in with it. I began picking out the marijuana and throwing it on the ground. I put the two hits Walls had given me with the two I already had, and ate all four.

Walls walked out of the house carrying a plant which I at first thought was a marijuana plant. When I looked at it more closely I saw it was some other kind of plant, although its leaves looked like those of a marijuana plant.

Walls began doing something with the ground for the plant. He asked me what I had done with the marijuana which had been in the little box. I told him I had thrown it onto the ground.

He looked surprised and said he needed to pick it up so no one would find it. I told him I had taken all four hits of acid. He seemed somewhat surprised. I was barely feeling the effects of the acid; I told him it seemed as if the acid had lost some of its strength.

I knew Walls had more marijuana. I began thinking since the acid wasn't that strong, I might want to smoke some of his marijuana to enhance the strength of the acid. I might smoke some, even though I didn't really want to, just so I could get off better on the acid.

Looking at Walls more closely, I realized he had Steve Reed's (an acquaintance) face, and as I looked more at him, he began to seem like an evil person. I began thinking I was going to waste my trip if I were going to be with him. I didn't want to be with him, but I didn't want to be completely alone. I told him I might want to be alone a little later. I said, "But I don't know that I'll want to be alone. But I might want to be alone for an hour later. But I don't intend on being alone completely."

It was evening. I walked into the house, thinking about calling my father. I knew my step-grandfather Clarence and my grandmother Mabel were at my father's visiting him. I began thinking about my Cabin. I remembered that I had left my dog Dac at the Cabin and that I hadn't

been back in 2 days. I thought how negligent that was of me to have left my dog there. I wanted to ask Clarence and Mabel if they had fed Dac. If he hadn't run away, he might have gone down to the Gallia County Farmhouse. It was just terrible that I had walked off and left him without any food. I picked up the phone and dialed one number, but the phone apparently wasn't working. Besides, I didn't really want to talk with my father.

A car was parked in front of the house and my flute was in the car. As I continued talking to Reed, I thought to myself, "I need my flute. I've got to have my flute if I'm going to be up here tripping, to play."

I was just about to go down to the car and fetch the flute, when my mother hollered at me from the bathroom.

She asked me to bring her the hairbrush. I picked up the hairbrush and walked through the open door into the bathroom. She was crouched down in the high water in a large tub to my left. She apparently didn't mind that I saw her. She looked young, and had shoulder-length dark hair. I couldn't see all of her breasts because they were partially submerged in the water. I thought when I handed her the brush I would reach down and touch her breasts, but then I thought, "Na, I better not do that."

I asked her if I owed her anything. She said no. I knew she had found me a job working for my grandfather Liston and my grandmother Leacy; I might owe her something for that.

**Dream of: 06 May 1982 "Singing  
In Front Of The Church"**

I was in a spacious classroom with 60-70 other students sitting in chairs around the room. I was once again seeing Vickie (an intelligent brunette whom I dated for a few months in 1978 in Portsmouth, Ohio) who was sitting close to me on a bed stationed in a corner of the classroom. An elderly female teacher who reminded me both of my law school professor Betty Dohoney and my fourth grade teacher, Beatrice Clark, was walking around the room, asking questions.

Although most people knew that Vickie and I liked each other, I doubted the teacher appreciated our sitting together on the bed the way we were. When the teacher noticed one of my fingers slightly touching Vickie's leg, just below the hem of her dress, I was afraid the teacher might say something, but the teacher only

asked Vickie a question, which Vickie (to my surprise) astutely answered.

As for myself, I wasn't much interested in the class. I was more preoccupied with a magazine full of pictures which I was perusing. I was somewhat jolted back to the class, however, when I heard the teacher mention something about giving some examples. The teacher added, "Steven would know." I immediately thought she was going to ask me a question about our reading assignment. Since my magazine contained part of the material we were supposed to have read, I quickly leafed through the pages, trying to locate the proper section, but I wasn't terribly concerned about finding it.

The class ended without further incident, and people began scattering away. As the students filtered out, the

room appeared more like the interior of a church than a classroom. Indeed, it looked as if a church service were going to be held immediately after the class. Some students were even staying for the service.

When still more people showed up at the front door, I walked over to the doors to open them for the new people. Once I had thrown open the large double doors, many well-dressed people marched into the church. As the people entered, I walked out the doors onto an elevated platform which had been set up in front of the church doors. From this lofty platform, I could look down on the street at a bus from which dozens of people were debarking. When I asked someone where all the people had come from, the person said they were from Pennsylvania. Since I knew

we were in Ohio, I concluded the people had traveled a long way just to join in the church service.

All the people were singing, "Glory, Hallelujah to the Lord." The song sounded beautiful. As they sang the hymn over and over, I wanted to chime in and sing along.

**Dream of: 06 May 1982 (2)**  
**"Merchant Of Death"**

I was standing on the bank of Symmes Creek, the creek that twists through the Gallia County Farm. The Farmhouse was just up the hill behind me. I was busy looking out at two black geese swimming on the creek. A large black dog was standing beside me, and someone was explaining to me that the dog had been brought to protect the geese. Looking at the other side of the creek, I saw

something slipping down the bank,  
into the water. I thought it was a  
skunk and that it was going to try to  
catch the geese. The person said,  
"Now watch."

The dog suddenly dived into the  
water, and when it finally surfaced, it  
was holding the animal in its teeth.  
The dog swam back to the bank and  
climbed out of the water. Once he  
was on shore, the dog dropped the  
animal from his mouth onto the  
ground. The animal was still alive and  
immediately took off running. Some  
other dogs and the black dog quickly  
gave chase, pursuing the animal back  
and forth on a nearby hillside. Finally  
a large brown dog trapped the  
animal, and brought it back to where  
I was. The dog dropped the animal in  
front of me; it was a small brown

squirrel; apparently the skunk had escaped.

Seeing that the squirrel was still alive, I thought I might be able to save it. But before I could do anything, the dog again picked up the squirrel in its mouth. The dog reared its front legs up on the side of a car sitting near us, so that the dog's head was so near my face I could clearly see the squirrel in the dog's mouth. I could see that the squirrel's head was being crushed by the dog's mouth, and that in fact, the squirrel was already dead.

I turned and walked up to the Farmhouse. Once inside, I looked further up the hill toward the old tobacco barn where I could see many dogs running loose in the field between the barn and the House. I saw large black dogs, white dogs and

four small puppies. I counted 30 dogs altogether. I also saw a collie in the House with me – that made 31 dogs. I thought about looking for my grandmother Mabel, to tell her that she had 31 dogs here on the Farm.

I turned around and walked back into the living room, which seemed more like the living room of the House in Patriot than the living room of the Farmhouse. The little village of Patriot, Ohio was only fifteen kilometers away from the Farm, and the House in Patriot was the white frame bungalow where my grandfather Liston and my grandmother Leacy had lived when I had been a child. Now it seemed as if a family reunion was taking place in the living room. Along with my relatives, I also noticed several

classmates from law school in the room.

I sat down in a circle with eight or nine other people sitting on couches and chairs. One fellow reminded me of a law school classmate, Wallace Smith. As we all sat and talked, this fellow who reminded me of Smith began talking of how he wanted to acquire some land for raising tobacco. He spoke about how if he could just raise some tobacco, he could soon become rich. Someone who was listening mentioned my father's name, and the fellow who seemed like Smith replied, "Yea, Leroy knew how to do that."

I couldn't stand it anymore. I stood, pointed to the fellow who seemed like Smith and said, "Yea, but you know what you'll be called then, once you

do that? You'll be a merchant of death."

I launched a tirade about tobacco and its evils. I shouted out that tobacco knocked seven years off the average person's life. I looked at one person and asked, "Do you know what a person's lungs look like who's been smoking for 25 years?"

"No," he answered.

I said, "They're just black."

I was ready to say, "My lungs are pink and healthy, cause I don't smoke," but I was suddenly interrupted by someone turning on a small television sitting on a table to my left.

My uncle George was one of my relatives in the room. George had been crippled with polio since an

early age. He had lived out most of his life in the House in Patriot, never able to walk, always having to scoot around on the floor with his legs bent back under him. George now began complaining about a small, portable television which my grandmother Leacy had taken and left with my mother. I recalled that my mother did indeed have a television similar to the one which George was describing; but I had never realized my mother had obtained the television from Leacy.

George continued to complain that he had once visited my mother and had tried to watch something on the television, but he had been unable to see anything. Someone else spoke up and maintained that George had never been able to see anything, because he had been turning the channels too quickly. The person said

George had changed the channels so fast that it looked as if the shows were doing somersaults over each other.

**Dream of: 07 May 1982 "Practical Business Man"**

I was in the House in Patriot, watching a show on television. At a scene in an airport, the camera was placed behind a desk at which a woman was selling airplane tickets.

Someone had left a brick with an attached note lying on the counter.

On the side of the brick was an electronic device. The woman at the counter picked up the note and read it just as a Japanese man walked up to the counter, looked at the brick and the device on it, and mouthed the words to the woman, "Is that a bomb?"

When the woman nodded affirmatively, the man backed up and ran away as fast as he could. As the woman walked away, the camera focused on her face – she appeared to be searching for someone to diffuse the bomb.

As the story continued, the brick turned out not to actually be a bomb – but the device attached to the brick could set off a bomb somewhere else.

When disturbances apparently broke out at the same time at four different places in the airport, the camera shifted to another scene. Two men with guns were behind a car, shooting at policemen near some airplanes. (I wondered if the men were there to divert the attention of the police from the bomb.) One policeman said the men were using special bullets which

would explode and send off shrapnel in all directions when they hit.

A fellow named Reese (one of my classmates from law school) was one of the policemen. He and some other policemen circled around to a wall about five meters high and directly behind the two men with guns. Reese and two other policemen climbed the wall and stood on top of it. The two gunmen saw the policemen on the wall too late, and the policemen began shooting down at the gunmen. The gunmen stood still for a moment, then fell over, apparently dead.

Other policemen on the ground walked up to the two gunmen. They found another man there with them, who was apparently a policeman. He had also been shot, but wasn't yet dead. One of the other policeman recognized his dying comrade and

said, "I'll see to it that your body's taken care of."

The man then died.

A man walked into the room where I was watching the television – he wanted to talk with me about a legal problem which he was having.

Apparently someone was now in possession of his farm land and the person in possession was apparently going to plow up the land. The man talking to me had already planted a crop, perhaps soy beans, on the land, and he didn't want the crop plowed up. He wanted me to tell him what he could do about it.

My father was also in the room. He, the man and I walked outside and boarded a car, intending to go and look at the land. We rode off and when we arrived at the land, the man

stepped out of the car and plucked up one of the plants which he had planted. It looked like a small nut. He handed it to me and I crushed it; inside it looked like peanuts. I threw it back down on the ground.

I tried to think of what the law would say about the matter. Would the person in possession be able to plow up the nuts?

My father and I left and drove around. It was beginning to get cloudy. We passed a creek where some people were fishing. I had the feeling my father would also like to do some fishing. He wanted me to holler and see if the people were catching anything. Finally we drove on and returned to the House in Patriot.

After we had walked inside the House, my father wanted to lie down

in the bed for a while, and he wanted me to lie down with him. We both lay down and he put his arm around me. My father said he would like to buy a cow. I asked him why, and he said he wanted to start milking it. I asked him where he was going to keep it, and he said he would keep it in back of the House in Patriot. I thought to myself that milking a cow every day would become tiresome, and I wondered just how long he would continue. He asked me if I knew anyone who had a truck. I told him Mr. Swiver (a neighbor who lived across the street) had a pickup truck which he (my father) might be able to borrow. I suggested that my father might have to pay something for rent.

When my father stood up from the bed and looked across the street, I

asked him if the truck were there,  
and he answered, "Yea."

He slid back into the bed and said  
using the Swivers' truck would  
present a problem, because he didn't  
think the Swivers wanted any cows  
brought into Patriot, and that they  
probably wouldn't rent the truck to  
him to haul in cattle.

My father wanted me to stay there  
with him, but I finally got restless and  
told him I had to get up. He acted  
disappointed, but I didn't want to stay  
there. I walked into the next room,  
still tired, wanting to lie down. I just  
wanted to be by myself and not lie  
down with my father.

Instead of lying down, however, I  
called up one of my old teachers on  
the phone. When she came on the  
phone, she seemed a bit like Mrs.

Lewis (my second grade teacher), but also like Miss Wolfe (my junior high math teacher). I told her I was in law school, but that I was thinking about quitting for a while and doing something else. I talked to her for a few more minutes, then hung up.

My father walked into the room and we walked outside together. We now seemed to be in Portsmouth instead of Patriot. We headed to a house on Fourth Street in Portsmouth, where I had rented a sparsely furnished room.

I had only rented the room for a week, and the woman from whom I had rented the room had asked me about my plans for the future. I had told her I didn't know. I might start looking for a more permanent place, or I might just stay right there. She had told me I could stay there as long as I wanted. I had told her I was on a

break from law school, and I didn't know whether I was going to return to law school.

When my father and I reached the house, before we went inside, I noticed that some law students had shown up in front of the house, and that Morrison (one of my law school professors) had started giving a lecture right in front of the house. My father decided to sit in on the class.

As I watched, Morrison asked the students questions, but I didn't think he was going to ask me any. I knew I hadn't read the material and I wouldn't be able to answer his questions.

Someone asked my father a question, and my father began talking about paying taxes, and how taxes were too high. He also spoke of advertising costs, saying advertising cost about

\$200. One law student blurted out,  
"That doesn't hurt anybody."

My father responded, "Yea, that's  
absolutely right."

Everyone seemed to agree with everything my father said. He spoke quite eloquently as he continued talking, and he had the attention of everyone present. I stood to the side and listened to him. I was rather proud of him. I hadn't realized he could talk that way. He came across as a practical business man who had good common sense. Even though he didn't know the technicalities of the law, he still knew the basic fundamentals and how to apply them to practical situations. The other students were quite interested in what he had to say.

## **Dream of: 10 May 1982 "The Revelation"**

I was in a class at law school conducted by McSwain, who sometimes seemed like Dohoney. The conversation turned to the question of whether classes should be extended to last an hour and a half instead of an hour. The students would then be given credit for an hour and a half instead of just an hour.

I said I thought the classes should be extended. McSwain didn't agree with me and asked me why I felt that way. I explained that as it was, we actually went for an hour and seven or eight minutes, but only received credit for an hour. Just getting ready to go to class and to walk there required much time. Probably five minutes was wasted arriving at class and another five minutes was wasted leaving. For

going an extra 20-25 minutes, we could get a whole half hours' worth of credit and not waist time going so often. That would mean we would have to spend less time in class. If we had more time we could take some extra subjects which interested us. I said, "Well, the administration seems to think that the student body is against it, but if you were to put it to a vote of the body, they'd find out. It's just that the administration does not seem to want this thing to be voted on cause they know what the result would be."

I recalled that I had recently been thinking of writing some opinions, signing my name to them, and putting them on the bulletin boards. I thought, "This would have been a good subject. I should have thought of

this earlier before I got called on like this."

McSwain shook his head to acknowledge that he was listening to me. He then called on someone about five rows behind me and the person made a comment. McSwain then called on a blond-haired fellow one row behind me to my left. I thought his name was Macelroy, but McSwain called him Mr. Macelroywood. I looked back at the fellow. It looked as if were cross-eyed; I couldn't tell if he was looking at me. He said, "Well, I admire Steve. I don't know if anybody here realizes it or not, but Steve has twenty thousand hours of mendicant experience."

I knew he was referring to me, and I knew immediately what he meant. He was referring to my having been in jail for twenty thousand hours. I knew

Macelroy was trying to put me down for having been in jail to try to tarnish my reputation. I was surprised by what Macelroy was saying. I had obviously misjudged him. A murmur passed through the room; a few hisses were directed at Macelroy. Someone said, "That Macelroy. He's just a downright dirty person."

I was chewing a piece of gum; I thought, "Well, should I be chewing it. Well, what if my face is red."

I pulled out a pencil to compute whether I had actually been in jail for 20,000 hours. I had never even thought about how many hours I had actually been in jail. I first thought I had been in jail for 9 months, then thought, "No, I was eight months there in jail."

McSwain let Macelroy continue to talk, without stopping him from saying anything about me. Most people in the room already knew I had been in jail, but I could tell that a few hadn't known and were surprised by the revelation.

### **Dream of: 13 May 1982 "Mystics"**

As my girlfriend Louis and I were riding along in a car, we reached a river which I recognized as the Ohio.

Thinking about how beautiful the river was, I said, "That's the beautiful Ohio. And that's Kentucky on the other side."

The opposite bank was lush and beautiful. Looking out over the river, I saw a solitary black duck swimming on the surface and I said, "Yea, I dream a lot about that river."

We drove on, entered a large town and passed through amazingly ornate streets where many statues soared toward the sky. I told Louise the town was Louisville, the largest town in Kentucky. Earlier we had traveled through Memphis, but we hadn't seen much there. Now, however, statues (many of which were lions) were all around us; we absorbed the beauty as we continued through the streets.

We then drove to the Gay Street House, which my father had rented to someone, even though he still retained control of the attic and all the possessions stored there. Louise and I walked in the back door of the House and met a woman and some children who began showing me a brown paper bag which contained some small, gold-colored, baseball coins, each about the size of a quarter

and each with a picture of a baseball player on its front. I knew the coins had come from packs of baseball cards, because they were exactly like ones I used to collect as a boy.

However, it seemed curious to me that the children were getting this kind of coin from new packages of baseball cards. When I saw that the dates on the coins were around 1972, I thought, "Well, wait a minute. Maybe these are mine and they were up in the attic. And now they're in this kid's hands."

I examined the coins more closely; they even looked like the ones I had left in the attic of the House, because their backs were scratched, just as the backs of my coins had been scratched from my having played games with the coins with other boys. We used to draw a small circle on the

sidewalk to see who could throw a coin in it; whoever would land in the circle would win the other coins. The boy holding the bag said he had been playing the tossing game recently and had lost quite a few of his coins.

I decided to go up to the attic and look around for myself. Louise and I ascended the attic stairs and one of the small girls accompanied us. Another small girl and the mother of the children stayed at the bottom of the attic stairs.

Once we had reached the top of the stairs I looked back down to the bottom and noticed a box sitting there on the floor. I was surprised to see Steve Buckner walk in the attic door, climb into the box and hide in the bottom. As soon as he was in the box, the woman and the little girl walked over to it and stood by it. The little

girl began looking into the box, but the woman didn't pay any attention to the box. The woman was looking up at me. I looked again and saw that Buckner wasn't actually in a box, but in a brown, leather suitcase. The woman and little girl walked away and Buckner zipped himself up inside the suitcase.

I turned toward the attic and began looking around. The attic wasn't dirty and dark like it used to be, but bright and clean. There was even sunlight. Obviously someone had cleaned up the place.

On one side sat many boxes of toy models which were arranged in a large stack about two meters high. Hanging from the rafters were many different kinds of stuffed animals, including panthers and dogs. Some were large, about two meters tall. I

was surprised to see them there, because the last time I had been in the attic they had disappeared. Obviously someone had brought them back since then. I figured the people who now lived in the House had previously taken the stuffed animals downstairs and then later brought them back. Apparently the people hadn't anticipated my returning again to check the attic. All at once I said, "Well, everything is going to go. We're taking everything out of here."

The little girl who had accompanied Louise and me up into the attic looked at me as if she were angry, as if she had made a mistake by bringing the things back up to the attic where I could find them.

I decided the best way to remove the things from the attic was to lower them by rope from an attic window. I

thought perhaps I could find a pulley to wrap the rope around and then I could tie little ropes to the main rope to hold each object as it was lowered.

Then I could lower the things one after the other.

I fashioned the rope and began lowering things from the attic window. Some other people began helping. Suddenly I looked around and realized that Louise and I were no longer in the attic. Instead, we were standing in Patriot, and people were now using the rope to lower things into the basement of a house about a block away from the House in Patriot.

I watched for a moment, then turned and looked around. Across the street I recognized a house as the one where the Woods family used to live; but I

thought Lou Khourey used to live there.

A woman (probably 80 years old) was standing beside me. Referring to Khourey, I asked her if she knew what had happened to the black-haired fellow who had lived across the street. She said he had moved about a year ago and that the house had been empty ever since. I looked at the house more closely and saw that it was boarded up and did look empty.

The woman couldn't remember where Khourey had gone, but she thought perhaps he had moved to Paris. I said, "Well maybe he moved to West Virginia."

I thought Khourey had planned to move to West Virginia and practice law there while living with the

members of the Zen Pyramid Society located near Wheeling, but the woman couldn't remember. I asked her about Khourey's friend, Dave. She remembered him and she thought he still lived nearby. I asked her if she could possibly remember where, but she couldn't seem to remember.

She said she needed to go to her mailbox about eight kilometers away.

She boarded a car with Louise and me and we left. I continued asking the woman about Khourey and she began telling me a story about Khourey's father. She said Khourey had told everyone that his father had committed suicide, but the story was false. Khourey's father had actually been killed somehow, perhaps in a war.

When we arrived at the place where the woman's mailbox was, we had to

descend into a little basement. Once in the basement I saw some people who were having things lowered to them through a window. I realized that even though we had traveled seven or eight kilometers, we had reached the same basement into which I had earlier seen the things being lowered.

I looked to one side of the basement and saw a big mess of plastic stuff apparently being used to make something.

The old woman walked to a mailbox there and pulled out something rather like a bulky white sack, out of which she pulled a package which had my name, "Steve Collier," on it. I saw that the package was from Khourey's friend, Dave.

I looked at Louise, who was standing beside me, and I said, "I told you they were mystics. They knew that I was coming."

When I looked at the post mark on the package, however, and saw that it said "1977," I realized that if the package had been mailed five years earlier, maybe the senders hadn't been so mystical.

Apparently the woman hadn't picked up her mail for five years and that was the only thing she had received. She handed it to me. I took the white wrapping off and found another package inside with blue wrapping. I undid it and inside found two pair of cut-off blue jeans. I thought I had left them with Dave one time and now he had sent them back to me. Louise just stared in uncomprehending confusion.

## **Dream of: 14 May 1982 "Dirty House"**

I had caught a bus to school in what seemed to be South Shore, Kentucky.

Instead of getting on the inside the bus, I sat down on the outside on the front of it. As we rode along, I noticed a large, black hand, about two meters long, moving along the side of the road. Somebody in the bus said something about the hand.

Apparently it had been there for years. It would get up in the morning, crawl around the neighborhood, then finally return to the place from where it came.

I gradually worked my way into the bus until I was sitting inside next to the driver. A sign on the bus said the driver was responsible for any injuries due to wrecks.

As we traveled, we barely missed hitting a car. I began talking to the driver about the risks he was taking and I asked him what would happen if he wrecked and someone was injured. He said, "Well, it would depend upon whether the person had been drinking or not."

Apparently he thought that if a person had been drinking alcohol while on the bus, that person would be held liable for the damage, but that if the person hadn't been drinking alcohol, the person wouldn't be held liable. I asked, "Well, has that ever happened, that someone has wrecked."

He said, "Well, do you mean when they was drinking?"

I said, "Drinking or otherwise."

He said, "Yea, bus drivers have wrecked. But if they weren't drinking, they weren't held responsible for it."

I said, "Well, has anybody ever been drinking?"

He said, "Yea there was one guy."

That particular fellow had apparently been taken to court. The fellow hadn't had much money, but everything he had owned had been taken to pay for the injuries of some of the people who had been on the bus. The fellow had then bought some life insurance. He had then started smoking oily greasy cigarettes and had died shortly thereafter. His insurance had paid off all the debts he had incurred.

A girl got on the bus and sat down to my right. Her dress was open at her navel, so that if I looked down it, I could see the top of her pubic hairs.

We reached a house in Portsmouth which I had never seen before in which my mother was living. My mother, my sister and my nephew David were there. We walked into my bedroom so I could clean out some of my things, so that Cosby (a law student), who apparently was married to my sister, could move into the room.

Although David couldn't talk, I heard him say the word "Give." I told my mother he could at least say "Give." I began thinking of other words he could speak, and concluded "television" would be one of the first words he would be able to speak. I thought television would be rather important in his life.

My mother said David could say words for sounds such as "ring" and "ding." I watched him run around for

a while. My sister seemed to think I might be able to have some luck in teaching David to speak. I picked up a pillow, pointed at it and said, "This is a pillow." He didn't respond. I thought the word "pillow" might be a bit difficult for him to say.

The house seemed rather dirty. A carpet on the floor didn't reach all the way to the walls. I got a sweeper and began sweeping around the edges of the carpet where it didn't cover the floor, and began sweeping on the carpet itself. I swept all the carpet but didn't sweep all the floor around the edges of the carpet.

When Cosby arrived, I showed the room to him and he seemed happy with it. I told him I hadn't swept all around the edges of the room.

Someone staying there with my mother was selling marijuana. He seemed to have some connection with me, as if I had allowed him to sell marijuana in the house. The person brought a pound of marijuana to the house to leave there temporarily.

People began showing up. Among them were four females from my civil rights law class. One was named Dottie. They sat down at a large counter in the living room. Knowing they were there to buy drugs, I walked behind the counter and kiddingly said, "Well, what can I get for you girls?"

They looked at me as if I were an imbecile; they said something stupid and added that they didn't want anything. I stood there like an idiot.

As I looked at one girl's face, I misperceived where it was. Although

it was about a meter above the counter, it looked to me as if it were right down next to the counter. I said, "Wow, I just had an hallucination about where your face was."

The four of them looked at me as if I were a moron. I thought that there might be some beer in the house and that they might like some. A bowl was sitting on the counter. I hoped they didn't want me to feed them anything.

Another girl sitting at the other end of the counter called me. She was much friendlier.

A note lying on the counter said Birdie had called me. I read some other notes also on the paper. The note said Birdie was in a state seven states west of the stock states. I interpreted that as meaning she lived in the western United States. I didn't

know whether she wanted me to contact her. I would like to talk with her.

About 10 people were in the house. My mother was around somewhere. I figured she probably wouldn't want so many people in the house. I walked outside onto the cement porch in front of the house and watched three cars full of people pull up.

Several men got out of one car. I saw Moon (a law student) standing in the street. I thought to myself, "I've got to stop all these people. I can't let them go in."

As I walked toward them, I held out my hands just as two large fellows were about to pass me. I said, "Wait a minute. You're not going to be able to go in. I and my mother live here.

You're just not going to be able to go in."

They became extremely angry. Obviously they were there to buy marijuana. They thought they were going to go in anyway. I could see we were obviously going to have a confrontation. One of them pushed, almost causing me to fall off the porch. It was obvious they were going to fight me. They said, "Well what do you mean, can't go in?"

They were ready to start beating on me. I got ready to run and I said, "I'm going to go and get my gun."

One backed off, while the other said, "We'll just take care of him a little later."

I really didn't have a gun. It was just a bluff to make them think I had a gun hidden behind the house.

However they continued to push on me. Another fellow whom I recognized from law school tried to convince them to leave me alone. He suggested they just go in the house and sit down.

**Dream of: 14 May 1982 (2)**  
**"Quirks"**

I was reading a book while sitting on the porch of Buckner's house in Portsmouth. The book was a story taking place on the border of Mexico. I had written some things in part of the book.

Buckner walked over. I handed the book to him and he began reading. He read one sentence which he didn't understand, read it a second time and he still didn't understand it. He was going too slow for me. Finally I said,

"Buckner, you know what I'd like to do, I'd like to get stoned."

I knew Buckner had some marijuana.

I thought we would smoke his, although I was thinking of buying some of my own. We had smoked some marijuana together about four days earlier. Since we had both been trying to cut down, I hadn't smoked any since then and I didn't think he had either. He replied, "Gee, I was thinking the same thing."

Buckner flipped to the front of the book, then to the back to the index. He was trying to figure out one word in the sentence which he still didn't understand. The words "brown-eyed" were in the sentence. I told him "brown-eyed" referred to a kind of plant. He said that he already knew that, that the word he didn't understand was someone's name. In

the index he saw that the name was also on another page, and he flipped through the book trying to figure it out.

I was getting tired of sitting there. I said, "Buckner, you know what I'd like to do today, I'd like to masturbate."

He said he had been thinking about the same thing.

I walked over to the edge of the porch. The neighbor's property was about 30 centimeters away. On the neighbor's property was a chest filled with books. I didn't know whether the books belonged to Buckner, his family or the neighbors. I picked up one of the books. It was a travel book which had an article about the Mediterranean basin on the cover. On the front was also a picture of a statue, and under it was written

"1921." I looked at the statue and thought, "That would be great to cut out for a picture for a collage."

I turned the book over; on the back was a picture of a large red, white and blue luxury cruise liner. I flipped through the book, noticed some pictures of women in scanty bathing suits and started to become aroused.

When I looked back up, I was no longer on the front porch, but in the living room, just inside the door. Buckner was sitting on the other side of the room, still looking at the book. The television was on in the room; I began looking at it. Several scantily dressed women were on the television. As I looked more closely, I realized I was watching the new Playboy show. I hollered to Buckner, "Look, Playboy's on television!"

He didn't pay much attention. I had taken off my pants and I was lying on the couch with a cover over me. I was hunching the couch as I kept looking at the screen which showed about 100 people fornicating in a bar. I couldn't see well, but it looked as if they were all rolling around together, reminding me of mud wrestlers. I said, "Buckner, there's thousands of people screwing here on television."

The scene changed to another bar. I tried to see the women on the screen, but I couldn't see them clearly. I focused in on a man and woman who were kissing. The woman was wearing a halter top and the man had his hands under it squeezing her breasts. I told Buckner to come and watch, but he kept reading the book.

The show stopped and a news program came on. I looked at the

clock, saw it was time for the show to end and thought, "Oh, crap. Missed it. It's just now going off."

I looked at the television dial, which said, "13 A." I thought it was necessary to specially subscribe to the channel for Playboy, and I realized the Buckners had done that.

I had two pair of blue jeans with me. One pair was quite faded. I pulled it up around my knees. I thought I heard someone come in, looked around and saw a woman in the next room. Buckner had disappeared. A red-haired girl walked into the room where I was. She was followed by a black-haired woman, apparently the girl's mother. When they both walked back out of the room, I crept over, picked up my newer blue jeans and began pulling them on.

The woman walked back into the room and introduced herself. I thought her name was Jenny. I said, "Well, I'll be finished in just a minute."

I kept the cover over me as I continued pulling on my pants. I thought she still might be able to see me, but she didn't seem perturbed by what I was doing. After I had pulled up my pants, I sat down and she sat beside me. I said, "Well, how do you figure into the Buckner family? How are you related to them?"

She replied, "Well, I'm Norma's husband."

She said Norma was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Buckner. She said she had started out taking care of some children which Norma had, then she and Norma had gotten married. I

said, "You mean you married Norma?  
You're her husband?"

She said, "Yea, that's right."

She talked a bit more, then left. I was totally confused. I didn't think she was Norma's husband, but apparently she was. I stood and walked back toward the kitchen. Another woman walked toward me, stuck out her hand and shook mine. She recognized me and said, "I'm Norma. We've met before."

She had shoulder length black hair which was partially gray. She was wearing glasses. I didn't really remember having met her before, but I talked with her for a few minutes before continuing through the kitchen. I saw Buckner, got him and took him out the back door with me. We stood by a car and I said,

"Buckner, Gene said she was Norma's husband and exiting out the back door. And that they're married."

Buckner responded, "Yea, that's right."

I said, "Buckner, you never told me about any of this."

He said, "Yea, and the reason is I just can't believe it myself."

I had my hands on the car, which was quite dusty. I moved my hands over the dust, wiping it off. Suddenly I burst out laughing. I thought someone might be watching us from inside, but I couldn't help myself. The whole thing just seemed so funny. Buckner didn't know what to think. I thought to myself, "Well, maybe this explains some of Buckner's quirks, because there's obviously some

aspects of his family that I never knew about before."

**Dream of: 17 May 1982**  
**"Motorcycle Burn"**

I was in the student union building at Baylor. I was sitting down, talking to some people. Davis (a fellow law student) and my friend Leah were there.

I had previously had a small three room apartment – kitchen, living room and bedroom. Leah was now living in the apartment. I hadn't known Leah was planning on moving out of the apartment, but she told Davis she moving out. Davis was contemplating on moving into it at the end of the following month. Since Davis was uncertain, I told Leah I would like to move back into the apartment if Davis didn't move in.

She replied, "Oh, I didn't know that."

As soon as Davis heard I was interested in moving in, he seemed more sure he wanted to move in. I didn't know what to say to discourage Davis from wanting to move in, but Leah sensed what I wanted and she said she wished there was something that could be done about the loud noises in the apartment. I chimed in, "Yea, I remember now. There were times when I couldn't go to sleep because there were these people making loud noises over there."

Davis was listening to what was being said, but I couldn't tell whether he was going to take the apartment. I said, "Well, if he decides not to take it, just let me know."

It was morning. I sat there for about an hour and a half, thinking that I was

just wasting my time. Finally I went home to a large house where I was living. I went to bed, and the next morning I overslept until around 10 o'clock when I overheard someone at the door. I didn't want to get up, but finally I did and went to the door.

When I opened it, I saw Leah's daughter standing there. She needed something, perhaps a book or some keys, which I gave to her.

From where I was I could see down a hill to a street in front of the house. Leah was in a car on the street, trying to park. Leah's daughter returned to Leah. I felt bad because I had overslept; I didn't really want to talk to Leah right now; I said to myself, "Oh no. It looks like Leah is going to park and come up."

She parked the car and walked up to the house. But she only stayed for a

minute, then turned and walked back to the street. There she jumped on a motorcycle parked in front of the house. I stood in the door, uncertain what to think. Leah began riding around in front of the house, obviously not knowing what she was doing. It looked as if she were probably going to wreck. I was petrified for a moment and I didn't know what to do. It looked as if she had lost control of the motorcycle and she didn't know how to turn it off. Perhaps I should run down and try to stop her. Finally the motorcycle turned over on her trapping her leg under it. She didn't move, but I heard her scream. I knew the engine was hot and would burn her as it pressed on her leg.

I quickly ran to the bottom of the hill, thinking that I should have run down

earlier to be prepared for something like that. I ran to her and lifted the motorcycle off her. I tried to turn it off, but it just kept running. I finally just laid it down.

I picked Leah up. I could see that her leg was burnt, and that it needed some salve on it. I didn't know if I could find the right kind of salve; I decided I needed to take her to the hospital. She was so small I was able to pick her up in the palm of one hand. I also picked up the keys and put them in my pocket. I began running, thinking I had to get her to the hospital. But suddenly I thought, "Well, I left the kid back there."

But then I realized I had the kid with the keys in my pocket. I raced off to the hospital. I left Leah at the hospital and went to a house where my father and my mother were living. I had go

get something from their house, and then intended to return to the hospital.

During the activity, I had cut one of the fingers on my right hand, and had burnt one of the fingers on my left hand.

I told my mother and my father the story of what had happened. I could see professor Newton standing in one room of the house. When I told my father and my mother that I had taken Leah to the hospital, I could see that Newton was interested. As soon as I finished the story, he came into the room and said, "Get your coat. Let's go."

I knew he wanted to go to the hospital. I said, "All right," and we left.

## **Dream of: 17 May 1982 (2) "The Nestling"**

I had moved out of the Apartment at 1710 Fifth Street which I had been sharing with Reon (my roommate for a few months in 1982) and had moved somewhere else. But now I didn't have any place to stay. I ran into Reon and he told me I could move back in. He said that another fellow was living in the apartment, but that the three of us could live together. So I decided to move back in.

After moving back into the Apartment, I realized two girls were also living in one bedroom of the Apartment. The girls' living here didn't bother me, except I didn't like living with five people in the apartment.

Reon and the two girls were in a room with me when Weinstein showed up. I told Weinstein how hard it was to live with someone. Weinstein advised me that if I were having problems, I should try to avoid exploding. I replied, "Well, no, I never explode."

I looked at Reon and continued, "I never exploded at you, did I? We never had any words whatsoever. It was just like subtle differences between us."

I told Reon, however, that I hadn't liked it because he hadn't told me about the girls living here. I told him that might have made a difference in whether I would have moved back. The two girls hadn't said anything the whole time. They wouldn't speak to me. Finally I walked over to them and said, "Hi. I'm Steve Collier and I'm going to be living here."

They still didn't say anything; soon they stood and left. I walked over to their room; everything had been cleared out. I thought to myself that they had moved out and I wouldn't have to worry about them anymore.

Reon, Weinstein and I walked outside and sat down under a tree. A bird's nest was in the branches; I stood up on a couch and saw that a baby bird with a yellow back was in the nest.

Seeing that the nest was hanging precariously, almost perpendicular to the ground, I said, "That bird's going to fall out. It's going to fall out."

I kept watching and soon the baby bird fell out. It used its wings to flutter to the ground. But obviously it wasn't old enough to be out of the nest. I ran up to it and chased it until I caught it. I didn't know what to do with it, so I walked back to the nest

with it. It bit me on the finger, although it didn't hurt. It couldn't press its beak together hard enough.

Just as I reached the nest, the baby's mother returned. The mother had some food in her mouth for the baby.

I knew I couldn't put the nestling back in the nest because it would just fall out again. The mother poked around in the nest and discovered her baby wasn't there. I reached up and tried to put the baby in the nest. But the mother sprang up and tried to attack my hand. I let the baby go and once again it fluttered to the ground. The mother flew to it and grabbed it with her beak. I couldn't tell what the mother was going to do, but it looked as if the baby would be all right now.

**Dream of: 18 May 1982 "Mind-Reading Game"**

I was in the House in New Boston, where I was living by myself. The House was now only a small cottage which had a wall missing on one side, and part of a wall missing on another side. Even though the walls were missing, I had been staying in the House.

Cosby (a law student, who reminded me some of my brother-in-law James) and my sister had come to visit me. I could tell that Cosby didn't like the place and he wanted to leave, but he stayed and talked anyway because my sister wanted to stay.

We were outside of the House. Some playing cards were strewn on the ground. I also had another deck of playing cards. A red, toy fire truck about a half meter long and ten centimeters high was also on the ground. It looked as if a child had

been playing with it. Other stuff was also strewn around on the ground. I picked up the deck of cards and told Cosby I wanted to play a mind-reading game. Actually it wasn't a game, because I was serious.

I wanted to look at a card, and then have Cosby try to guess what the card was. I believed I had been developing some powers of mental telepathy. I had never tried doing this before, but now I wanted to. I planned to just look at one card at a time, and have Cosby guess each time I looked at the cards. I would then tell him whether he was right and let him see the card.

I realized if I did it that way, however, he would be able to eliminate certain cards and increase his odds of getting the right one. I would have to replace the card and reshuffle each time.

Meanwhile, I could hear voices of people over the hillside. I told Cosby I wished I had a little hand gun up there because I was completely defenseless.

Cosby commented about how vulnerable I was living there with a missing wall. I told him I should at least have a hand gun, just living with one wall, open like that.

The voices we heard were beginning to scare Cosby, my sister and me. I just knew someone was going to try to hurt us. I said, "Follow me," and we ran behind the house. We ran down a path where the weeds on both sides were over our heads. Cosby and my sister followed me. Cosby wanted to go to a hillside to our right and he said, "Let's go over the hillside."

I said, "No. Not here. There's a dead tree there."

I could see a dead tree which had fallen over and was blocking the way which Cosby wanted to take. I kept running, and finally I said, "Here."

We cut through the high weeds until we suddenly started falling straight down, holding onto the weeds as we fell. We continued falling for about 30 seconds. I even talked to Cosby and my sister as we fell, telling them I had figured out what we were doing. Finally we slowed down and softly landed.

I saw a house right next to us. I ran up to the door and knocked. A woman came to the door and I asked her if we could use the phone to call the police.

She didn't open the door, but just looked at us through the window. She said, "Well, you'll have to talk to Mrs. Hensen."

I then noticed another room in the house where an older woman was sitting on a bed. I said, "Fine."

The first woman opened the door and I walked into the house and to the older woman I said, "Mam, may I use your phone."

The older woman on the bed said, "Yes. Don't make more than two calls."

I picked up the phone and began dialing my father's number. I dialed a 5 first, and then another number. The older woman stopped me and said, "Isn't the first number three."

I said, "Oh, yea."

I hung up the phone, then dialed 353-1118, my father's number. I got a busy signal.

Some coins were lying on a table. One was a walking liberty half dollar. I looked at my sister and said, "Linda, what's the other number there at dad's house."

She answered, "353-1649."

I began dialing that number.

### **Dream of: 20 May 1982 "Robbery Scene"**

Another fellow and I were in a Seven Eleven store. Beside the store was a garage for a filling station. A man who looked as if he were a motorcycle guy walked into the store and stood at the front of the store. He kept watching everyone in the store. I finally concluded that he was casing

the store and was intending to hold it up. I slipped through a side door into the garage and told the fellow with me to come on in. I said, "I think this store's about to be held up."

I went to a phone and started to use it, but instead, I put it back down. I then walked out to the front of the store, where I saw a couple more motorcyclists. They were wearing black leather jackets with designs on the back identifying the motorcycle gang they were in. One of them had a rifle in his hand. I said to my companion, "Come on, let's get out of here. They're gonna hold up the store. We gotta go."

We got into a car and started driving off. I heard one of the men at the store yell something about a bomb, and it was clear they were now holding up the store. I heard someone

say, "Are you crazy? You can't put a bomb in here."

I thought they were going to blow up the store. As we drove once around the block, I said to my companion, "Come on. We've got to find a telephone and call the police."

We drove on down the street until we saw another garage which we thought might have a telephone. We got out of the car and walked in. We told the man inside about the holdup and asked if we could use the phone. He said, "Sure."

I picked up the phone and dialed the operator. I said, "Operator, connect me with the police department. It's an emergency."

She answered, "Is this Steve Collier?"

I couldn't understand how she knew my name, but I responded, "Yea."

I thought that when I had picked up the telephone at the first garage, I must have told someone my name. The operator continued, "Well, I can't do that."

She had a Spanish accent. She absolutely refused to connect me with the police department, even when I told her it was an emergency, that a holdup was taking place. She was ridiculous, continuing to refuse to give me the number. Finally, I slammed down the phone and began trying to find the number in the phone book.

I then noticed Duesler (a law student) sitting there. He said he would try. He picked up the phone and called the operator. He said he needed the

number of the police department, but he acted as if it was for a different reason. He acted as if there had been a ball game, and he was calling the station to report the score. The operator gave him the number. I gave Duesler a pen and he wrote down the number. We then called the police department and told them about the robbery. I asked someone what the name of the street was where the Seven Eleven was. It sounded as if the person said it was on Tims Street. I wanted to drive back to the robbery scene to see what had happened. What a grizzly sight it would be if we saw several bodies strewn around the place.

**Dream of: 21 May 1982**  
**"Impertinent Boy"**

I was with my mother and my sister in the House in Patriot. I was having a good time in the living room, playing with a little black bear about half a meter long. I would slap the cub playfully on both sides of its face, and it would try to bite my hands. I knocked it over and wrestled around with it with my hands.

When I asked my sister if she knew who owned the cub, she said it belonged to someone living nearby. I thought it curious that the owners would simply let the cub roam around on its own all day. My sister told me the owners simply didn't care.

I asked my sister to call the owners by phone. She got them on the phone and they said they were busy at the moment either canning peaches or making peach pies and didn't have

time to worry about the cub. My sister hung up.

Someone knocked at the door; I thought perhaps the knockers were the owners of the cub. I walked to the door and looked out, but couldn't see anyone. Then I noticed someone walking along the side of the house about five meters from the door. He was a boy (about 16 years old) who resembled my uncle George, even though I knew George had died about three years earlier.

Since I wasn't wearing any pants, I picked up a pair of blue jeans and began putting them on. Before I had them completely pulled up, my mother opened the door and revealed the boy (the same boy I had seen who resembled my uncle George) standing there in the doorway. I finished buttoning my pants and walked

toward him. He was wearing a blue shirt with blue stripes and snap buttons. It was almost exactly like the shirt I was wearing. He, like I, was also wearing blue jeans.

After the boy walked into the room, I asked him what he wanted. He seemed confused and suddenly blurted out, "Can you give me some money?"

I was incensed at his impertinence. He pointed through the door at the Swiver's house across the street and said the Swivers had promised him and his family a meal.

I looked outside and saw parked in the road a car which apparently contained his family. Yet I still didn't understand who he was or why he was there. I walked up to him, put my

right hand on his left shoulder and  
said, "Boy, who are you?"

I looked outside again; a sheriff's car  
had pulled up to the car with the  
boy's family and was escorting the  
car, with lights flashing, around the  
corner.

### **Dream of: 22 May 1982 "Balloon Contest"**

While standing on a street in Waco, I  
looked up and saw a balloon  
overhead, the type that people ride  
in. It quickly descended, finally  
disappearing behind some houses. I  
saw a second dark blue balloon which  
looked more like an oversized  
telephone booth. It likewise was  
quickly descending. Just before it  
reached the earth, it slowed down  
and lightly landed on the sidewalk. A  
young black man was inside. He

stepped out and began looking over the balloon. I was dumbfounded at first, but finally walked over and spoke to him. I concluded that a balloon contest had been taking place and that the balloons were now descending.

The balloons actually had been supposed to land nearby, on the outskirts of town. This fellow, however, hadn't made it; he said something was wrong with his balloon. I laid down a camera which I was carrying and helped the fellow tip the booth over. We then picked it up. It was quite light and I thought it must be made of aluminum.

Blackstock walked up; I told Blackstock I was going to help carry the booth to where the fellow was supposed to have landed.

A white man (in his late 30s) drove up in a small blue car. The man offered his help and we began putting the booth on the top of the car on a rack. The top of the car was scratched up and I concluded the car had been used before for carrying such things. After we had put the booth on the car and the man had driven off, I stood a few minutes before walking away.

Blackstock began walking back toward a house where he apparently was staying. I hollered to him, "Well, let's go watch the rest of the balloons land."

I then said, "I left my camera in that car."

Blackstock responded, "No you didn't. You laid it down back there at the house. I'll go back and get it."

When he turned around and headed back to the house to get the camera, I looked up and saw more balloons. I counted six large balloons quickly descending. I could see some large trees near the outskirts of town and I thought the balloons were supposed to land there. I couldn't see the balloons when they actually landed, but I thought they had reached the ground. Since they had descended so rapidly, I thought some people might have been injured. I watched a couple more balloons come down, then I headed off running in that direction.

I quickly reached the outskirts of town, and began running across a field. I had to avoid some puddles of water in the field.

I recalled that Weitz (a law student) had made one balloon for the contest. I wondered where he had gotten the

time to make the balloon. I thought,  
"Well, they're probably taking his  
picture over there."

I wished I had my camera with me. I  
figured Weitz would enjoy having his  
picture taken and he would be  
standing over there with his chest  
puffed out in front of his balloon.

I reached the field, but I didn't see  
any balloons landing. I realized I was  
on the outskirts of Waco. It was a  
rather scruffy area, but I was amazed  
by how many beautiful white flowers  
were here. It was nice to be outside of  
town. I thought I could go out here  
and play my flute if I wanted. I wished  
I had my flute with me.

I wondered if any marijuana grew in  
the area, but then I decided the area  
was too close to town and the

marijuana would have already been picked if it had been growing there.

I heard birds chirping. I looked up; over my head a bird was fluttering about 10 centimeters from my face. It looked like an ordinary black bird. I kept looking at it and I concluded it might have a nest somewhere nearby in the brush, and I stepped back.

I continued listening to the birds chirping; one was a large blackbird. I heard another bird and I tried to remember what kind of bird it was.

### **Dream of: 23 May 1982 "Dream Notebook"**

Around midnight I decided to go to a movie at the Ivy Twin Cinema close to the Baylor University campus. I decided to take my flute with me and play it as I ran to the movie. I began running and took deep breaths while I

played. When I finally came close to the movie theater, I slowed to a walk, still continuing to play. Quite a few people in front of the theater began watching me.

Since the movie apparently hadn't yet begun, I crossed the street, sat down on a bench on the other side of the road and continued playing my flute while I waited.

I finally picked up a newspaper lying on the bench and on the front page saw a picture taken from high atop a building which showed the general area in which I was sitting. At first I thought it had been taken from atop the Moody Library, which was nearby on Baylor campus, but I actually wasn't quite sure from what building it had been taken. The picture also seemed to resemble a scene of the campus of Ohio University, Athens. It

was almost as if two scenes were overlapping.

I decided I didn't want to go to the movie after all, turned around and returned to my Apartment on Fifth Street. When I arrived, I realized the Apartment was no longer mine, even though it was the same Apartment in which I had been living before.

Instead, my girlfriend Louise (an attractive brunette, a fellow law student, five years younger than I) was now living in the Apartment. I walked inside and found Louise wasn't there at the moment. Instead, four other girls, who were her roommates, were there. When I saw them, I thought that I had been wanting to meet them and that this was a good opportunity.

One girl resembled a homely girl I had recently seen at George's Restaurant in Waco. Two girls were quite pretty. The fourth was actually an older woman.

The older woman began complaining about how Louise had been late in paying her electric bill for her former apartment. I listened to the woman and said, "Yea, she paid it. She let it lie around for a few days. You know how she is. She just forgot it. But it's paid now."

I was going to mention that I had paid my share, while Louise had neglected to pay her part, but I didn't mention my having paid my share because I didn't want to make it any worse for Louise than it already was.

The woman said that was just like Louise and that Louise was careless.

She said she just couldn't understand how that girl was studying law because she just didn't seem as if she had it together enough for that.

The girls began talking among themselves and I listened to them a while without saying anything. Finally I picked up my dream notebook, looked at the homely girl and asked, "Well, what would you like me to read about?"

I thought I would be able to find something among my dreams to relate to any subject which she might suggest. One of the girls on the other side of the room asked, "Well, what would you like to talk about?"

I said, "Anything that you'd like to."

She looked at my dream notebook and said, "Well, what have you got there?"

I replied, "Well, I record my ..." and then I stopped. I had been going to say "dreams," but I was unsure whether I wanted to tell her I recorded my dreams. I thought it might be better to simply read the dreams as if they were short stories.

**Dream of: 23 May 1982 (2)**  
**"Mountains Of Oaxaca"**

I was in Portsmouth, where a movie which had been playing around the country had finally come to a theater.

I had a picture in my mind of the movie. I could see 50-60 wide brown steps going up to a high building which I concluded was a courthouse.

The steps were so wide I couldn't even see where they ended on either side. At the top of the steps were several large brown statues. The main statue was very imposing. It seemed to be of a judge sitting in a chair. I

tried to read some inscriptions on the statues. I couldn't really understand them, but I thought they gave the name of a state. Finally I realized the inscriptions said something about Cincinnati, Ohio and that the building was in Cincinnati. I caught a glimpse of the skyline behind the building and recognized it as Cincinnati's.

As the images passed through my mind, I realized I was in a car with some other people, including Boley (a female law student). We had left Portsmouth, were now in Indiana just west of Cincinnati, and were headed toward Cincinnati. I couldn't yet see the skyline but I knew we were getting close.

I saw a sign which read "Belmead." Although I had never thought about it before, I thought the "Bel" part of the word was a French word meaning

"beautiful." I asked someone if they knew the name of the river that flowed through Cincinnati and emptied into the Ohio River. They answered, "The Arkansas River?"

I said, "Yes, I think that's the name of it."

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I was in Waco. I asked someone if he knew whether any hallucinogenic mushrooms grew in the countryside. The person seemed certain that they did.

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My brother Chris, several other people and I had driven to the mountains of Mexico in Oaxaca, searching for hallucinogenic mushrooms. After we arrived, we didn't really know where to look, and

we were unable to find any mushrooms. While Chris and I stayed in a motel room, the other three people walked out on the street. Someone walked into the room and threw small pieces of chopped-up mushrooms all over the room. The longer he threw them, the bigger the pieces became. Finally some pieces were almost as big as the palm of my hand.

I picked up the pieces from the floor and placed them on a piece of paper until I had a large pile. I handed Chris a large piece; both he and I began eating them. We continued eating and I soon felt the effects.

At first I was apprehensive about Chris eating the mushrooms since he had muscular dystrophy. This was his first time. But finally I decided it would be all right and it probably

wouldn't hurt him. I had heard that terminal cancer patients had been given LSD and it had been good therapy for them.

Looking outside, I could see the sun was low on the horizon and would soon be setting. I thought that didn't matter. We would just trip all night. The sun was beautiful. It was a bright red ball which seemed to have lines emanating from it.

We continued eating the mushrooms, eating the big ones first, finally getting down to the small ones. I scoured the floor for the remaining pieces. They were among many other things lying on the ground. Some smaller pieces were dried up. I thought I would tell anyone who came in later to pick up any small white pieces of anything which they found

because they would probably be pieces of mushrooms.

I put some of the smallest pieces of mushrooms in a cup. Although at first they had simply looked like pieces of mushrooms, now some pieces resembled other objects. Two pieces looked like small, yellow hats. A couple looked like orange hats. Other pieces resembled other objects. One piece looked like an apple and just as I bit into it, the other three people returned. One was Crouch (a law student). I stood up, beginning to strongly feel the effects of the mushrooms, and I told them what had happened after they had left. They wanted some of the mushrooms. At first I didn't want to give them anything. I said, "Well look, you're not going to ... you're just going to feel it a little bit. But if we eat it, we're

going to ... we need to eat all of it, so we can get the full intensity of the trip."

But finally I handed them the piece I had which looked like an apple. I then handed them the cup which still had a few pieces in it. They shared them, but there really wasn't enough for them to feel anything.

I was thinking of leaving Oaxaca and going to Hugo's house (a Mexican acquaintance) up in the mountains. But I knew that would take several hours, and I was unsure whether we should go there.

### **Dream of: 23 May 1982 (3) "Fire In The Nostril"**

I was looking at one of my collages, thinking how I would like to take some LSD and look at the collage while tripping. The collage had a

number of lines in it. I would like to follow the lines while tripping.

I took down some of my collages, wrapped them in a blanket and took them to Baylor Law School. I was intending to hang them on the walls of a large restroom at the school so people would have something to look at, but I laid them on a table in the restroom, forgot about them, and went home.

I had also had a trumpet which I had left in a locker at the school. After I got home, I thought about returning to get the trumpet.

I heard a knock at the door, went to open it and found Ed Horner (a law professor) standing there. It turned out I was supposed to have a test the next day. The test wasn't a final exam, but a test taken after three weeks.

Horner was going to help me go over some old tests which I had. I was impressed that a professor would actually come to my house to help me, but Horner didn't seem to think there was anything special about it.

Horner and I moved into the bathroom. I sat down on the commode with my clothes on, and Horner was very friendly as we went over the tests. Finally I said, "Well lets go into the kitchen and sit down."

We walked into the kitchen and sat down at the table. I began asking questions. I pulled out a test and focused on one question. Horner showed me how the question had three different ways of computing something and how he wanted three different answers. I asked, "What about if it was Texas law?"

He showed me the first answer applied to Texas law. I was obviously not well prepared. He kept rattling off the answers to me.

He helped me for a while and left. Even though I had a test the next day, I decided to get in the car and drive to Portsmouth. I had a car which I wanted to take back to Portsmouth and leave there. I planned to fly back.

I drove for about two days from Waco to Portsmouth. As soon as I arrived in Portsmouth, I saw my father standing in front of the post office on Gay Street. He didn't speak for a moment, but he seemed happy to see me. I said, "Well, how are you doing?"

He said, "Fine. How are you?"

I responded, "Fine."

I realized that I had been in Portsmouth just two weeks earlier and that this would be the last time for a while that I would be there. I couldn't continue coming there every week end.

My father and I walked to the Gay Street House. A strong robust man who reminded me of Seeley was working in the living room, apparently doing something with the electricity. I asked the man if there was any acid in town and he said there was some real good acid in town.

When my father heard us talking, he walked over and said the acid had the least amount of strychnine and was the purest acid that had ever been around.

I wondered where I could get some of the acid. Thinking my brother-in-law James might be able to help me, I walked upstairs thinking that he might be up there.

I walked into a room where James was. I noticed a mirror and I could see I was wearing shorts. I saw my legs and wondered how they would look if I were tripping. They looked somewhat muscular.

A girl who was James' daughter was in the room. I couldn't tell by looking at her how old she was. I couldn't tell if she were 10 or 20. I asked James about the acid. He apparently had some stored in the basement and he told me he would go down and get some for me. He then called me downstairs and handed me a small green tablet from a handful of green tablets which he had.

I said, "Well, come on upstairs."

As we walked back up the stairs, three children (about 2 years old) were sitting at the top of the stairs.

When I reached them, they had something in their mouths. I opened up one of their mouths and saw about six hits of acid in it. Afraid the child would hurt himself, I put my finger in his mouth and started pulling out the acid.

One of the other children also had acid in his mouth. I likewise took the acid out of his mouth. I laid all the tabs of acid on the carpet at the top of the stairs.

The third child (about 10 years old) was James' son. I asked him if he had anything in his mouth. He replied in a snotty way, "No. No."

James and I walked into the next room. I had some powder from the acid on my hand and I was thinking of taking some of it. I asked James how good the acid was and he said it was real good, but he said he had a problem. He said he had recently been in the army in Fort Hood. After coming to Portsmouth, he had recently received a letter saying either he or I should return to Fort Hood and pick up some stuff which he had left there in a locker. I said, "What's wrong with that?"

He told me he was worried because he thought a pound of marijuana was in the locker. He explained he had contracted with someone to send him a pound of marijuana and put it in that locker. I said, "Is my name on that?"

He said he had also put my name on it. I wasn't perturbed, but I didn't want to get involved. I said, "Well, they can't do nothing to me, right? They can't prove nothing on me."

I thought to myself that I could have problems at law school if word of this reached the bar committee. That might cause me a few complications. I thought, "Well, they can't prove nothing on me. I haven't done anything."

James was obviously upset; he feared someone knew what was going on.

In the room was a small gas stove which had many cigarette butts and burnt matches on its top. James walked over and crammed into his mouth everything lying on the stove. Amazed, I said to James, "What are you doing?"

He sat there munching, finally put one of his fingers to one of his nostrils, pushed it, and blew out the other nostril. I was amazed to see a fire come out the nostril. The fire went to the top of stove and caused the stove to ignite inside. James then swallowed the rest of the stuff in his mouth.

**Dream of: 23 May 1982 (4)**  
**"Leadership"**

I was taking a three hour test for a class which seemed like my law school "bills and notes" class. I was sitting on the left side of the back of the room. The test consisted of three essay questions. The professor, an older woman, had never taught the class before. This was the first class she had taught at Baylor Law School, and it appeared this might only be a temporary assignment for her. About

half way through the test the professor called out the time. The test had started at 8:20. It sounded as if she said it was ten till ten, but I was unsure, so I asked Elder (a fellow law student) who was sitting to my right. He said the professor had said ten till ten. I continued writing, realizing my time was half over.

I wrote for about another half hour, then began going back over one of my answers. I had made numerous grammatical errors. For example I had written "in" instead of "it." I began correcting the errors.

I had finished two questions, and still had one complete question to answer.

Suddenly the professor walked over to one of the students named Trish, an older woman with bleached gray hair, who was sitting on the right side

of the front of the class. Some commotion ensued. It looked as if Trish had borrowed some paper from the person next to her. The professor was upset by that, and it sounded as if the professor was telling Trish that Trish wouldn't be able to turn in her paper. I asked Elder if he could tell what was going on. He was clearly on the side of the professor and with a smirk said Trish hadn't had the right paper.

When Trish stood up to leave, I also stood up because I didn't understand what was going on and I wanted to know what had happened. As I walked toward Trish, Elder followed me. I could tell the other students in the room were also upset and didn't know what was going on.

Finally I understood that Trish had been using yellow paper instead of

white paper, and the professor had told her she couldn't use yellow paper. When Trish had borrowed white paper from her neighbor, the professor had told her that wasn't allowed. Finally the professor had told Trish to take her paper and leave.

The students settled down and began working again on their tests. I noticed a couple people writing their answers in Russian. That seemed interesting to me.

But I couldn't take it anymore and suddenly shouted out, "Wait a minute! This isn't right! She didn't know she couldn't take her test on yellow paper. Nothing was said at the beginning of the class."

I saw another woman who looked like Thornton (a law student). It looked as

if she were taking her test on yellow paper and nothing was being said to her. I continued arguing for a while longer, finally grabbed my paper and said, "Well, if that's the case..."

I crumpled up my paper and said,  
"There's my paper."

I threw my paper in the middle of the floor. Elder was still standing close to me, and seemed offended by what I had done. He seemed to be astounded, as if he thought I were doing something terrible. Obviously he was only interested in making a good grade. But I heard several people say, "Way to go Steve. Yea, that's right, Steve."

A couple other people crumpled up their papers and threw them down. I noticed Gray (a law student) crumple his paper and throw it into the pile.

As the papers kept coming I began counting, "There's six. There's seven. There's eight. There's nine. There's ten."

The pile kept growing. I knew the course was for three or four hours and everyone who was joining in would lose those hours. That showed courage on their parts. But Leah didn't join in. She just sat there. I thought to myself, "A lot of these people won't do it. They just want to get the advantage of the test. That's all they care about."

I felt good because I had spoken up. That was also what I was learning in law school – to speak up on somebody's behalf. I felt it had taken some leadership quality to do that.

**Dream of: 24 May 1982 "Editor"**

I was sitting close to the door in a class conducted by Morrison (a law professor), who was writing on the blackboard in front of the class. In front of me was a paper sack which I had brought to the class. I was only planning to stay about 15 minutes in the class before leaving. When 15 minutes had passed, I waited until Morrison had his back turned, then grabbed my sack and walked out.

I had transferred to a law school in the Shawnee State University. I felt good about going to law school in Portsmouth, although I didn't think it would be as good a law school as Baylor Law School. I would miss the Baylor practice court program. But I thought that would be all right. I was mainly just glad I was in my fifth quarter. Besides, I wouldn't mind learning some Ohio law.

I had a property class scheduled on one of the upper floors of the college at 8 o'clock this morning. I arrived late, and instead of going to the classroom, I walked into the lounge and sat down. When a man walked in, the two of us began talking. He told me he had written a book, and he suggested that if I weren't doing anything, perhaps I could edit it by looking for errors. I said, "Oh, you want me to look for typographical and grammatical errors."

He replied, "Exactly."

He handed me a large, thin book. I opened it to the first page, which appeared to have a poem written on it. But it was written in another language and I couldn't read it well.

One word was spelled "wae." I thought it was a German word, and had been meant to be spelled "was."

So I made a mark in the book  
indicating that the "e" should be an  
"s."

I turned to the next page, which had a  
picture on it. As I looked at it, it  
seemed I was actually holding the  
object in the picture in my hand. It  
was a sculpture. Since there were no  
words on it, I was uncertain what to  
do with it. As I looked at it more, I  
realized it was hardened pieces of  
bacon which had been glued  
together. It was in the shape of a  
horse and chariot. The details of the  
horse and chariot and been executed  
quite well.

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I was in the Gay Street House. I was  
going to have another class a little bit  
later. Meanwhile, I was thinking of  
going upstairs where I thought I had

some Playboy magazines. I felt like masturbating, but I put it in the back of my mind, and I began looking for some other books which I needed for two classes coming up. Each class would last half an hour. I didn't need any books for one class, but for the other I needed a book on income taxes.

I was in one of the upstairs rooms looking for the books, when my mother walked in. She said she had been talking with my father and had learned that he was glad that I was in law school. She said my father had told her that even if I began having problems, it would be all right, because later when I become a lawyer, I would be able to afford a psychiatrist.

I asked my mother if she had seen my book. She said she hadn't, and she

asked me which book I was are looking for. I replied, "Income tax book."

I continued looking, but I still couldn't find it. I had to leave because it was time for the class. When I saw a book which looked like the one I was looking for, I picked it up and said "Well, I just hope this is it."

### **Dream of: 25 May 1982 "Effects Of Honey"**

I was in the passenger side of the front seat of a car being driven by a person who seemed like one of my older uncles. A third person was sitting in the middle. He seemed both like my first cousin Alan and Weitz (a fellow law student). I was riding around somewhere in Gallia County, Ohio. I could tell that my uncle wanted like to ask me some legal

questions about a legal problem which he had. As I began talking, I could tell that the fellow in the center was skeptical about what I was saying. I said, "Well, one thing I have to say is, you never know what it's like in the South really, until you've actually lived there."

My uncle said, "Yea, that's right."

I said, "I've never lived in the South. And you know, I, for instance, didn't know, that there had been a dual system of schools, one for blacks, one for whites, in the South. All this time I had been living up in the North and had never realized that cause I'd never come in contact with it. It's such a common thing. That existed until 1954 in the Supreme Court case of Plessy versus Ferguson."

My cousin in the middle corrected me, saying, "1964."

Apparently my cousin had studied this area and knew something about it. I replied, "Oh, you might be right. Maybe it was 1964."

I continued talking, "And you know, it must mean something that Alabama, all the important civil rights cases have come out of Alabama. Well not all of them, but most, some of the most important have come out of Alabama."

Finally my uncle got to the question he wanted to ask me. He asked I if I knew anything about honey. He had been eating honey lately, and wanted to know about its effects on his system. I said, "Well, I would think it would go into the system faster, because it's liquid, in a liquid form,

and it doesn't have to be broken down  
like something solid."

I compared honey to other liquids. I thought about how tea or a stimulant like coffee quickly entered the system. Since honey was liquid, I thought it would be the same. I apparently had been studying the subject some while in law school.

**Dream of: 26 May 1982 "Going To  
Get Better"**

While my father and I were sitting in a room watching television, the phone rang in the next room. When I answered the phone, a female voice on the other end said, "Hello, Steven."

She said her name was Glen, but I immediately knew she was Louise. She said, "I'm going to get better. I couldn't stand to hurt you. I've been

thinking about what I said earlier and I'm going to borrow some money from my father and Andy to help me out."

When she said she had been thinking about what she had said earlier I knew she was referring to a conversation we had had in which she had been rather nasty to me. I didn't know what to say. I was surprised to hear from her because I had concluded we probably wouldn't be seeing each other anymore, but now that she was on the phone I wanted to talk with her.

**Dream of: 28 May 1982**  
**"Withdrawing Money"**

After Louise, who was wearing a blue dress, and I walked up to what appeared to be a teller's window in a bank, I told the woman behind the window I wanted to withdraw some

money from an account which I had there. I needed to withdraw the money because Louise needed to borrow about \$50 from me. I had about \$1,100 in the account and I told the woman I wanted to withdraw it all. When the woman asked me how I wanted the money, I told her to give Louise \$50 in coins and to give me \$50 in tens and twenties and the balance in larger bills. The woman threw about five rolls of coins and some loose coins onto the counter for Louise. I asked Louise, "Would you rather have bills or are coins OK?"

Louise looked at the coins and said,  
"No, they're fine."

The loose coins were bright, new and shiny and were unlike regular United States coins. They were made of bright, shiny, silver metal and part of the surface of the coins was flat with

no design. They were rather pretty; maybe I would like to have some myself. But the lady handed me \$50 in bills.

The lady then brought out a large cardboard box, put it on the counter and began filling it with big stacks of money – twenties, fifties and hundreds. A couple stacks were about 20 centimeters high. I wasn't quite sure what I was going to do with all the money, and I was rather apprehensive, because it was about 2 a.m.

While the teller continued putting money in my box, some other people who wanted to reach her lined up behind me. Even while I was standing here, one person managed to transact some business with the teller. A second woman who had some money to give to the teller walked up. But

instead of giving the money to the teller, she put it in my box. I was afraid it was going to become mixed with my money, and, seeing exactly how much she had put in it, said, "No. No. Don't put it in the box."

She pulled it back out.

The teller had also given me many loose bills. When I stacked them up, they were about 10 centimeters high.

I was unsure, but thought I might somehow be able to stuff them into my billfold. I began taking the stacks of money from the box and putting them on the counter. But since there was so much of it, I decided to stack it back in the box, and began doing so. Louise had also acquired some stacks of money and I told her she could put her stacks of money in my box.

I picked up the box, and Louise and I walked away. I then realized we were actually at the bus station in Portsmouth. Because of the time, I didn't want to walk around with so much money; it was all the money I had in the world. If I were robbed I would have difficulties.

We decided to try to catch a taxi and leave. I called a taxi on the phone, and we walked out a side door and around to the front of the bus station.

While I stood there a moment, I noticed quite a few unsavory people standing around. I was apprehensive and unsure what to do. Suddenly I saw a taxi coming down the street, but it was already filled with what appeared to be Mexicans. The taxi pulled up, three or four people (who seemed to be speaking Spanish) ran toward it and jumped in. The taxi was

obviously much too crowded for us to board and it quickly drove away.

Louise walked inside the bus station and stood inside the door, while I remained outside trying to decide what to do. When I saw two other taxis coming down the street one after the other, I ran toward them and motioned for them to stop. But neither did. The drivers looked at me and made a motion as if they had to go around the block and couldn't stop. Since I thought maybe they would return and stop, I stepped back inside the door to wait.

I then noticed that a short, stocky, rather grotesque, older man dressed in brown had walked up to Louise and had hit her as hard as he could in the face. She recoiled and, as I watched in amazement, he hit her again and again. I thought it was probably a

ploy to rob her and that if I became involved I would also be robbed. I knew the money I had was all I had in the world and I didn't want to lose it. I pulled my billfold from my pocket and held it tightly in my hand. The money in the billfold seemed more important than the money in the box. I thought about putting the billfold into my front pocket, but instead I just held onto it.

Finally I went to Louise, pulled her over to the side and handed her the box. I turned around and pushed the man away. Another equally grotesque man came up behind me and grabbed me from behind. The first man grabbed me by the feet. Together they picked me straight into the air parallel to the ground and held me. The man holding my legs held them tightly and in an extremely

uncomfortable, painful position. They carried me through a door which went into the main lobby of the bus station where there was a large crowd of about 100 people. But no one did anything to help me.

I saw a couple men (about 80 years old) in police uniforms. They were guards, but they didn't seem to be doing anything. The men carried me right up to the guards, who then stepped up and asked the men to put me down. But the men refused and the guards were apparently powerless. I continued looking at the men holding me and the guards. The whole situation seemed so grotesque and unreal. I couldn't understand how all that was happening and how those people were doing that to me. It didn't make any sense at all.

## **Dream of: 02 June 1982 "Bright Orange Light"**

While sitting in the back of a class being held in a building in Patriot, Ohio, I was recording the lecture on my small tape recorder. I pressed the wrong button on the recorder and began having difficulties with it.

Although not loud, the recorder began playing something which I had previously taped. I could hear it and Randle (a law student), sitting next to me, could hear it. I was uncertain whether the professor could hear it.

Three or four times I tried to correct the problem, but every time I pressed the wrong button and the recorder began playing. The recordings seemed to be of previous lectures which I had recorded. Once some pretty flute music came across the recorder. The flute was being

accompanied by another instrument.

It was so good, I was uncertain whether it was my flute music I had recorded, or someone else playing the flute. I thought it might even be a radio station.

I walked outside to see if I could straighten out the tape recorder.

Randall left with me. We were standing on a small street. Randle asked me what I was doing. I explained that I was working on my tape player, which was also a radio. I showed him the place where the ear plug could be inserted.

We moved a bit so we were standing behind a large black van which was between us and the school building. The school building was a one-room white building, sitting on a hillside. It almost reminded me of a church.

I continued working on the tape recorder, still making some noise. I hoped no one inside could hear it.

Suddenly I looked up; professor Newton was standing in the doorway of the building. He had been the professor in the class which I had just left. He was wearing a long coat. It was dark outside and everything around him was dark. But a bright orange light was shining in the doorway behind Newton, highlighting his silhouette. Randle said, "Uh oh. There's Newton. We better get out of here."

Randle left and I thought, "Well, maybe I better hide so he won't see me. Well, no. There's no reason for me to really hide. I don't care."

When I continued working, Newton walked down behind the van to where I was. He squatted down and began

talking with me. I suddenly realized I was standing in a muddy area, and every time I moved, I got more mud on me.

Newton didn't seem angry, but he was very forceful with what he was saying. He expressed his dislike for my recording. Apparently he was upset because I had made noise while I was recording, although I wasn't quite clear why.

I had long hair falling down around my eyes. I had pulled it back, but still was looking at him through the hair. Newton's hair was also longer than usual, and he looked somehow different than usual. As he talked, I looked into his eyes, trying to understand what he was trying to say.

Earlier in the class Newton had compared students to moles. He had

said that if a professor paid any attention to students, then the students would just act like moles and do things for the professors.

As Newton continued talking, I finally understood that he wanted me to do something for him. There was some kind of connection behind him and me; he was paying special attention to me – he was somehow favoring me.

I should therefore feel like a mole, willing to do his bidding. He didn't act condescending or disdainful; his behavior was simply matter-of-fact.

He was simply giving me an opportunity to prove myself.

He said he had done the same thing with someone before, and that person had done what Newton had wanted.

He explained what he wanted. He said that every morning I had to gather wood and bring it into the

school room for a fire. My job would be to go out and gather the wood. Newton was detached as he spoke. He didn't show any feeling toward me. He simply had picked me out for this chore.

I didn't have to do it, and I didn't particularly want to do it. The job sounded so menial; I might do it. But it seemed as if it would take much effort to go out and gather up wood. I debated whether I wanted to. I wasn't even sure where I would get the wood. I thought, "Well, maybe the woods already been gathered up around here."

Newton said something about "helping others help themselves" or "helping them help you." I said, "Well, the first thing I could probably do to help myself would be to step out of this mud."

I moved a bit to step out of the mud to a dryer place while Newton talked.

He told me he was a lawyer with developed capabilities. He said he worked for a nationwide backpack company and a tin shoe corporation.

He mentioned another company he worked for, then said, "Now those are three companies I'm now working for."

I thought that backpacks did have a useful purpose. I tried to understand what he was saying about these companies for which he was working. It seemed as if he were trying to say that this represented something. But I detected a bit of diffidence in him, as if he were somewhat unsure of himself. At the same time, I detected a great deal of confidence, as if he did have a plan behind his actions. He seemed fairly young, and a bit shaky.

Yet he had something he was trying  
to tell me.

**Dream of: 09 June 1982 "Lucid  
Calmness"**

I was sitting in a restaurant at a  
round, wooden table talking with  
Leah (a law school classmate, my age,  
with whom I became friends in law  
school). After a while Leah rose and  
left – apparently to go to the  
restroom.

When a girl sitting on a bench close  
to my table spoke to me, I walked  
over and sat beside her on her left.

She had brunette hair which fell  
down around her shoulders,  
cascading into her face so I couldn't  
distinguish her features well at first.

When I finally did see her face  
clearly, I perceived it had dark, red  
marks on it. I was unsure whether she

had a skin disease or whether the marks were birth marks. Other than that, she was quite pretty.

She began telling me she was also a law student and was a quarter behind me in school. She said people in her quarter gossiped a great deal. I thought perhaps she was going to tell me some gossip, even though I wasn't particularly interested in hearing it. Instead she began talking about her personal life and said something about her child. I was surprised and blurted out, "You mean you have children?"

She replied she did. She said she had not just one, but three children. I asked whether they were boys or girls. She said something that sounded like "Bruce" or "Baron." Since the Spanish word for male is "baron," I thought maybe she had

said something about "barones," but then she said they were all girls. I commented about how young she looked and said, "You must have started out awfully young."

While we talked she seemed to be drawing closer to me and I detected a certain mutual, sexual attraction, but still I was rather repelled by the red marks on her face and I didn't want to kiss her. I looked across the room and thought I saw Leah. I thought if Leah came back I could say, "Well, here's a girl I could easily take to bed," as if to prove how easy it was for me to find women. Considering the girl's face, however, I thought my success wouldn't be very impressive.

When I turned back to the girl, she was right next to me. She placed her hand across me onto my left leg clad in blue jeans. She slipped her hand up

and placed it right between my legs.

For a split second I thought it felt good but then immediately knew I wanted her hand away from me. But it was too late. She dug her fingers into my genitals and squeezed as hard as she could. I thought I heard her say, "Now I gotcha."

I tried to pull her hand off but it was futile. I feared I was going to be badly injured.

Suddenly I realized I was dreaming and I became lucid. A certain calmness set in. I knew I could either continue in the situation and try to control it or I could command myself to awaken. I choose to awaken because I just wanted to escape.

I awoke somewhere in the country. I had picked up a short log and placed it on my shoulders, but then I realized

the log had ants in it and I threw it to the ground. As I bent over to examine the ants, I heard a buzzing around my left ear. I thought it was some kind of wasp and I began swatting at it with my left hand.

**Dream of: 15 June 1982**  
**"Extremely Eloquent"**

I was sitting in a lounge area of Baylor Law School. Donna, Cosby and Fulkerson (all law students) were also there, and we all decided to practice as if we were in court. I stood and gave one side of an argument of a case. I was extremely eloquent. I was precise with my words and I didn't stutter or stumble. I was surprised I could stand and fashion an argument so quickly when I wasn't prepared.

What would it be like when I was prepared? I thought I had done quite well. I began thinking it might be a

mistake to have Jon as my partner in practice court. I was concerned he might not be that good.

Fulkerson stood up on the other side of the room and began speaking. A television was on in the room and I asked Fulkerson to turn it off because I couldn't hear him well. He turned it off and then went on with his argument. He was likewise good, but I didn't think he had been as good as I had been.

Donna had been listening to us, and we wanted her to decide which side had won. She was going to do that, but she had to go somewhere, so she and I left the building.

We walked out of the building and boarded her car, which she began driving. As we drove along, we continued talking about the case that

Fulkerson and I had been arguing. I could tell she wasn't interested in what we had been doing.

It slowly occurred to me that Donna and I didn't have much in common, and that in fact, I didn't even like Donna much anymore.

We weren't far from the school when she pulled up to a store and said she had to go in for a minute. I stepped out of the car and said, "I'll just walk from here."

She looked at me funny and said, "OK."

I looked down; I was wearing black shoes and a brown pair of pants. Even though it was a rather warm day, I was also wearing black gloves. For some reason I had grabbed the gloves when we had left and I had brought them with me.

## **Dream of: 15 June 1982 (2)**

### **"Circle As A Symbol"**

A handsome black-haired boy (about 12 years old) went to see a woman who knew the boy had been taking some drugs. The woman had a kit on a flat tray. The kit contained some pictures and designs about different kinds of drugs. The woman hooked up a little, long, flat mirror to the tray in order to see the backs of all the symbols on the tray so she could tell what they meant. She was searching for a design which looked like a circle, which represented a pill. Somehow she was able to determine that the boy had been taking a certain kind of pill.

She then turned to the boy and told him to stick out his index and middle fingers right in front of him and then to look at them and tell her if he could

see the tips of his fingers. It was obvious that the boy was becoming more and more affected by the drug he had taken and obviously he couldn't see the tips of his fingers. The expression on his face revealed that he was becoming strained and scarred. The woman could immediately tell there was a problem. She grabbed his hands, moved them closer to him and asked, "Now can you see it? Now can you see it?"

She was beginning to think the boy might have taken an overdose, and she might have to call an ambulance to come for him.

**Dream of: 15 June 1982 (3)**  
**"Average Kisses"**

Donna (an attractive law school classmate with whom I had become friends) came to visit me in a mobile

home where I was living. She and I hadn't been getting along well lately, and as she sat on the couch, I explained to her that I was unsure about her and her attitude about things. Next to her were two wires. One appeared to be for a radio which apparently connected Donna to something outside. I had the feeling it connected her to a Bible school.

I sat next to Donna and told her I had been having dreams about her in which she hadn't been portrayed in the best of light. I then began kissing her. I was uncertain whether I should be kissing her, but I continued for quite a while. Her kisses were only average.

**Dream of: 18 June 1982**  
**"Homegrown"**

The quarter had ended at law school, and I had decided to return to Ohio for a couple weeks. I was sitting on the passenger side of the front seat of a car headed to Ohio. A woman who looked like Youngblood (a fellow female law student) was driving. My brother Chris was sitting in the middle between us. It turned out that Youngblood (like Chris) had muscular dystrophy. She couldn't move around well, but she still had enough strength in her arms and legs to drive.

Chris and I fell sleep for a while and when we awoke, Youngblood was still driving. This was the first time she had ever driven, and as we proceeded, I commented on how well she was doing.

Youngblood had a mole on the right side of her stomach near her bottom

rib; a hair was growing out of it. It was similar to a mole I had on the left side of my stomach. Chris, sitting between us, was pulling the hair on Youngblood's mole with one hand, and pulling the hair on my mole with the other hand.

We weren't on a highway, but on a two-lane road in a hilly area. Youngblood steered into the left lane to pass a car. After we had passed the car, but while we were still in the left lane, a red van backed out into the road ahead of us on the right side. The van stopped and then pulled back in. Just as I told Youngblood to be careful, the van suddenly pulled out again all the way into the left lane where we were. I wanted to tell Youngblood to put on the brakes, but I couldn't speak. As I watched the red van coming closer and closer, I knew

we were going to crash into it and I closed my eyes. I felt a slight impact and I knew Youngblood had careened to the right and had avoided hitting the van head on.

When I opened my eyes, I saw we had run off the road and come to a stop. I got out of the car and walked to the front of our car, which also was red.

The car wasn't hurt badly. The headlight was gone on the right front. There was just a hole where the headlight should have been.

After examining the car, I looked inside to see if everyone was all right. Youngblood didn't know what she was doing. She began driving the car forward straight into a wide deep ditch. The front wheels fell down into the ditch. The car went down in such a way that I could no longer see inside it. I began hollering to

Youngblood to keep going so she could get out of the ditch. I walked to the back of the car, which was raised up in the air, and I tried to push it down so the wheels could get some traction. Youngblood began giving the car the gas. The wheels began spinning but the car didn't move. I kept pushing until finally the wheels caught. The car moved ahead out of the ditch.

The car stopped and another fellow jumped out. He walked over to examine the van. He hollered back to me that the van wasn't badly damaged. It only had one long scratch on it.

I walked over to a nearby old country house. Three men in their late 20s were standing nearby. They were apparently the ones who had been in the van. I wasn't angry, but I didn't

know what to think about what they had done. I walked up and asked them if they knew better than to back a van across the road like that. One walked up to me and I said, "Well, who's fault's this going to be."

He pointed at me and said, "You."

I pointed back at him and said, "No, you. We're going to sue you for every penny we can."

He replied, "And I'm going to join you in the suit."

However we didn't seem to be angry with each other. Finally I said, "Well, look, I don't really want to sue you. I don't want to gather all these people up and sue 'em."

He agreed. I asked him if he lived in the state. We were still in Texas. He said he did and he named the city

where he lived. He was headed to that city. I said, "Well, I live all the way in Ohio."

We both realized it would be futile to try to sue each other.

In the meantime the other fellow with me walked behind a small shed sitting nearby. He came back and said, "Guess what I found. I found something that's enough to pay for all our damages."

I asked, "What?"

The fellow from the van quickly ran behind the shed. I asked my companion, "What'd you find? Some pot?"

He answered, "Yea."

I said, "Well, I wouldn't mind one with those guys."

He answered, "Well, come on."

He and I walked behind the shed where I saw six or seven fifty-pound dog food bags filled with marijuana. I opened up a bag; it contained the tops of marijuana plants. I asked, "What kind is it? Is it homegrown?"

One of the other fellows said, "Yea. We shouldn't have bought it, because I could have just grown it myself."

Apparently he had just bought the marijuana. I thought, "Man I wish I had my little cassette player to be recording everything this guy says. I could just have it in my back pocket and be pressing the record button, about him having this dope, and he'd never know I was even recording it. If I went to trial and wanted to use it against him as evidence, I could."

I pulled some marijuana out of the bag. It was very dry and had many seeds. I put it back in the bag.

One of the fellows pulled out some cigarette papers and began rolling a joint. He also had a small hose from which he squirted water on the joint. I thought, "Well why would he want to make it wet? It'd be harder to light if it's wet."

I turned to the fellow with me and said, "Well I know what I'm going to be doing all the way to Ohio. I'm just going to be stoned."

### **Dream of: 25 June 1982 "Call To Prayer"**

Louise and I were in a large building in a foreign country. She was in trouble. When I learned that some men in this foreign country had been badly mistreating her, I swore to take

her away. Together we had arrived at this building where I hoped she might be safe until we could leave. We soon found some stairs inside the building and ascended them all the way to the roof. Once we had stepped out onto the spacious flat roof, we began walking around. As I surveyed the roof-top, I became distracted for a few moments when I noticed some small round multi-colored objects which resembled Kubrick's cubes. Curious, I picked up some of the cubes and began examining them more closely.

But my attention was soon drawn to another man on the roof. When I began talking with the man, he informed me that the owner of the building was presently on vacation and that someone else was living in the building in the meantime. The

man said that since the owner was away, Louise could live here in the building for fifteen or sixteen dollars a month. I liked the idea. This would be an excellent place for her to stay.

Now, more relaxed, thinking Louise would be safe here, I lay down on my back on the roof. Although some other men had showed up on the roof and seemed to be annoying Louise, I didn't concern myself with them because they didn't appear to be doing her any harm. Finally Louise even began having a friendly conversation with one of the men, an older bald man.

When I suddenly heard the Moslem call to prayer, I realized we were actually in a Moslem country. I immediately decided to heed the call and pray. Since my head was already pointed toward the east (the direction

I thought the Moslems faced when praying), I at first thought I would simply pray to God while I remained lying on my back. But then I decided it would be disrespectful to stay on my back. So instead, I turned over and bowed on my knees toward Mecca in the east, which I thought was in the same direction from where the call to prayer seemed to be coming. A person on my right and another person on my left were also bowing and praying. As I concentrated deeply, I seemed to perceive an almost magnetic force in the distance calling me to pray.

I figured Louise didn't know what I was doing. As soon as I had finished praying, I jumped up, strode over to her and pulled her away from an older man next to whom she was now lying. When the fellow glared angrily

at me, I ignored him and asked Louise, "Louise, do you know what that call was?"

Uncertain, she responded, "No."

I explained that the call had been the summons to prayer, and then added, "You're going to have to start doing that."

I thought Louise needed to begin praying – it was dangerous not to follow the custom as long as we were in this country. Everyone was supposed to pray and if she didn't, trouble might ensue. Praying might also dissuade the other men here from bothering her. Besides that, I thought praying had some value in itself, that prayer was part of my belief system, and that Louise should pray because it was beneficial. She

responded, "Yes, you're right. I'm going to have to start doing that."

I clattered, "Yes, you're going to have to start doing it five times a day. It'll be five times every day."

She said, "Yes. I'm going to do it."

Although Louise happily and exuberantly agreed with what I was saying, she didn't seem to know exactly what was going on.

### **Dream of: 26 June 1982**

#### **"Abandoned"**

My mother, my sister, another person and I were in a small blue car which I was driving. We were in Texas, driving from Mexico. I pulled the car over to the side of the road so I could check something. I got out of the car, and when I bent over to check something on the car, I noticed a

pretty, clean German Shepherd dog next to me. Another car was parked nearby with its hood raised. Another small ragged gray dog which looked like a stray jumped up on the hood of that car, and then down into the engine. When the dog came back out, it was actually clean; it had wiry gray hair like a fox terrier. It was pretty.

A roadside park was across the road; I figured someone had probably stopped there and that their dogs had gotten out to walk around.

Meanwhile, my mother and my sister had opened the hood to our car. I walked up to it; smoke was coming out of the engine. Had I forgotten to check the oil? Had I burnt up the engine? I thought I had recently checked the oil. Then I realized the smoke was actually steam. I looked at the water hose coming off the

radiator; the steam was coming out of a small hole in the hose. We were losing water and would soon have to get water in it.

I put down the hood, got back in the car and we continued on. We arrived at a small town, through which I drove until I saw a small grocery store. I pulled up in front of the store, got out of the car and walked into the store. The store was empty except for one shelf in the middle. I was looking for canned goods, but only five or six different types of can goods, including sardines, were on the shelf.

A man standing behind a counter appeared to be preparing small square pieces of brown meat. I didn't see anything I wanted, although I was quite hungry.

When some other people walked in, I realized everyone spoke Spanish; no one seemed to understand any English. I wanted to buy some canned soup, and I thought about telling the man behind the counter that I wanted some "sopa," but I was uncertain I should ask him. So instead I snared one fellow's attention and said to him, "Donde hay una tienda de almuerzo in esta ciudad?"

He looked puzzled, as if he couldn't understand what I was saying. I spoke again in Spanish, both to him and another person, but they didn't seem to understand me. It occurred to me that they might be offended because I had asked for another store, when they wanted to sell me what little bit of food they had there. I started to leave. Just as I headed out, however, I noticed a side room which

appeared to have some canned goods in it. I specifically noticed some jars of honey in the other room.

I walked outside. I was astonished to find that the car was gone and nobody was waiting for me. I didn't even know where I was. I thought, "Well they must have driven up the street and they're going to come right back."

Nevertheless I was irked. I thought, "What I probably ought to do is just hide, so they can't find me. When they come back I won't even be here. Then they'll have to look for me."

I kept walking up the street. It was a small village. I looked down a side street and saw some large black towers, apparently for a large factory. I kept walking. Suddenly a small gray car pulled up in front of me right next

to me. Some Hispanic men were in the car; one motioned me to him. I walked to him. He was wearing black gloves, and he had something in the car, but I couldn't tell what it was. I immediately realized they were going to try to harm me. I backed off and began running back up the street.

The men just sat there.

I ran up the street until I saw a sign to my right which said, "Grocery Store." I didn't think the men in the car could see me and I turned into the store. I noticed some sardines for sale. I saw one long shelf in the grocery store, and thought I might be able to hide behind it, but instead I stood by the window, where I could see the gray car coming up the street.

The grocery store was on a corner, and the car went around the corner of the store and continued on down the

street. When I had run into the store, I had hoped the people in the car would think I had turned the corner and run down the street. Apparently they had.

After the car had passed, I stepped back outside. I walked down the street, wondering where my mother and my sister were. I didn't think they would abandon me. Perhaps someone had kidnapped them.

Other people were out walking around. The street was dirt. Off to the left of the street I came to a group of seven or eight couples lying on the ground. They were kissing and hugging, and although they were dressed, they seemed to be having an orgy. I watched them for a few minutes. I got so close to one couple that I was standing right over top of them. The man pulled the woman's

one piece suit down all the way to her navel, exposing her breasts. I thought he was going to pull the top all the way down. I didn't quite know what to make of what I was seeing. Finally I turned and walked off.

By this time I realized no one wanted to have anything to do with me and that no one was going to help me. I walked up to another man on the street and I asked him something. He answered, "No hablo ingles."

I said, "Yo hablo espanol."

He looked at me and turned away. Other people were standing nearby, and I screamed to them, "Yo hablo espanol! Yo hablo espanol! Pero ustedes son muy alejados!"

**Dream of: 28 June 1982**  
**"Lebanon"**

My father was driving a car in which my mother was sitting in the front passenger seat. My sister, my crippled brother Chris, and I were sitting in the back seat. My sister was sitting in the right passenger seat, Chris in the middle, and I on the left passenger seat. We were exiting the city of Beirut. As we departed, I argued my father about several subjects. I was becoming upset (although he wasn't) and I raised my voice.

As we drove along, I noticed many refugees leaving the city because the Israelis were bombing the area. Children and women (among the refugees) appeared to be in terrible shape and were having a difficult time. I screamed that the Israelis ought to be lined up and shot for what they were doing to these people. I

proclaimed, "Begin (Israeli prime minister Begin) ought to be the first one to be lined up and shot."

My speech irritated my father. Until then he had remained calm; but now he became angry and began arguing back. He didn't look like my father; he was young and had brown skin. I put my hands on his throat as if I were choking him, but my hands were small and I obviously wasn't hurting him. I was just pushing and shaking him.

I thought that the Lebanese and the Vietnamese were somehow connected, that the Lebanese had supported the Vietnamese during the Vietnam War, and that in fact the Lebanese were Vietnamese. I wondered and couldn't figure out why the United States hadn't bombed Lebanon during the Vietnam War.

My family and I now seemed to be in a large van which my father was driving extremely fast through the throng of thousands of refugees who were trampling in the road. As the refugees scattered in front of us, I hollered to my father, "Slow down! Slow down! You're going to hit one of them!"

The refugees barely abandoned the road in time. I was sure he was going to hit one, but he never did. When he continued to drive fast, I told my mother to tell him to slow down.

When he finally slowed down, I realized my father himself was from Lebanon, and I asked, "Aren't you Lebanese?"

He answered, "Yes, I'm Lebanese. I'm a steel foreman."

Apparently he worked in a steel factory.

Since he himself was Lebanese, I couldn't understand how he could be so callous about the sufferings of his own people. He seemed to think that the people were safe and that the Israelis were only doing what they had to do in order to flush out the terrorists.

I could see some truth in what he was saying. Although I agreed that the terrorists needed to be flushed out, I still disagreed with what he was saying.

We continued arguing until we reached a small town where things looked much better. The refugees disappeared. I looked at the people in the town and I said, "Well it looks like these people are doing all right."

Indeed the people there seemed to be doing well. We had traveled quite a ways from the city, and these people seemed removed from the war.

As we rode through the town, we came to a steel mill where the steel workers were dressed in orange uniforms. My father said something like, "This is not a religious place."

I was unsure what he meant and we continued through the town until we emerged upon a charming countryside where people were selling food along the road. The people looked poor, but they didn't seem to be devastated.

My father continued driving until we reached a mountainous area, a part of Lebanon which I had never seen. The mountains loomed larger and larger. When we reached the crest of a ridge,

I could see gigantic mountains in the distance. It was beautiful. I held Chris up so he could see. As I did so, I wondered whether it was even worth it that Chris see these things. But I thought that even though Chris was going to die young, it was just as important for him to see those sights as for anyone else to see them.

As we continued on, I wondered where my father was headed. We began descending from the mountains, riding toward the ocean. Soon we reached a place where we could see the ocean in front of us.

There was a bay and quite a few people were on the beach. Some had inner tubes and were lying in the water. Even though gigantic waves were breaking on the shore, people were swimming and some were lying in the sun in an area sheltered from

the waves. It all looked beautiful. Still holding Chris up, I was enthralled by the beauty of the place.

My father (driving fast) skidded around a curve. When we reached the beach, he drove right out into the sand, turned the car around, and became stuck. Although he couldn't go forward, he was able to back up onto some coral. I was unsure, but I thought we were going to have trouble getting out.

Everyone except Chris jumped out of the car. We wanted to see where we were. My father said, "They've roped off the road."

I saw some white ropes across the sand. My father said the area hadn't been roped off the last time he had been there.

I looked toward the water, which had an assortment of junk floating on it. The ocean had looked much better from inside the car.

Something in the water near the shore caught my eye, but I was unsure what it was. Looking closer, I thought it looked like a large white hat with a black band around it. It looked as if it were about three meters tall and about three meters in diameter.

When I looked back in the direction from which we had come, I saw a black man in a white shirt walking toward us. He must have been almost two and half meters tall. Unsure what he might want, I became apprehensive. I thought I had about \$150 in my wallet, which I quickly pulled out of the left pocket of the blue shorts which I was wearing. I

wanted to stick the wallet down the front of my shorts, but since I was afraid the man would see me, I quickly stuck the wallet inside the back of my shorts. Then I turned around and saw another man on the other side of us coming toward us. That bothered me.

When both men reached us, the black man was holding his hand behind his back. He turned around and I saw that nothing was in his hand. When he turned around again, however, he had a small black gun in his hand. I thought, "Oh, no. He's going to hold us up or something."

For a split instant, I thought I might be able to grab the gun -- but then it was too late. He pointed the gun toward my family. When I made an untoward step toward him, he quickly turned to me and pointed the gun

right at me. I had visions of the whole family being shot and left there. I thought I would be shot first. Even though the situation looked desperate, I tried to think of some way out.

### **Dream of: 29 June 1982 "Rooming House"**

I was sitting in a bathtub, taking a bath. The bathtub was in a large room which had many bathtubs in it.

Around my bathtub was a plastic curtain which separated my bathtub from the other tubs. The room was in a rooming house occupied by black people. The other tubs were for the other black people in the rooming house to take their baths in.

I hadn't completely shut the flimsy plastic curtain on the left side, so it was open in one spot.

As I sat in the tub, I noticed how dirty the water was. Many long hairs were floating on top the water. A terrible ring was around the tub where the water was. The water was growing quite cold. Finally I turned on the hot water. I sat up and moved closer to the faucet, relishing how good the hot water felt.

A girl walked up to the tub and stood outside the curtain. She asked me something about the hot water and I replied, "Yea, there's plenty of hot water."

The girl was pretty. She had short black hair and was wearing a red coat. I gathered that she was likewise going to take a bath in a tub next to mine. It was also surrounded by a plastic curtain. She stepped into the tub behind the curtain and began disrobing.

I stood up and began closing the curtains completely around my tub. I could see her figure through the plastic curtain, although I couldn't distinguish any features. Just as she finished taking off all her clothes, I brazenly reached out and pulled back the curtains to her tub. I stood looking at her. She was still wearing her red coat, although she had taken off all the rest of her clothes. As I looked at her, I was concerned that I was doing something wrong. But then I reached out, pulled her close to me, and began kissing her. For a minute she half resisted. Then she gave in and she didn't resist at all.

We continued kissing until I soon had an erection. I pulled her closer and closer to me. Somehow she turned around backwards and put one of her legs up on the side of my tub. I

reached down to her vagina and tried to insert my penis. But I was having difficulty because she was turned around backwards. I got closer, but still was having difficulty finding her vagina. As I continued trying to insert, I felt a hole, but was uncertain whether it was her vagina or her rectum. As I tried to push my penis in, we both suddenly lost our balance and she tumbled back into my bathtub into the water. One whole side of her red coat was drenched.

Upset, she jumped out of the bathtub.

She said something about her "car husband." I concluded that she had a husband and that they both lived in a car. Although the husband wasn't that important to her, she was worried because her coat was soaked on one side. She tried to wring the water out of it. Thinking she was going to leave,

I said, "Don't worry. We can go to my house. I've got a dryer there."

But she seemed terribly upset and I was unsure she was going to go with me.

### **Dream of: 30 June 1982 "Men On The Moon"**

I was at the House in Patriot, thinking of visiting the Swiver's house across the street. I looked across the street and saw Madeline Saunders (probably less than 20 years old) and a man pull up in a car and go in the house. I realized Madeline was now a Swiver and was living there. I knew she was divorced. I spoke to my uncle George (who was in the house with me) and he told me Madeline had just married the previous week.

Ron Bell (a Portsmouth acquaintance) was also in the House with me and he

began talking about Kim (a Portsmouth friend), who was also living in Patriot. Ron told me that he was attending college in Portsmouth, that he had seen Kim at the college and that he had concluded she attended college there. He wanted to go out with Kim. He also talked about Sussie (another friend from Portsmouth) and also about a third girl.

I wanted to tell him that all three of those girls were completely insane, not merely slightly disoriented, but really insane. I said nothing, however. I just listened to him talk.

My brother Chris (about 9 years old) was also there. He didn't look like himself. He didn't have muscular dystrophy and he was up walking around.

I motioned Ron over to the bathroom. After he entered the bathroom and sat down on the side of the tub, I walked over to his side and in his ear whispered, "Acid." He didn't seem to understand me. Some black dust was around the top of the tub and in it with my finger I wrote "LSD." I had written it because I didn't want Chris to hear me talking about it. I pointed at the word and asked, "Do you know where I can get any of that?"

Ron muttered, "LSD" under his breath. I turned around and saw Chris standing there. When Chris said he knew what I had written, I said, "What?"

"LSD," he replied.

I playfully punched Chris in the chest and he backed away.

Ron spoke up and told me he might know where he could get some. He asked me if I would like some "STP." I told him that I definitely didn't want any STP, that I only I wanted LSD, or maybe some mescaline or psilocybin. He said he knew where he could get some LSD in little square tablets which cost \$10 a tablet. I asked him how good it was and he maintained it was very good. He had taken some and it had made him see "men on the moon." I figured if I were to take two tablets, it should be pretty good.

He told me if we went to get some, he wanted me to also buy him a tablet. I began calculating that the whole thing was going to be fairly expensive. Two or three tablets would cost \$20-\$30. I was unsure I wanted to spend that much money. I thought

about asking him what color the tablets were.

He said we could probably get the tablets the next day. I didn't want to wait until the next day; I wanted it right then. If I were going to take it, I wanted to do it immediately.

We gravitated into the kitchen where a black fellow was sitting at the table. A second black fellow walked in and headed toward the bathroom, but he suddenly turned around and began speaking to the black fellow at the table in some African language. It sounded as if he were asking something about towels in the bathroom. I assumed the fellow at the table was living and working in the House and that the second black fellow had come from Africa to visit him. The sound of the language really

surprised me since I had never heard it before.

**Dream of: 01 July 1982**  
**"Commotion"**

Buckner and I had gone to a club which had a large dance floor in the middle. We sat down at a small wooden table and talked for a while.

Finally I realized a man was sitting behind me on an elevated bench. His knees were on both sides of me and were touching me. Realizing I was hemmed in, I said to Buckner, "Look, let's just move this table up."

We stood, pushed the table more to the center of the floor, then sat back down.

A waitress walked up and asked us if we wanted anything. I said, "No," but Buckner ordered a cup of coffee.

I had two books with me which I had laid on the table in front of me. One blue book (which resembled my law text book on secured transactions) said "Marketing." The other book was written in Spanish. The first four letters of the title were "Mark ...."

Buckner and I sat for quite a while watching people dance on the dance floor. They seemed to be doing an intricate dance which I didn't know how to do. It wasn't a waltz, but similar. I wanted them to do something I knew, such as country dancing or rock and roll. Buckner said the dance was the "hustle." I didn't know what the hustle was, although I had heard of it.

After the waitress had brought Buckner his coffee and he had drunk it, he decided he was going to dance. He stood and left. He walked to the

dance floor, but I couldn't see whom he had asked to dance.

The waitress came back and filled up Buckner's cup. But instead of coffee, she filled it with warm milk. I was hungry, and the milk looked so good, I took a drink of it. I set the cup back down.

A woman (about 40 years old) walked up to me on my right. Our table was right next to the dance floor. She asked me if I wanted to dance. Without even looking up to her, I said, "No." Wondering what she looked like, as she walked away, I looked up at her. She was rather small and unattractive. She was wearing a red dress. I watched her walk out onto the dance floor. Apparently she didn't know how to do the dance either. So she got behind someone and followed the steps of the person in front of her.

I thought, "That's not a bad idea. If I wanted to learn the dance, I could get out there and do that, too."

Buckner returned to the table and sat down. I thought he could tell that I had taken a drink of his milk, but he didn't seem upset about it. The waitress returned again, and I ordered a glass of milk.

Another woman walked up to the table and commented on the books. She asked me if I knew what was in the blue book which said "Marketing." I said, "I really haven't read anything in it."

That was the truth, because I hadn't gotten around to reading it yet.

Buckner and I began watching the dancers again. The couples were going in circles. Some women were wearing pretty dresses. I thought the

dance was so pretty that I might have to learn how to do it.

Finally Buckner and I left. In either that building or a nearby building we had a hotel room. The room was the last room at the end of a hall. We walked into our room. After we were inside, I realized someone was following us. I heard a noise in the adjoining room and I thought the noise might be from the person chasing us. I opened the door of our room and walked into the hall. The door of the adjoining room was open.

As soon as I tried to look inside, someone slammed the door in my face. I ran back into my room; there was a window between our room and the adjoining room. The window had metal bars on it and curtains on both sides.

I pulled back the curtains on our side; the curtains on the other side had also been pulled back. I said to Buckner, "They're over there. They're spying on us."

I ran back into the hall. The door to the adjoining room was open. I looked in and saw a man and woman inside.

They came out into the hall and I confronted them. The woman and I began having a terrible argument. She began screaming at me. I said, "Well, you've committed assault now."

She grabbed my arms. I said, "Now it's a battery. I'm going to call the police."

I was serious. I was definitely going to call the police. I thought by touching me, she had committed battery. I wasn't going to let her get away with that. When I walked over

to a phone in the hall, the woman came up to me. Now she began to look worried. I held the phone up and before dialing, said, "Look, if you don't touch me again, I won't call the police. Just don't touch me. I don't want you to touch me."

She backed away and said, "All right."

I walked back into our room, talked to Buckner for a moment, and learned that he had given the man in the other room a gun which Buckner had had. I thought, "How stupid that he would have given that man that gun."

Buckner had had a small hand gun. The man had talked with Buckner earlier and had asked to borrow the gun. Buckner had then given the gun to the man. I thought that was the stupidest thing in the world.

I walked back into the hall. The man was still there. I demanded that he give me the gun. He was very docile and simply handed the gun over to me. I walked back into our room and left the man in the hall. I walked over to a couch which was against the wall and pulled the couch out from the wall. Along the edge of the wall next to the floor was a space where I thought about putting the gun. I was concerned that maybe the police would come, especially after what had happened in the hall when I had threatened to call them. I was afraid if the police came, they would arrest me for having the gun. So I wanted to do something with it.

I felt along the wall trying to find a place big enough for the gun to fit, but I couldn't find it. But I did find a heat register and I was able to stick

the gun under it. I was then able to cover it with a flap of carpeting.

I looked up; the man was watching me. Since he had seen where I had put the gun, I pulled the gun back out and stuck it in my pocket.

I walked back into the hall. I could see a room with many liquor bottles in it at the end of the hall and I thought it was a bar. I thought people knew there had been some commotion at the end of the hall and they were out there watching us. I was unsure what would happen next.

### **Dream of: 03 July 1982 "Thrill In Dreams"**

I had gone to an assembly in an auditorium at Baylor University; the entire student body was gathered, seated around a large empty square in the middle. The stand for the

speaker was just to my right, behind the square. A man stood up there.

After the speaker had talked for about a minute, another man stood and in a loud voice interrupted the speaker. At first I thought the interruption was part of the speech, but then I realized the speaker was in the process of taking away a high office of the university – such as the office of president – from the man who had interrupted him.

Apparently a scandal had arisen in which some tapes had been involved.

The man being relieved of office began espousing his defense. The affair didn't make any difference to me, one way or the other, but I listened to what the man had to say, interested that he was talking like that. He kept talking and walking around the room. Obviously the

speaker, who was taking the man's job, was becoming uneasy. Finally the interrupter grabbed a microphone, and began talking into it, but another man came up and turned off the microphone.

I was eating some peanuts. Several students, including myself, shouted out, "Let him talk."

The girl next to me said, "Well, we shouldn't all say that at the same time."

The speaker said, "Go ahead. Let him talk."

The interrupter began talking again.

I suddenly awoke and realized the entire episode had been a dream. I was in a small restaurant where I had come to meet my girlfriend Louise. Louise didn't look like herself; she

looked exactly like one of my law school classmates named Elisha. As we were getting ready to eat, I began telling her about the dream. When I told her what had happened, she seemed disgusted. I asked her what was wrong and she said she didn't think I cared about her. She acted as if she had inferred from the dream that I no longer cared about her. I asked her why she thought that. I said, "Well, why do you think that? You just think that because I haven't dreamed about you for three or four days."

She said, "I'm just burned up already. You keep on thinking you're going to find some kind of thrill in those dreams."

**Dream of: 06 July 1982 "Circles Of People"**

While preparing for an exam, I began looking at a large book and on one large page "read" pictures of people which were arranged in seven or eight rows from left to right across the page. The pictures taught me something about history and law.

Reading the pictures was quite laborious, and although I was gaining much information, I was unsure I would have time to read everything the way I wanted.

One part of the first picture had something to do with Finland and another country whose name seemed to be "Auto." I tried to picture in my mind where Finland was and also tried to picture the countries which were on Finland's borders.

Switzerland came to mind, but I couldn't recall any country named

Auto. I couldn't clearly decipher that part of the picture.

I flipped to another picture and read it for quite a while. At the top was a circle of people with their arms around each other; at the bottom of the picture was a similar circle of people. Within each of the two circles was a smaller circle of people with their arms around each other. And within each of the smaller circles was yet a smaller circle of the same thing. A dark blue color predominated at the top of the picture.

I thought the picture was quite interesting, but since I needed to find more recent history or law, I leafed to the back of the book where I thought I would encounter the most recent pictures. Many pages of writing were interspersed among the pages of pictures, but I was only interested in

the pictures. As I searched for the latest pictures in the back of the book, a woman entered the room; I immediately decided I wanted to have sex with her. She reminded me of Louise, but she was taller and more slender than Louise. She seemed like a composite of many different women; I felt very close to her.

She and I were studying the same thing. I thought she could get down on her hands and knees and put the book in front of her. I could then have intercourse with her like a four legged animal and could read to her over her shoulder at the same time.

She immediately took off all her clothes and I took off all mine, except for a striped tee shirt.

As we were about to get down on the floor, I realized we were in the living room of the House in Patriot. The

door between the living room and the kitchen/dining room was open. Many people were in the kitchen/dining room; since I didn't particularly want them watching us, I rose and shut the door. I began looking for a lock; I saw a small hole-and-hook latch at the bottom of the door. I latched it part way and headed back toward the woman.

Just as I reached her, someone pushed on the door so that, although the door wouldn't open, a crack was created. Someone began peeking through the crack. Although I wanted to begin having sex, I walked back to the door. Apparently the person looking through the crack wanted into the living room. I said, "Go away."

But whoever was there insisted on being let in. I jerked open the door,

grabbed the person (a woman) by her hair and threw her on the floor inside the living room. I closed the door back. The woman was my step-aunt Lou, and she was pregnant. I heard people in the other room say, "Steve better not hurt her because she's pregnant."

For a second (because she was obviously so pregnant), I was worried I might have hurt her. She lay on the ground with her hands covering her face; but she seemed unhurt. Finally she smiled, rose and looked around the room as if to say she knew what the woman and I were doing in here. It was rather obvious what we had been doing, since the woman was nude and I was only wearing a tee shirt.

Finally Lou pushed the door back open (it was actually a swinging door)

and walked back out. I was very perturbed and although I knew many people were in the other room, I walked to the door and stood in the doorway in just my tee shirt while the people looked at me. Many of my family members, including my sister sitting on the couch, were in the other room. I finally pulled the door shut.

My woman friend walked over to me and together we began locking the door. We again locked the latch at the bottom and also latched at the top of the door – a silver hook-and-hole latch sturdier than the one at the bottom. We also latched a third tiny latch in the middle of the door. But even as we were locking the door, we began feeling pressure on it as if someone else was trying to push it open.

Meanwhile, I realized a door leading upstairs was also in the room. Realizing it was possible for someone to go upstairs from the other side of the House and come down into the living room where we were, I thought, "Well, they'll probably do that. They won't leave us alone."

I began thinking the woman and I should leave the door locked, go upstairs and try to escape from the upstairs, perhaps out onto the porch roof. I took the woman's hand and we began ascending the stairs.

### **Dream of: 08 July 1982 "The Suburbs"**

I was living in a small cottage in the suburbs. Although it was late at night, I was outside and could see a disturbance taking place among a group of people down the street. I

thought I should go inside and call the police and tell them to come. But I couldn't remember the name of the street. I saw a boy across the street. I hollered to him and asked him what the name of the street was. He told me a name, but I knew that was wrong. Then he hollered out another name.

I walked on in the house and picked up the phone. I tried to dial the police, but I didn't know the number.

I thought I would just call the operator and tell her this was an emergency, and ask her to give me the police. But when I looked at the numbers, I couldn't find the zero. The phone was a button type, and finally I saw a button with a zero on it. I pressed the button and the operator came on the phone. I said, "Operator,

this is an emergency. Give me the  
police department."

She asked me my name and she said,  
"You'll have to give me your number  
first."

I told her my name and said, "276-  
7015."

She said, "Thank you."

I thought, "Wait a minute. That's not  
right. My number's 756."

I said to the operator, "No operator,  
it's 756-7015."

She said, "All right. I'll check. I just  
checked and that first number wasn't  
listed in your name."

It seemed as if she was taking  
forever. Finally I said, "Operator,  
can't you go ahead and connect me

with the police department while  
you're checking."

She said she couldn't, that she had to  
check the number first to be  
absolutely sure. Finally she said, "I'm  
having a hard time. I can't seem to  
find it."

In exasperation I said, "Well,  
operator, just go ahead and check  
me."

I was becoming enraged. I said, "I  
can't believe this. Somebody's about  
to be killed outside. People are  
actually being killed outside. You've  
got to connect me with the police  
department."

She said she couldn't do that. I said,  
"Well can you just give me the  
number of the police department. I'll  
just dial it myself."

She said she couldn't give me the number. I said, "I can't believe this."

I knew my tape recorder was nearby. I picked it up, clicked the button and turned it on. I held it to my mouth and again said, "Operator, can you connect me with the police department."

I moved the tape player around to the ear part. Once again the operator said she couldn't give me the number. I asked her a couple more times. Finally I said, "Operator, what's your name."

She said she couldn't give that information. I said, "What is your number that you go by there at work."

She still wouldn't answer. Finally I said, "Well, look I've got your voice now. And I'm going to see to it, if it's the last thing I do, that you lose your

job. Cause there's no rhyme or reason for you not connecting me with the police department."

I hung up the phone. I began running through the house. I was afraid that the people from outside were going to attack me. I didn't have any guns. I had had some guns earlier, but something had happened to them. I ran into the bedroom and opened up the bottom drawer of a chest of drawers. I rummaged through some socks. I thought I had a large gun in there. But when I pulled it out, it was a small handgun which barely fit into the palm of my hand. I pulled it out of its holster, and when I cocked it, I saw that it only held one bullet, a .22 caliber. Several other .22 bullets were in the drawer. I thought, "Well, maybe I'll just stick them in my mouth

and have them ready so I can put them in here if I have to."

I loaded one bullet into the gun, then walked to the kitchen. From here I thought I heard someone come in the front door of the house in the living room. I couldn't see. I waited in the kitchen for the person to come in. Just when the person entered the kitchen, I jumped out, pointed the gun at the person's head, and said, "Hold it."

I pulled the trigger on the gun, but nothing happened. I then realized the person was an old man whom I knew.

He lived across the street. He likewise had an old gun which didn't even look as if it would work. He said he knew what was going on. He had come to help me. I told him it was dangerous here and that he was going to have to leave. He wanted to

give me his gun. I said, "No. Just keep it."

I knew we were both in danger. I heard a tapping at the kitchen door which led outside. I couldn't tell, but I knew someone was outside. I told the old man we were going to have to do something. I knew we were in deep trouble and someone was going to try to kill us. I didn't want to leave the old man defenseless, but I was frightened. I ran out of the kitchen and into the bedroom. Two windows, one over the other, were in the bedroom. I immediately jumped through the bottom half of the bottom window. I fell outside, making practically no noise. The window frame, just big enough for me to fit through, fell around me.

I could see a small garden, although nothing was planted in it. On the

other side of the garden was a fence which separated my lot from the neighboring lot. I thought, "Well, I'll just run over there and jump over that fence now."

I could see some weeds on the other side and I thought, "Well, if I get behind them, they won't be able to see me."

**Dream of: 09 July 1982 "Think Of Love"**

I was going through a closet, busily rummaging through some boxes and other things which my mother had stored in the closet. I was searching for something in particular.

Everything had been stored neatly, but I was going through it haphazardly. I was a bit unhappy with the way my mother had stored the things. I was uncertain whether she

had stored things correctly or incorrectly.

I realized I was in the Gallia County Farmhouse, in a closet upstairs. I had seen my brother Chris at the top of the stairs. Suddenly I heard a loud scream, followed by a loud splat. I thought, "Oh, no, Chris has fallen out the door at the top of the stairs."

I thought someone had left the door at the top of the stairs open (a door which originally led to an outside stairs, but since the stairs had fallen, currently led to nothing) and Chris had fallen out. Not knowing what to do, I sat for a moment. Suddenly I heard the same thing again – a scream followed by a splat. Again I thought Chris had fallen out. I got up and ran down the stairs. I ran outside under the upstairs door. Chris indeed had fallen out and my sister was

kneeling over him. I ran up close to him. He had hit hard and was lying on his head. It almost appeared that his head was disconnected from the rest of his body. His entire body was very red, like the inside of a watermelon. But I could still make out the features of his face.

I could see my father and several men coming out of the field. They were just walking, unaware that something had happened.

It was obvious that Chris was going to die. I said to him, "Chris, can you still hear me?" He nodded his head and said, "Yes."

He didn't appear to be in any pain. I thought, "Well, all I'm going to say is 'love'. Just think of love. I'll ask him if he's in any pain. No, that sounds too

negative. I'll just ask him if he's happy."

### **Dream of: 10 July 1982 "Ringing Bells"**

I was on the west end of Portsmouth and was fairly intoxicated from drinking alcohol. I needed somewhere to stay; I saw a small garage and decided to go into it to lie down. But when I pulled open the doors to the garage, a policeman saw me, walked up and gave me a citation, apparently for being intoxicated. I was unsure what the citation involved, but knew I would have to write regular weekly reports about drinking alcohol and turn the reports in at the police station. I put the citation in the back of my mind.

Afterwards I went to law school and gathered together several other law

students to write a special paper about cable television. All of us were writing, but I was basically the coordinating editor – the one managing the project and putting it together. After we had worked on the project for several weeks, I collected the papers which the other three or four people had written; I prepared to turn them in, even though I still had to do some editing work on them.

I was on about the fourth floor of the law school. Many law students were here and there was considerable commotion. Suddenly a law school professor, Muldrow, who was in charge of the project, walked in.

It soon became clear that I was supposed to have turned in a special report to Muldrow concerning the drinking incident and my having been arrested in Portsmouth. I was also

supposed to have been filing my weekly reports and Muldrow was supposed to have been made aware of the matter. Muldrow wanted to know why I hadn't done everything I was supposed to. I stood and said, "Well, I just want to say in my defense that I had never done this kind of project before. I wasn't really aware that these reports were absolutely necessary and that they would have to be turned in."

I had actually been in considerable trouble at the law school. Several more advanced law students were there who seemed to be consoling me. A fellow law student, Donna, was standing in the background. She seemed to understand and probably thought it was all quite interesting.

After Muldrow had listened to me, he introduced me to some other law

students; I shook their hands. One large, black fellow seemed quite friendly and when I shook his hands he rubbed his fingers against my palms. I was unsure, but it seemed he might want to be my friend. I hadn't known before whether the students were on my side, but they suddenly all seemed quite friendly; I realized Muldrow was going to let me continue with the project.

Another fellow law student, Craun, had helped me with the project; I needed him to sign something. After turning in his report he had gone downstairs. But then I saw him standing nearby and I called him Weitz.

Muldrow said to me, "There are two things. What do you think the first thing is you're going to have to do?"

Someone who had helped with the project was standing near me and began squeezing my arm. The person started to say something; but I interrupted and said, "Well, the first thing I guess I'm going to have to do is take care of these reports."

Muldrow said, "Well the first thing that's going to have to be done, is it's going to have to be explained why you did not fill out the reports in the first place."

As he continued talking about everything I was going to have to do, I began to understand; I would be able to do it. Filling the reports wasn't going to be easy and would entail considerable work; but at least I would be able to take care of everything. The bulk of the work had already been done for the project.

Muldrow said something about the "bells" at the school, apparently in reference to bells which rang between classes. It seemed the bells had previously been located in the classrooms, but had been moved into the hallways. Muldrow said it would be better now because the bells were going to be in the stairwell.

Filling the reports at the police department bothered me because I knew I was going to have to go back and file one for every week which had passed. That seemed rather laborious and repetitious; but I thought, "Well, I'll just go ahead and do it and things will apparently work out here at law school."

I had been in trouble before and it was beginning to look as if I was a trouble-maker here. But it was still possible for things to work out. I

seemed to be receiving much support from the people around me.

I left the law school and soon encountered Louise. She already knew about what had happened; I wanted to know what she thought about it. She told me she had known for a while that something was wrong. She looked at me and said, "I knew there was something wrong Steve. You're an alcoholic."

### **Dream of: 11 July 1982 "Freedom Street"**

I was at Baylor Law School in a class being taught by professor Guinn. I was lying down in my chair, which seemed more like a bed, and had my sleeping bag over me. I was wearing a shirt, but was naked from the waist down. At first I thought I was dressed perfectly natural, but after looking

around the room, I realized I was the only one dressed that way; everyone else was wearing pants. I thought the other students had previously brought their sleeping bags to class, because it was customary to do so since it was cold in the classroom. I became bothered because I was the only one not wearing pants. I looked at the clock; the class only had ten more minutes left. How was I going to walk around the hall with a sleeping bag around me when the bell rang? I thought I had managed it before.

I had a pair of pants with me. When the bell rang, I would put the pants under the sleeping bag and pull them on. I was still uncertain what I would do with the bag.

Finally I was sitting up. I had my unzipped pants on and I had the sleeping bag over my legs. I zipped

up my pants and then I didn't feel so bad.

The professor had previously gone over a test with the students which they had taken before. He now handed me mine; I had made a score of 64 or 65.

Cosby (a fellow law student), who also seemed somewhat like Clifford, was sitting close to me. Since I didn't have the actual test, but only my answers, I asked Cosby if I could see his. He opened his notebook and said, "Yea."

He gave me the test I had asked for as well as two older ones. I also pulled out my papers for the two older tests. I mixed my papers up with Cosby's, then I finally straightened them all out. I laid all three of my papers side by side with Cosby's tests. One set had scores of

40 and 41. Another set had scores of 64 and 65. I also saw the scores on the third set. At first I thought his scores were a point higher than mine; but when I added up all the scores, mine were 16 or 17 points higher than his.

My grade on the test we had just received back was a "B." I was glad of that because I had wanted to get a "B."

As I was examining the tests, a girl wearing a white top walked into the classroom. Her breasts were exceptionally well-formed and it appeared that she wasn't wearing a bra. Apparently she had come in for her test. Only about five minutes were left in the class. She walked up to the front desk and the professor told her she had made a "D." Apparently she

had missed several classes at the beginning of the quarter.

The grades weren't for the end of the class because the class wasn't yet over. The professor told the girl she was going to have to do better because he didn't want to have any low grades in the class.

When the class ended and the students began leaving, I still had the problem with the sleeping bag. After all the students had left, the room seemed like a large living room. The professor was now a woman in the living room.

I began folding up the sleeping bag. Since I didn't want people to see me carrying around the sleeping bag, I tried to roll it up as tightly as I could. I kept rolling and rolling, compressed and finally squeezed it into the palm

of my right hand. As I began squeezing the bag, it seemed as if it had potato chips around it. I could feel the potato chips crunching in my hand.

The woman began talking to me. She wanted to show me some pictures. As she pulled out a snap shot and showed it to me, she said something about LSD. She showed me a picture of a man, who she said had taken LSD. She said the man liked snakes. In the picture he was standing in front of a stairway and holding a large boa constrictor. When she had first spoken, I thought she was going to say that he was going to imagine a boa constrictor when he took the LSD. But he actually had one. I noticed that the man was moving in the picture.

She showed me another picture of large boa constrictors in some trees. Apparently she had taken the picture in Texas at a zoo or nature park.

She showed me another picture which appeared animated. It was also moving. It showed some animals, probably pigs, dressed in ballet costumes. She told me the animals had also taken LSD. They were dancing an intricate ballet in the picture. The woman didn't place much importance on the pigs' dance; but I thought it rather amazing that they had learned the ballet.

I left the house. On the street I encountered a man with a van. I wanted to go to an island in the North Pacific. Apparently the man had a boat. I made a deal with him for him to take me to the island.

We got into the van and were almost ready to leave, when I began to suspect that he was going to try to harm me, and I backed out. I was afraid he was going to take me somewhere and kill me. I jumped out of the van and said, "No, I'm not going to go."

He was quite angry. I left.

I decided to try to find another way to reach the island in the North Pacific.

Before I knew it, I had landed in Vietnam, which was on my way to the North Pacific. I was going to have to spend the night there.

In my right hand I was carrying a large, brown suitcase about twice as wide as a regular suitcase. I was also carrying something in my left hand. I was a bit apprehensive because the Vietnam war was still taking place.

American soldiers were there; it was generally dangerous.

As I walked through the streets, I didn't at first see many people. I walked up a hill to try to get a view of the city. I was looking for a clean motel. At the top of the hill, I found a small park. A round cement platform was in the center of the park; I sat down on it. As soon as I had sat down, some Vietnamese children (most 10-12 years old) approached me. Although I didn't trust the children, I thought, "Well, there's a bunch of them. So maybe it won't be so bad."

They wanted to talk with me. I was only interested in finding a motel, and I asked them where one was. They pointed down below, where I could see the drab, colorless city stretching out. All the buildings appeared to be brown and the streets twisted

through them. One child said there was a street below called Freedom Street. He told me I could find a good clean motel on Freedom Street. But he said Freedom Street wasn't like a regular street, because it twisted all around. So he couldn't describe how to get to the motel. I would just have to get on it and try to follow it.

It was growing dark and I wanted to leave. I stood up. Four zippers were on my suitcase; at the end of each zipper was a small, brown statuette dangling from the zipper. They looked as if they might be made of soap stone. As I got ready to leave, the children, who had their hands on the zippers, began jerking off the statuettes. That made me rather angry. One child said something about, "... you people who still bring these little statues with the bow

ties...." One statue appeared to portray a man wearing a bow tie. I wasn't wearing a bow tie. They pulled off all the statuettes. I didn't want the children to take them, but I didn't want to fight with them either. So I took off, rather relieved that was all that I had lost.

I walked to the edge of the park to a large building, perhaps a large, brown church. Two girls (about 15 years old) were there. One had black hair and was absolutely beautiful. I looked at her for a moment and passed by. I saw the streets going down the hill. I wanted to get away from the children, who I thought might try to follow me. As soon as I was barely out of their sight, I began running, lugging the suitcase. I ran down the hill as fast as I could to try to reach the bottom.

When I reached the bottom, it was getting darker and darker. Not many people were on the street. I was desperate to find a motel and get off the street. It was a scruffy and dirty section of town. I began running through the streets. I couldn't find a cab. I saw many signs, but I couldn't find Freedom Street. Finally I asked a man, who pointed on down the street.

I raced ahead, only to find a dead end. I looked to my right and saw tables with books all over them. Apparently people were selling books there. I thought, "Well, maybe somebody here could help me."

I ran up to a man behind one of the book tables and said, "Do you speak English?"

He said, "No," and pointed to another person standing there. I turned to

that person and said, "Do you speak English?"

He said, "Yes."

I said, "I need a motel. Can you tell me where I can find a good clean motel?"

He answered, "Well, there's one on the other side of this street."

I was unsure how to get to it. I thought since it was a dead end street, I was going to have to go back out and all the way around. It was already quite dark. I said "Thank you," and left.

### **Dream of: 12 July 1982 "Sailboat"**

I was on a large sailboat which I had built myself. A fellow who was my brother was with me. He looked almost identical to me. The sailboat had a mast, but it didn't have any sail

on it. Using small projections on the side of the mast, my brother and I climbed up the mast almost all the way to the top. I didn't want to go all the way, but my brother kept going. I became a bit angry, because I was afraid he was going to keep going all the way to the top, and the mast would bend over and break. Even though he knew I was angry, he kept going.

I followed him until we reached the top. Once there, I was able to reach down into the top of the pole. I felt something inside and pulled it out. It was a plastic bag which appeared to have some cloth and bolts in it. I thought it had something to do with the sail, although it was clearly not large enough to be the sail.

My brother and I climbed back down. When we reached the bottom I was

still a bit angry. We were in a large room inside the boat. My brother told me that if I wanted him to leave, all I had to do was tell him and he would leave. I realized I was very close to him and that I didn't want him to leave. I would be very sad if he left. I didn't say anything and he stayed.

I had been studying hard lately and I hadn't been having much fun. I stood up and said, "I know what we're going to do. We're going to go out tonight and look for some girls."

The idea enthused me. I thought, "I haven't done this in a long time. It's going to be really simple. We'll just put on some nice clothes."

I said, "We'll go to the right places. We're not going to fool around."

I thought we might have to spend a little money, but that it wouldn't be difficult to find some girls.

I then realized we were in a Mexican town. I knew there was a section of town called "Boys Town" where the prostitutes lived. I thought we might go there. I hadn't been to any place like that in years. I thought we would go there just for the sake of excitement. I thought something would surely be happening there.

I thought that when we went we would have to drink some alcohol. But for some reason the idea bothered me. It seemed to me that I shouldn't go out drinking like that. Nevertheless, at the moment, the idea appealed to me.

**Dream of: 12 July 1982 (2) "My Maker"**

As Louise, Haim, and I sat and talked, Louise said, "Steve is my maker."

She then said something about someone else's maker, and Haim responded, "Well, no man is my maker."

Louise answered, "God is Steve's maker. Or something in the middle of time is his maker."

### **Dream of: 12 July 1982 (3) "All-Consuming Feeling"**

My girlfriend Louise (who was also a fellow student at Baylor Law School) and I had been having a rather lengthy argument which was reaching its climax. I was saddened because we were about to break up.

Nevertheless, I was still angry with her because of the argument. While she was standing by the door, I threw a small amount of water in her face

from a cup which I had been holding in my hand. Startled, she looked at me, turned and walked out the door. Knowing she would never return, I thought, "Well, I'll just let her go."

Actually I felt as if I wanted her to go, but as she was leaving I hollered, "Louise!"

She turned, looked back at me, then boarded her car and drove away. I thought, "Well, she's gone. This is the end. At least I hollered at her and she didn't come back. So at least I tried."

I turned back around to the room I was in. I had only moved in a few days before. I had a roommate, a fellow named Keith, who wasn't there at the moment.

I walked into the small bedroom next to the living room. I wanted to listen to some music. I had turned on three

radios which were all playing the same music. One radio was in what appeared to be an old sewing machine sitting next to the bed. The contraption was the type which folded down so the top looked like a table. A radio was where the sewing machine would be. At the present, the radio was folded down, leaving the table top with stuff sitting on it. Even though the radio was folded down, it was turned on, but it wasn't very loud. Apparently I had the radio set at one volume at which it stayed all the time. I thought about turning it up louder, but taking the stuff off the top and raising up the radio would be a lot of trouble. I decided not to bother.

I walked back into the living room and picked up a small wooden box about 10 centimeters long. Although the box didn't belong to me, I opened

it and saw that it contained two marijuana joints. I put the lid back on the box and set it back on the table.

One of my law school classmates, Beto, showed up and walked into the room. I was unsure what he wanted and I was uncertain whether he was there to visit me or Keith. He began talking about a formal dance at Baylor University and he said there was a place down the street where the guys were supposed to pick up the girls. When he asked me if I were going, I said, "No."

I asked him if he were going and he said he wasn't.

Keith walked into the room. Since I knew that Keith had a steady girlfriend, I asked him if he were going to the dance. He also said he wasn't going. Apparently he was

gradually breaking up with his girlfriend. He was still taking her some places, but he wasn't going to take her to the formal dance.

Keith picked up some jelly beans lying on an end table, began tossing them in his mouth and eating them.

As Beto sat down on the other side of the room, I heard him say something about "dope." As I sat down, I looked at Keith, who gave me a funny look. Keith and I had never discussed dope.

We had simply moved in together without ever having discussed whether either of us ever used any drugs. We talked a bit longer, until I asked, "Keith, do you know where I can buy any marijuana?"

At first he looked surprised, but then he had an expression as if he thought

my asking such a question came naturally to me.

By now I had an all-consuming desire to smoke some marijuana. I kept thinking about the joints I had seen in the box, and how much I would like to smoke one right now. I had the feeling Keith knew where I could buy some marijuana. I didn't want to buy much – ten dollars' worth or a half ounce at the most, but because I didn't want to seem stingy, I said I wanted to buy a whole ounce. Keith gave me a funny look, and said he might be able to find some for me tomorrow.

I didn't want the marijuana tomorrow; I wanted it right now. I kept thinking about the two joints in the box. I really just wanted to smoke those joints with Keith, but I didn't say anything about them.

Another fellow who looked like Keith walked into the room. The new fellow was upset because I had asked Keith about buying pot while I had been standing in front of the window. The new fellow was afraid someone outside might have heard us. When I looked outside, I saw someone sitting in a car out there.

Everyone stood up and prepared to leave. It looked as if I weren't going to be able to smoke any today.

### **Dream of: 16 July 1982 "Under The Cross"**

After standing for a while in the lobby of an apartment building and looking at some books, I walked upstairs to an apartment where Birdie (my dark-haired girlfriend from my late teens) was living. I stood in front of the apartment door, knocked, then

stepped to the side where I did not think Birdie would be able to see me through the small, round, peep hole. No one said anything from inside, but suddenly the door opened and Birdie stood before me. I asked, "Well, you just open up your door like that without making sure who it is?"

When she replied that she knew that it was me, I asked, "Well, how'd you know it was me."

She answered, "Well, you hadn't been here in two or three days. I was expecting you."

I walked into the apartment and began talking. Recalling a book I had seen in the lobby, I reported, "Well, Bob Dylan has out a new book now."

Actually, Bob Dylan had not written the book to which I was referring - it had been written by Carlos

Castaneda. I even had the book - which I had bought in the lobby - with me. On the cover was the image of a man whose features could not be discerned. A shadow stretched out from his feet. The total impression of the man and the shadow was of two shadowy figures standing there. After I said, "The name of the book is *Under the Cross*," Birdie asked me what the title meant.

I had the impression that Castaneda had become a Christian. Referring to Castaneda's old beliefs before he became a Christian, I said something like, "He kind of, I suppose, rejected those old ways. But in this book he re-experiences these torrents of power which apparently came surging forth. And that was mainly what the book was about."

I was thinking that the "torrents of power" derived from his former beliefs in sorcery, and not his new religious beliefs.

**Dream of: 17 July 1982 "Knife Attack"**

I was with two attractive young women in Portsmouth. We rode along Scioto Trail until we finally decided to go into a bar, a small nightclub. I thought I would go in, but I didn't intend to drink anything.

As we walked in, the subject of age came up, and one of the women asked me how old I was. I tried to remember. I started thinking I was 20, then 21, then on up until I reached 29. Almost surprised, hardly able to believe I was that old, I blurted, "I'm 29."

We were concerned our identification might be checked to see how old we were, but that seemed a bit ludicrous since I was so old.

Once inside, we walked down some steps to get to a large back section of the club. The area was about 15 meters by 25 meters. Tables, chairs and pool tables were in the area. As we walked along, I noticed some glasses containing green liquid on one table. I thought I might drink a beer, but thought again, "No, I can't do that. I'm not going to drink anymore."

As I walked, I pondered what I could drink, "Well, I could have a coke."

But a coke seemed too sweet and I really didn't want that. I thought, "Well, I'll just tell the waitress I want an orange juice."

How would I order it? I would say,  
"Well, you're not going to believe this,  
but all I want is a glass of orange  
juice."

When I reached a long table with  
about 10 chairs around it, I realized  
the women had disappeared. People  
were sitting in about half the chairs.  
As I looked for a place to sit, I noticed  
Stuart (a Portsmouth acquaintance)  
sitting in one of the chairs, and I  
thought I also saw Seeley.

As I walked around the table I noticed  
a glass of milk sitting in front of one  
empty chair, and I thought, "Well  
somebody's sitting at that place."

When I saw a coke sitting in front of  
another empty chair, I asked the  
fellow sitting in the neighboring chair  
if someone was sitting there. He  
answered, "Yea, there's a couple of

guys sitting there. They're playing pool right now."

Since it was beginning to look as if there was no room for me at the table, as I continued walking around, I began to think I would just play some pool. I counted three nice pools tables in the section where I was. I also saw pool tables in other sections of the bar.

I shuffled over to one pool table, where I noticed a slender red-haired woman holding a pool stick. She was about 10 centimeters shorter than I. She was definitely not pretty. She had a few red spots on her thin face, and she had irregular teeth. She walked right up to me, smiled, and stood next to me. She seemed friendly, but I had no idea what she wanted. She kept moving closer, until I finally asked, "Well, do I know you."

She answered, "Yea, you know me."

She moved closer, put her hand on my chest, and said, "I'm going to kill you."

I didn't feel much danger, but I was thoroughly disconcerted. As she continued to touch me with her hands, I thought, "Well, she's making a play for me or something."

Still, I was unsure what she wanted. I didn't know if I should stay or walk away. She mystified me. As she put her hands on my chest, I suddenly noticed she had a small, pocket knife in one hand. I couldn't see it well at first, but when I focused in, I saw it was open. The blade looked like a metal finger nail file instead of a knife blade, about eight centimeters long.

Startled, uncertain whether she intended to use the knife on me, I

grabbed her wrist. She immediately tried to bring the knife closer to me. I hollered for help, "Help me! This girl's got a knife! She's trying to stab me!"

At first, no one knew if I were serious or kidding. By the time a couple men finally did come over, I had subdued the woman. The knife disappeared, perhaps picked up by one of the men who came over. I twisted the woman's arm behind her back. There was no resistance and she almost seemed like a rag doll in my hands. I said, "Well, I'm going to call the police on this girl."

I marched her toward the front of the bar, intending to tell the management what had happened and to call the police. When I reached the front, I noticed a pay phone on the wall, but I wanted to use the phone behind the

bar. To a woman at the bar I said, "This girl has just assaulted me with a knife, and I want to call the police and have her arrested for assault with a deadly weapon."

When the woman at the bar just looked at me, I realized she probably didn't want to call the police and cause commotion. I continued, "So, can I use your phone?"

She said, "Yea."

Then she looked at the hair of the woman I was holding and asked, "Is that real hair?"

Looking at the woman's red hair, I replied, "Well, I'm not sure."

The woman's hair was short, and it did look as if it might be a wig on the top. I said to the woman at the bar, "Go ahead and feel it."

She leaned toward the woman as if she were going to smell her hair instead of feeling it. Then she leaned toward me as if she were going to smell my hair.

Suddenly I felt dizzy and the next thing I knew, I felt as if someone were trying to pick me up off the ground. I could feel someone's hands picking up my thighs. I was unsure what was happening, but I felt threatened.

**Dream of: 17 July 1982 (2)**  
**"Miniature Skeleton"**

I was at the House in Patriot. I had found what appeared to be a pure white walking cane with a peculiar shape, somewhat like the antler of a deer. I picked it up and stood beside it. It was as tall as me. I looked into a mirror and admired how nice it looked. I thought I would like to have

it, and would like to take it back to law school with me, even though it might look peculiar to take it to class with me.

When I examined it more closely, I realized a long, slender animal skull was at the top of the cane. Black eyes had been painted on the skull. I cleaned some cob webs from the area of the ears. The skull was actually made of wood and had been painted white.

In one of the rooms of the House I discovered a small grave about 20 centimeters long. The grave was actually a small box sitting on top of the wooden floor. The grave could be opened by simply taking the lid off the box. The grave was hundreds of years old. I realized I could open the grave by simply pushing the top back, and I thought, "I'd like to get into that

little grave and take whatever there is out of it."

Since no one was around, I pushed the lid back and saw a small human skeleton about 15 centimeters long lying inside. I picked up the skeleton and laid it down on the outside of the box. I smelled my fingers and detected a strange odor. I noticed some other trinkets inside the box which apparently had been put there when the body had been buried. I took the trinkets out. Two of the trinkets seemed like miniature suits of armor. As I put the top back on the box, I realized some dirt had been on top of the box when I had taken the top off. I thought I might ought to go outside to get some dirt to put back on top of the box so no one would know I had taken anything out of the box.

When I walked outside to look for some dirt, I saw my grandmother Leacy standing outside. The ground had been plowed up under the old maple tree, even though the grass in the rest of the yard was still green. Leacy was standing by the maple tree.

I began to feel guilty about what I had done. I was uncertain what I was going to do with the little skeleton. I thought perhaps I should confess what I had done to Leacy, but I thought that would be very difficult. I was uncertain what I was going to do.

**Dream of: 17 July 1982 (3) "A  
Bundle Of Snakes"**

I had decided to spend a couple days at Jon's house, even though I had never been there before. He and I left together, and on the way, picked up

two of his sisters to take with us. They were both attractive. As we drove along, the sisters began talking about the house. Apparently their father had built it himself, and they didn't like it. They complained about different things concerning the house. They also said the house had been built into a hillside. Even though they were complaining, I thought the house would be nice, but was uncertain what to expect.

When we finally reached the area where I thought the house was located, I saw three small cottages along the road. I wondered if one of those was the house, and asked them. They said no, and we passed them by.

Suddenly we pulled up in front of a very nice house sitting on the left side of the road. The house was built of brown wood and had two stories. It

had a large front yard. A hill stood behind the house, but the house did appear to be built into the hill. But it all looked very nice. I got out of the car and said, "Well, this is just a beautiful house."

They seemed pleased that I liked it. Even though they had been complaining, they actually liked the house.

We walked around outside. We walked into a building which housed a well, and they showed me how the well had been built. The well was covered except for a small hole. They dropped a rock in the well to show me how deep it was.

When we walked into the house, we went down to the basement. It was getting late and I wanted to go to bed. They mentioned that I could take

my sleeping bag and spread it out somewhere in the house. I asked, "My sleeping bag?"

I suddenly realized I hadn't brought my sleeping bag, as well as my toothbrush. Actually, I hadn't brought anything.

Some bunk beds were in one corner of the room. Jon was planning to sleep on the top bunk bed. But since stuff was sitting on the bottom bunk bed, one of the sisters said, "Well you can sleep on the top bunk bed with Jon."

I asked incredulously, "Sleep on the top bunk bed with Jon?"

I looked in another corner and saw a double bed with a cover on it. I asked, "Well, what's wrong with this big double bed here."

Jon was already on the top bunk bed, and one of the sisters apparently had gone back upstairs. The other sister and I sat down on the stairs.

Suddenly she jumped up and screamed, and I saw a snake about 25 centimeters long on the stairs. Jon heard her scream and come over to us. He ran up the stairs, apparently to find something with which to kill the snake. I also began looking for something with which to kill it. I didn't like to kill snakes, but I thought, "This one's in the house, and I'm just going to have to kill it."

I saw small pieces of two by fours and walked over to get one. But they were all tied together with a string, and I couldn't find one by itself. Finally I did find a two by four and picked it up. I walked over to the snake and clubbed it right behind its head,

trying to cut its head off. When I thought I had killed it, I looked around and saw another snake. I looked around and saw several other small snakes. One of them quickly slithered off. Finally I saw a large pile of perhaps 50 small snakes bundled together. It looked as if they might have just hatched.

The sister (about 16-17 years old) was still standing there terrified. I hustled her upstairs to the kitchen. Somehow in the commotion, something black had gotten smeared on her face. I looked at her, laughed and asked her if I had anything black on my face. She said I did. She touched my face, and I suddenly wanted to kiss her. I moved my face toward her and gave her a short kiss on the lips. I backed away from her.

## **Dream of: 17 July 1982 (4)**

### **"Pictures From Puerto Rico"**

I walked into a law class in room 120 at Baylor Law School and sat down at my desk. The class was going to be taught by professor McSwain. When McSwain walked into the room, he handed me a letter which had arrived from Puerto Rico. I laid the letter on my desk and didn't pay any attention to it. I thought I knew what was in it: pictures I had taken of collages which I had made while I had been in Puerto Rico.

McSwain began lecturing, and called on students to recite cases. I hadn't read one of the cases and I was trying to read it. I was concerned that McSwain might call on me to discuss the case. One of the people in the case was named "Love" and the name

"Love" recurred repeatedly  
throughout the case.

By the end of the class, McSwain had only called on two people; he hadn't called on me. He called on one last person to discuss a case. When the person finished, McSwain said that the person hadn't understood the case correctly, that the case was about "due process."

Suddenly McSwain called my name and he asked me if I had opened my letter yet. I told him I hadn't, but I said I thought I knew what was in it. I opened the letter, and found exactly what I had expected: five pictures of five different collages I had made while I had been in Puerto Rico. The collages were impressive; they looked more like paintings than collages and reminded me of paintings by Max Ernst. One was predominantly red in

color. Another had a picture of a chair, with other pictures in the background.

As I looked over the pictures, the class ended and people began leaving. A fellow who had been sitting in my row walked up and began talking with me. He also hadn't read the case which I hadn't read. He said he felt close to me because of that. He grabbed my head, kissed me right on the top of the head, then walked away.

I put the pictures back in the packet and walked to the other end of the classroom. I saw Cosby (a fellow law student); I intended to show him the pictures. I reached into the packet to pull out the pictures, but this time I pulled out a stack of pictures about two centimeters thick. They weren't pictures of the collages, but ordinary

pictures which I had taken while I had been in Puerto Rico. There were all sort of pictures. One time I had camped out and had taken pictures while camping. I had taken pictures of deer and bears, as well as pictures of deer and bears fighting each other.

I had also been close to the sea and had taken pictures of seals. There was also a picture where I had been under a waterfall and had taken a picture of the back of the waterfall.

There was a picture of a burning house which I apparently had seen one night. There was a peculiar picture of an outdoor stage. People were on the stage and soldiers were crouched down in front of the stage, as if they were going to attack the stage.

I couldn't find the collage pictures, but I told Cosby he could look

through the pictures I had. Julie (another fellow law school classmate) walked up and began looking at the pictures. Morrison (a law professor) also walked up and looked at the pictures. Morrison thought the pictures of the camp-out had been taken near a military base. He said, "Oh, those are around Fort Dix."

He wasn't that interested and he walked away.

Cosby made a strange statement. He said taking pictures was fine, if you didn't take too many while in the bathtub. I didn't understand what he meant at first, but finally I concluded that Cosby and his wife had had a child, and that they had taken many pictures of the child while it had been in the bathtub. The film had cost him much money.

Cosby showed me a picture of the child (6-7 years old) which appeared to be wearing a ballet outfit.

Cosby asked me if there were any pictures of my girlfriend Louise, whom he had never met. I said, "Well, no. Unfortunately I didn't meet her until the second half of the time I was in Puerto Rico. And these are pictures from the first half. So there aren't any pictures of Louise here."

He seemed disappointed and I was disappointed that I didn't have any pictures of Louise to show him.

Finally I was able to find the pictures of the collages and I showed them to Cosby. I was quite proud of them. When I had pulled them out before, the pictures had appeared to be on thin paper like a newspaper; now they seemed more like photographs.

## **Dream of: 19 July 1982 "Crazy Indian"**

While in Portsmouth, I borrowed my mother's car and drove to Columbus, where I was planning to move. I went to a two-story house, in which I apparently had lived once before in a room in the basement. I entered a side door and walked upstairs where I found several empty rooms. I walked to the end of the hall and into a clean room with red carpeting, into which I decided I was going to move. I walked back to the car and began unloading my belongings, carrying them up to the room.

After stacking my things around the room, I picked up one of several phone books which were lying on a dresser with a large mirror; I thought I would call Buckner. Since he had lived in Columbus for a while, his

phone number should be in the phone book. After looking through the "B"s and being unable to locate Buckner's number, I turned the book over; it was a Detroit phone book. I looked again on the dresser and saw a Cleveland and a Columbus phone book. All the phone books were thin, not like the large thick ones which one would expect to find for those cities.

I thought perhaps Buckner and I could get together and smoke a marijuana joint later. It was Monday morning; I thought Buckner had been in Portsmouth over the weekend, but that he would have returned by now to go to work. Then I thought, "Well, he might be at work, too."

Before I called him, I began thinking of all the things I needed to do. I thought, "First, I've got to go down

and talk to the landlady and tell her I've moved in. And I still have to take this car back to Portsmouth."

As I walked downstairs, I remembered that the house was owned by Mrs. Dossier (my landlady for a few months in 1982). I also remembered that when I had moved out the last time, I had owed her two dollars for a telephone bill which I had never paid. The memory returned to me all at once: I should have paid her for the telephone bill. But then I remembered that Mrs. Dossier had talked with Leah and had told Leah that I also owed her money for rent and other things, which was untrue. Perhaps I had been precipitous in moving my things in. But I thought, "Well, I'll be able to handle her."

I walked around downstairs until I found Mrs. Dossier. She was in the bathroom; I called, "Mrs. Dossier."

She answered, "Yea, I'll be out in a minute."

When she came out, she looked younger and thinner than I remembered her. I asked, "Well, you remember me?"

She said she did. I didn't tell her I had already moved my things in, but said, "I'd like to move in upstairs."

She hesitated, as if there was some reason why I shouldn't be able to move in. She mentioned that she didn't want someone in the room who was going to eat tomatoes there. I told her I wouldn't be eating anything in the room. I planned to attend the university and I was going to get a meal ticket and eat there. There was

a refrigerator in the room where we were, and I told her I might keep some snacks in it to eat in the room.

Apparently when I had lived here before I had been in the habit of eating in the room, and had caused some kind of mess in the room, which had made her unhappy. Finally after we talked for a while, she agreed that I could move in.

Another woman who was apparently living with Mrs. Dossier walked into the room. After that, still another woman who was apparently a maid taking care of the house came in. Mrs. Dossier walked over to a pantry and reached her hand inside as if looking for something. When she pulled her hand out, she was holding some brown mold growing in there. She looked at it and threw it down on the floor. Then she reached in, pulled

out another handful of the mold, and likewise threw it on the floor. I was unsure what she was looking for.

She walked out of the room and a fellow who looked like a Mexican walked in. He began talking and I asked him where he lived. When I asked him if he lived downstairs and he said no, I was afraid that he also lived upstairs. But when I asked him if he lived upstairs, he told me he lived next door in a house which Mrs. Dossier also owned. Apparently he was a handy man. We talked and I realized he was an American Indian. He told me he had gone crazy for a while, and apparently had been locked up for a while because of it. Now, however, he didn't seem crazy. He used a peculiar word for crazy which I didn't understand at first.

As I talked to him, he spoke Spanish, but I spoke English, not seeming to grasp that he was speaking Spanish. But then I began speaking in Spanish and he began answering in English. Finally he asked me in Spanish what I thought about the state of the country. I replied, "Creo que es en un estado de conservatismo ahora, pero creo que habra una honda de liberalismo en el futuro. Y ese conservatismo es en todo el mundo ahora, pero eso va a cambiar."

Finally I decided to leave and ordered a cab. When it arrived I got in with some luggage I had. It seemed as if I was in Waco, Texas, and I told the driver to take me to an airport at the end of Valley Mills Road. As we travailed, I began watching the meter. I had thought it would only cost three or four dollars. But it went

to five and then six dollars. I noticed some buses outside, and saw a bus station on the right. It was Sunday. I told the driver to stop, thinking I might be able to take a bus. I asked him how far it was to the airport. He said it was about 20 miles. I thought, "Well I just can't afford to take a cab for 20 miles."

He pulled into the bus station. The total was around six dollars and seventy five cents. I gave him a ten dollar bill and he handed me back the change. I thought about giving him a quarter tip. Suddenly I realized the driver was the same fellow I had been talking with at the house. Thinking I would be seeing him again, I handed him a dollar for a tip.

I had quite a bit of luggage with me, which I unloaded from the car. I carried it into the bus station, hoping

I would be able to find a bus to the airport. But when I walked inside, no one was there. It was completely empty. I did however see a counter where it looked as if there might be someone. First I busied myself with getting my stuff inside.

**Dream of: 20 July 1982 "About Nothing"**

During the United States Civil War, I was watching a scene on a field beside a river. A group of black men, women and children were fighting for the South. On the field, with their backs to the black people, was a group of people with gray blankets over their heads. Apparently the people under the blankets were old and helpless, and the black people were preparing to attack them. The blacks were going to rush up behind the old people and kill them.

Many black women and children waited by the river as the black men began running toward the gray figures. The black men had their guns ready, but just as the black men reached the gray figures, the figures turned, threw off their blankets, and revealed that they were actually Union soldiers. The Union soldiers began shooting so quickly that the black men didn't have time to respond. The field was soon covered with dead black men. The same thing was happening to small groups of gray figures all over the field. It was a complete slaughter of the blacks.

After killing the black men who had been attacking, the Union soldiers turned their weapons on the black people still left by the river.

It seemed to me that I had been witnessing much slaughter on the battlefield lately.

Shortly thereafter I found myself in a large southern city, which I thought might be Atlanta. The town was occupied by both Union and Confederate soldiers. Both were walking around the streets. I myself was a high-ranking Union soldier, perhaps a captain. I was wearing a blue trench coat and a blue hat. I walked through the streets, observing how the blue and gray soldiers were together. I thought that was done for convenience at the moment, because both sides were occupying the city and they were only living together because they had to.

As I walked into what appeared to be a hotel, a swarthy man, perhaps a Mexican, was selling some trinkets.

He said something to me as he tried to sell me something, and he actually put his hand on me. I jerked away, shot him a severe look and said,  
"Don't touch me."

He realized he had made a mistake and backed off. I felt authoritative in my blue uniform and I knew I could severely punish him.

I walked on into what appeared to be a mall, mostly brown in color. As I strolled around, I felt quite melancholy, saddened by the war. Not paying much attention to where I was going, I began climbing some stairs. A slim girl in a white top began walking next to me on my right. She was quite attractive. She had short brunette hair and a pretty face. She looked something like Colburn (a female law student). I felt like putting my arm around her. I turned

to her and said, "Would you like to go  
eat with me?"

She looked at me and responded  
"No."

She said she had just eaten. I said,  
"Well, how about a drink then?"

She looked back at me and said that  
she would have a drink with me, but  
that she thought everyplace was  
closed right now."

We walked to the top of the stairs. I  
saw a small restaurant which  
appeared to be closed. Then I saw  
two large double doors, and I  
suggested that we go in. As I opened  
up the doors, she said she didn't think  
this place was open. We walked  
through the doors into a luxurious  
restaurant. She said, "I've never been  
in here."

I had been in restaurants like this one before. In fact, it was the kind of place to which I was now accustomed. I was now accustomed to the more luxurious things in life. I walked in as if I owned the place. I thought she was probably not used to eating in nice restaurants like this.

We turned a corner and squeezed between a wall and a bench. We walked toward the back; quite a few people were seated in the restaurant. Tables were in the center of the room and booths were along the walls. She immediately walked over to one booth and sat down. A couple plates were on the table and some money was in one plate. I really didn't want to sit at this booth and I suggested that we move to another.

She replied that the waitress was going to remove the plates, that the

person who had been eating here had obviously finished. So I sat down at the table across from her. The waitress came and picked up the plates.

I began thinking of what I was going to order. I didn't want anything alcoholic. The waitress came to get our orders. I didn't think the girl wanted anything to eat, and I was surprised when she said she wanted a barbecue. I said, "Well, do you have chocolate malts?"

The waitress answered, "Yes. We have a special offering today on vegetable malts."

I said, "Oh?," and she walked away. The girl said, "Yea, see that sign over there."

I looked and saw a sign advertising a special. The sign said that a customer who ordered something would receive a 20% portion of a vegetable malt free as a sample. That seemed unusual to me, but I thought I would try it.

I stood, removed my long blue coat and hung it up. When I sat back down and we talked, I was still feeling rather warm, and realized I was wearing my brown suit. I stood, removed my brown jacket and hung it up. I sat back down and we talked.

I gradually began to feel that she was the daughter of a confederate officer. I tried to determine how old she was. She looked rather young. She was pretty, easy to talk with, and quite appealing to me. She seemed young and vivacious, while I felt old and haggard. I felt important in my

capacity as an officer, but I felt old and melancholy.

Finally she looked at me and asked me if I knew what this was all about. I immediately knew she was referring to the war and I told her I had a vague idea of what it was about. I began trying to recall the origins of the Civil War. She looked at me and said, "Nothing. It's about nothing."

I looked up at her and said I really thought it was about something. I told her I couldn't men doing the things to each other that I had seen for nothing. I really believed there was some reason for the war. She looked at me as if I had convinced her. It appeared that she was also searching for an answer and was bewildered by all the events.

Our food came. She was served a large meal. The waitress also brought me a small plate of barbecued meat chopped up in small chunks. I began eating the meat, even though I didn't want to eat meat, and I liked the taste of it.

On the left of my plate were three forks. The two on the ends were short, and the one in the middle was long. As she was eating her food, she pointed to one of my forks and asked me something. I thought she wanted one of the forks, and I told her to go ahead and take it. She took the one in the middle and began eating her salad with the fork. I thought she was using the wrong fork.

She placed the fork she had taken from me on top of one of her forks at right angles to each other. She laid down another fork, then hit one of the

forks with her hand. One fork flew up into the air, twirling round and round, until she grabbed it in mid-air with her hand. She looked at me, smiled and began eating with it. It had been a clever trick and I had been quite impressed. Her actions reminded me of Carolyn.

She began telling me a story. Apparently she actually was the daughter of someone stationed at a Confederate base. There was nothing to do at the base and she had become bored. She had drunk some beer and partied. I looked at her and said, "I couldn't imagine you getting bored."

She said she had indeed been bored, but she didn't seem bored being with me. It seemed that she was enjoying being with me as much as I was enjoying being with her.

## **Dream of: 22 July 1982 "Sounds In The Attic"**

I was at the House in Patriot. I went to the upstairs bedroom. The ceiling slanted down toward one side of the room, where there was a bed secluded in the corner. I lay down on the bed and called Birdie on the phone. She answered and I began talking to her. Although she was living in the attic right over my head, I couldn't go up there.

We talked about her husband. She said the last time I had called, her husband Rick had been there and had heard everything I had said. She said they had both even reached for the phone at the same time when it had rung. She had picked up the phone and talked with me for about a half hour, and Rick had heard everything. So apparently Rick knew about me. I

said, "We can't go on living in the same house like this. We're going to bump into each other."

As Birdie talked, I began to think Rick was upstairs even right now listening to everything being said. It seemed she couldn't say that he was there, because even while she was talking she was trying to conceal that she was talking with me, pretending that she wasn't talking to me. I began to become a bit frightened and thought, "Well, if he's up there, he could just come down here where I am, cause he's just up over my head, and try to do something to me."

I began whispering into the phone, holding my hand over my mouth. I whispered, "Well, what do you think we ought to do, hon?"

As soon as I said, "hon," I was afraid Rick might have heard. I thought I had demonstrated affection toward Birdie which might make Rick angry. He might come down anytime and try to do something to me. I kept whispering, hoping he wouldn't come down. I began thinking I could hear sounds, perhaps from Rick getting ready to attack me. I was quite frightened about it.

**Dream of: 23 July 1982 "Song  
Played Over And Over"**

I was watching a scene unfold in an open field surrounded by trees where a group of people had four or five large, hot-air balloons of various colors, including red and blue. The people had tied the balloons together and were about to ascend and escape in them because the people were

about to be attacked by a group of  
Indians.

One man disagreed with the idea of  
using the balloons to escape.

Apparently - once upon a time - he  
had owned a balloon and now he did  
not think these balloons would fly.  
The others, however, were adamant  
about using the balloons to escape,  
and suddenly the balloons took off.

Although most of the women and  
children had already boarded the  
balloons, some men still on the  
ground scurried about and some  
grabbed for ropes hanging from the  
balloons. Some ropes looked like rope  
ladders, as if they were designed for  
the men to hang onto and climb. The  
balloons continued ascending until  
only one long rope was still hanging  
down.

The man who had disagreed with the balloon-escape project was still on the ground with a couple other men. They grabbed the long rope and the balloon continued ascending.

The Indians could be seen riding up furiously on horses in the distance. I began wondering whether the Indians would be able to shoot arrows and hit the men who were still dangling from the ropes. I thought perhaps the men in the balloons might also have arrows which they could shoot down at the Indians.

The scene changed to what appeared to be a deserted encampment of log houses next to a lake. Through the trees which surrounded the lake, I could see red in the sky and realized the balloons were coming to this encampment which was the place

which the people escaping in the balloons were trying to reach.

The balloons were being pulled on a rope by a large, metal machine-contraption chugging along in the sky. The contraption was as large as all the balloons put together. When the contraption and the balloons were almost over top the encampment, something suddenly happened and the balloons and contraption began falling. While the contraption fell close to the log houses, most of the balloons fell into the trees.

The balloons were punctured and dangled in the trees. The people climbed out of the balloons and walked toward the houses where they gathered around an old, gray-haired man who had been the person driving the machine-contraption which had pulled the balloons. He, apparently,

had devised the entire plan of escaping in the balloons and reaching the encampment.

The encampment was several days journey by foot from where the Indians were, and since winter was approaching, it appeared that the Indians would not be able to reach the encampment. If the people stayed in the encampment during the winter, they would have to leave early in the spring before the Indians were able to arrive.

Since people were supposed to be already living in the encampment, and no one was there, the people began asking the old, gray-haired man where the people were who were supposed to be there.

Although the old, gray-haired man appeared to be insane and did not

seem to know what he was talking about, the people needed to know what had happened to the people who had been living there before. Finally the old, gray-haired man said he would take the new people to where the other people were. After he made a little speech about how the people here could go with him, several people decided to accompany him.

For a long while, the old man led the way through weeds and bushes while the others followed, until the old man finally stopped and told the others that it was going to be a three days march.

Even though the old man had not said anything, I suddenly realized that he was only intending to lead these people to the graves of the other people - who had already died.

Looking more closely at the old man, I realized that his body appeared to be that of a lizard. Although he still had the same face, he appeared to be a man-sized lizard. The more I saw how peculiar he looked, the more he reminded me of the main character in the movie *E.T.*

Abruptly, I realized I was sitting in a room watching the old man in a scene on a television screen. The movie was a very early one - a precursor of some of the modern day movies of the genre. I particularly noted what a good job of makeup had been done on the old man and I generally thought the movie was an important one.

As I watched, the movie changed into a series of colorful animated scenes with people dancing around, and I became completely enthralled. The music, which seemed like early rock

and roll, was also good and played a large role in the effect of the movie. The movie reminded me somewhat of the movie *Tron* which compelled me to realize even more the technical importance of this early movie.

As the animation and music continued, the scene focused on the blue cover of a record album lying on the street. On the album cover was a picture of a man standing in the rain.

I realized I had seen the cover somewhere before, but I could not remember where.

I then looked around the room, and saw my girlfriend Louise sitting there and holding the very same album cover in her hand and looking at it. When I asked her if I could see it, she answered, "Well, don't you have this album?"

I replied, "No."

She replied, "Yea, that's right. I've only heard one song at your place."

I knew she was referring to a song by Bob Dylan - she said I played the song over and over.

Then she mentioned something that she had dreamed, which upset me. When she said she had told me about it before, I replied, "The hell you did. I know what you told me and you didn't tell me that."

For some reason I was becoming quite irritated with her.

I looked back on the television screen and saw the lizard man there. The people were trying to decide whether they should spend the winter in the encampment and then tear down the houses in the spring. They thought

they could use the wood from the houses to repair the bottom parts of the balloons which had been damaged by the fall.

Then they could try to fly on out of there.

But they were unsure what they were going to do.

### **Dream of: 24 July 1982 "Two Endings"**

A retarded boy (about 15 years old) was thinking something had happened to his mother, and he was trying to get help for her. He walked onto the front porch of his house just as a blond-haired man (about 20 years old) walked by. The boy hollered at the man and made it known that he was worried about his mother, but the man walked on.

Later that day the man again walked by the house, and the retarded boy again tried to attract the man's attention. This time the man walked into the house. The boy wanted the man to call someone on the phone to get help. The man picked up the phone and dialed a number. The man began explaining to someone on the phone that he was a student at the university. He explained that the boy had been bothering him on his way to school, and that he wanted someone to come and take the boy away.

All the while the boy was listening, understanding what the man was saying. Finally the boy grabbed the phone from the man and began talking clearly into it. He said he needed someone to come and help his mother.

The person on the phone apparently had heard of the boy before. The person found out where the boy lived, and said he would be right over.

Several days later, the boy's mother was in the home. She had been helped and then brought back to the home. Now she was safe and well. Apparently she was also rich. While the mother had been away, another woman, a member of the family, was supposed to be taking care of the boy. But when the mother inquired where the boy was, the woman admitted that he was now staying in a mental hospital. Obviously the person to whom the boy had talked on the phone had sent someone from the mental hospital to pick up the boy.

The boy was sitting in a room at the mental hospital with three other deranged boys. The boy was standing

in front of some bars, which almost looked as if they were coming out of his head. The other three boys were singing a warped song as one of them tried to pry open the retarded boy's hand to take away three nickels which he had. Finally the retarded boy opened his hand and gave up the three nickels.

The retarded boy looked out the window. He had a silver book in his hand which he wanted someone to read to him. But there was no one.

I slowly began reading that I was witnessing a story which someone was writing. The end to the story hadn't yet been written. There were two possible endings. In one ending the mother would come to the hospital and find the little boy and everything would be all right. In the

second ending, the boy would die in the hospital.

I could see that this book needed to have impact on the public. Therefore it was going to be required that the boy would die. The ending showing the boy dying needed to be worked out and completed.

**Dream of: 27 July 1982 "Taken Hostage"**

I was at Baylor Law School in a gymnasium crowded with people. As I stood behind a counter, I saw a man (about 30 years old) walk into the room and begin threatening everyone with a gun. When Randle (a law student) walked into the room, the man grabbed Randle and said he was going to take Randle hostage. I hollered out, "No, No. Don't take him."

The man asked threateningly, "Well do you want me to take you instead?"

I answered firmly, "Yes."

He said, "All right."

I climbed over the counter and approached him. He had blond hair and had about the same build as me.

He said, "Come on."

As he was taking me out of the room, I noticed a curved knife with a red handle lying nearby. He didn't see me as I grabbed the knife and stuck it down the back of my pants. Outside, we got into a car and drove off. He handed me a tiny, unloaded gun, while he kept his large, long-barreled gun in his hand.

As we rode along, the man seemed quite nervous. I wondered what he was trying to accomplish, and I

thought he might be trying to escape from something. I began talking to him, trying to calm him down. When I asked him if he had ever been in jail, and he said he had been there for five years, I knew he had to be a hardened person. I told him I had once been in jail for eight months.

As we drove through a country area, I realized he wanted to commit some kind of crime. I knew we had passed a drug store. I thought we might be able to hold it up, but I didn't say anything, and we continued along.

A car passed us. A man was driving with two women sitting in the front seat. The woman in the middle was very attractive. I thought, "Well, maybe we could capture those people."

But I quickly decided we wouldn't do that. He might do something nefarious to them. I thought they might even be going to church.

Finally we began talking of what he had done to be sent to jail. He didn't say exactly, but said he had committed crimes in southern England and in southern Ohio. I looked at him and exclaimed, "Southern Ohio!? Where at in southern Ohio?"

He replied, "In Rio Grande."

Again incredulously, I yelped, "Rio Grande!? That's where I'm from."

He looked at me disbelievingly. I continued, "I lived about five miles from Rio Grande."

I asked him what he had done and he said something about a liquor store. I

had the impression that he had held up a liquor store. I tried to recall if I had heard of any crimes having been committed in Rio Grande. Apparently he had been involved in a chase after the crime. I couldn't remember having ever read about anything like that.

Unexpectedly he handed me his gun and said I could have it. I asked, "Well, it's not loaded, is it?"

He responded, "Yea, it's loaded."

I was suspicious of his actions. I could see bullets in the barrel. He told me to point it out the window and shoot at something. As we drove by a car, I thought of shooting at it, but I didn't. We kept driving, as I tried to decide what to shoot. I thought I could turn the gun on him and shoot him. But I

thought, "Well, what if something's wrong and he's just saying this?."

Finally we pulled up along the road where two farmers were in a field next to a hill. We got out of the car and walked toward the farmers. When the man strayed away from me, I approached the farmers and whispered, "You've gotta help me. This guy's a convict."

I showed them my gun and added, "You've gotta help me capture him."

One farmer said he didn't want to have anything to do with it. I pointed the gun at a nearby barn and pulled the trigger. I shot. I pulled the trigger and the gun shot again. I could see that something had hit the barn. I saw that I still had some bullets, and I concluded that the gun functioned and that I could use it again. I turned

around and saw my kidnapper. I pointed the gun at him and told him not to move. When he disobeyed me and began moving, I pulled the trigger and shot him.

Only now did I see that it wasn't a bullet which came out, but a small pellet. It hit the man and splattered on him. I then realized when the pellets had hit the barn, they hadn't made holes, but had splattered against the side of the barn.

After I had shot two or three pellets at my captor, he looked at me disdainfully, as if he were disappointed in me. I began to realize he had fixed the gun so only pellets instead of bullets were coming out. I thought I was really in trouble, especially since the farmers weren't going to help.

Fearing that he was again going to try to capture me, I began running through the field. I leaped head first over a barbed wire fence. I looked back and saw the man still standing in the same place. I saw a culvert under the road and I thought about hiding there. But instead I ran around the side of the hill. I saw that the man was headed back to his car and I thought he was probably going to retrieve a gun. My mind raced as I tried to think of how to get away.

### **Dream of: 29 July 1982 "Numbers And Patches"**

I was in the living room of a house, taking an examination. Leah and another female law student were also here. The test consisted of five questions. I answered the first four questions adequately, but when I read the fifth questions, I couldn't

understand it. The question appeared to be made of numbers, and had lines which made me think of electrical circuits, running between the numbers. I looked at it and couldn't figure out what it meant. It made some sense, but I still couldn't fathom the meaning.

In my anxiety, I moaned and thrashed about. I snared Leah's attention. I didn't want to talk to Leah in front of the other woman, because I was afraid the woman would think I was cheating, but I groaned anyway, "I can't figure out this last problem."

Leah replied, "Oh, that last problem. All you have to do is zip the numbers together."

When I looked back at my paper, it was actually not a paper, but a large blanket made of patches. It reminded

me of an old pair of patched pants I used to have. The problem I was working on was on one of the patches instead of on a paper. I moved the blanket so I couldn't find the patch with the problem on it. I looked at the different patches, trying to find the right one.

Finally I picked up the blanket, spread it on the floor and looked for the right patch. Leah looked at me and said, "I can't believe it."

I likewise couldn't believe I couldn't find the patch. When someone walked into the room to talk with me about something, I said, "Look, I can't talk right now. I'm taking this test."

It was around 1 o'clock and I had to finish the test by 1:30. When the person who had wanted to talk with me left, I again looked desperately for

the correct patch. I finally concluded the patch had somehow slipped off the blanket. I didn't know where it was. Time was running out and it looked as if I wasn't going to be able to answer the question. It was going to be one of the worst tests I had ever taken.

### **Dream of: 31 July 1982 "Animal Skulls"**

My mother, my brother Chris, other members of my family and I were in the Gallia County Farmhouse. My mother and I had been talking about some animal skulls which were buried on the Farm. My mother was of the opinion that the skulls were somehow going to come back to life. As I listened to her talk, I also became convinced that the skulls would return to life.

I looked out the window to the road in front of the Farmhouse, saw some of the skulls rolling on the road, and realized we were all going to be attacked by the skulls. I said, "Well, we're going to have to put stuff in front of the windows to barricade ourselves so they can't get in."

I told Chris to put stuff in front of the windows, and I also began piling things up. I was worried the skulls might be able to break down the doors, or might even somehow come through the attic.

I looked out on the road again; now hundreds of skulls were piling up on the road and I realized they were rolling toward the Farmhouse. Soon they started to roll up the hill toward the house.

As I watched them come toward the Farmhouse, I realized they weren't skulls, but sheep. At first I thought they were the skeletons of sheep, but then I saw that they were alive and had wool on them. I hollered to my mother, "Look they're coming and they've got wool on them!"

When they finally reached the windows of the Farmhouse, I saw that they weren't sheep, but small children. They looked as if they were black children. All I could see was the top of their heads banging against the double windows. Finally they broke one of the outer windows. I picked up a pot and told the other members of my family to pick up pots. Suddenly I smashed the pot through the window and began bashing the heads of the children. Every time I would smash a head, it would fall back, and another

one would advance. The other members of my family also began smashing heads with pots. But I saw the children's heads in all the windows; there were so many, it was hopeless.

As I continued smashing, I told one of my relatives to stand back because I was afraid I was going to hit him in the head. Even though I realized there were too many heads, and my actions were futile, I continued to furiously to hit them. I knew I had to keep trying.

One of the children reached inside and grabbed the hair of the head of one of my relatives. I smashed the child's hand and he let go. My relatives and I then continued smashing heads.

## **Dream of: 02 August 1982 "Some Design in Mind"**

My brother, another man and I were being held prisoner by someone in the upstairs of the House in Patriot. From the upstairs window, I could see my grandmother Leacy standing on the street not far away. Since no one else was around, I stuck my head out the window and motioned for her to come to me; I wanted to tell her to summon the police or someone to come and rescue us. When she saw me, she walked toward me, but ignored what I wanted. Finally, instead of helping me, she entered another house two doors down.

I contemplated simply jumping out the window. Even though the fall to the ground was long, I thought I could hold onto the outside sill and hang-drop. Such an escape would be

risky because guards periodically pulled up in a car outside the window and marched by. But I knew if my two companions and I didn't escape now, we would be executed this very day.

When I finally saw an opportunity, I climbed outside the window, held on to the window sill, and hang-dropped to the ground. Despite the long fall, I managed to land intact and without injury. As soon as I hit the ground, one of my law school classmates, Jeff Coppick, walked out of the front of the House and saw me. He appeared to be headed toward a car parked nearby. Since I knew Coppick had been a policeman before entering law school, I thought he might turn me in. But after looking at me for a second, Coppick acted as if he hadn't seen me and retraced his steps into the House.

With a flood of relief, I realized he was going to let me escape.

With no one else in sight, I dashed toward the front of House to the ditch along the side of the road. Having safely reached the ditch, I knelt down in it and crawled along until I came to the front of the house two doors down, the same house which my grandmother had entered. I kept looking back at the House from which I had escaped, afraid that someone besides Coppick would soon discover that I was missing. When I observed someone walking out of the House, I jumped up and rushed into the house which my grandmother had entered.

Although my grandmother was nowhere to be found inside, I fortuitously encountered another fellow also trying to escape. When the two of us conferred, we concluded

that the other two men whom I had left behind would now be unable to escape, especially since one of them was crippled. This realization saddened me, but since I had to escape, I didn't see any other choice but to abandon my other two companions; there was nothing I could do for them now.

Seeing our chance, the two of us slipped back out of the house, jumped on two waiting motorcycles and began a wild ride down the road. We rode for hours, successfully completing our escape. When we finally reached an intersection where a two-story log building was standing, we stopped and climbed off the bikes.

I watched as my companion began climbing up the side of the building, pulling up his motorcycle behind him. By the time he reached the building's

loft and slipped inside, he appeared to be pulling up a lawnmower instead of a motorcycle.

I also began climbing up to the loft and, with my companion's assistance, pulled up my own lawnmower with me. When I asked him why we were pulling the lawnmowers up to the loft, he asked, "Well, do you see those trucks out there?"

I could see that he was pointing toward the intersection where several trucks and cars were parked. My companion continued, "We're going to take one of those."

Apparently his plan was to stash the motorcycles in the loft, and steal one of the motor vehicles. I disliked the idea. I had just escaped from jail, and I didn't want to do anything wrong and risk going back. But I saw the

utility of stealing a motor vehicle – we would be able to move faster.

Leaving the motorcycles stashed in the loft, we clambered back down to the ground, jumped into one of the cars parked at the intersection, and drove off. In the process, a third person joined us. While the other two sat in the front, I occupied the back seat.

Once we were underway, I declared that I was definitely not going to return to prison. I explained that I had been in another prison once before and I had never gone back there either. One of the fellows must have known the long story of how I had once been imprisoned in Iran for eight months, because he said,  
"Iran?"

I answered, "Yea."

Once we had traveled for a ways, I noticed the skyline of a vast city outside and wondered where we were. Seeing the skyline of a second nearby city, I thought the two cities might be Dallas and Fort Worth, since they were close together.

I kept thinking of the two men I had left behind in the upstairs prison of the House in Patriot. As I stretched out on the back seat of the car, I felt like praying, and I said out loud, "Lord, I want to thank you for helping us escape from there. I know you must have some design in mind for us to help us out of that place. I'm just very thankful."

When the two men in the front seat heard me, they seemed somewhat moved by my prayer.

## **Dream of: 05 August 1982 "Wild Man"**

Mike Walls (one of my best friends in high school) drove around in his car in Portsmouth, Ohio until we finally stopped on Gallia Street near Richard's News and walked into a store which seemed to contain a variety of merchandise including hardware. Since I wanted to buy a model of a small plastic monster, I began looking for one. Walls - also looking for something - walked over to a counter with a window behind which was a person who waited on people. Lines of people were at other counters, but Walls apparently had found a counter without a line.

I walked to another counter, behind which I could see a number of plastic models. I also noticed rows of assembled models on large tall

shelves, some of which reached almost to the ceiling. When a woman finally walked up and asked if she could help me, I told her I was looking for a model of a plastic monster. I did not know exactly how to describe the plastic model which I wanted, but I told her I wanted it to be made of soft plastic and not hard plastic.

The woman began looking up on the shelves which displayed statues (about 30 centimeters tall) of roosters. She thought I might like one of those. I told her that that was not what I was looking for, and besides, the roosters were made of hard plastic.

I continued looking on the shelves until I noticed some lizards about 30 centimeters long which looked

basically like what I was seeking. One lizard had its tail broken off.

After the woman pulled down a plastic model to show me, she said she had sold many of that type, but I told her that that was not what I wanted. I thought I might want one of the lizards, but I decided to look around more first.

I looked back over to where Walls was; a line of people was now standing there. The person behind the counter had begun waiting on other people in the line and had ignored Walls who just stood there looking confused. Since I thought he would be there a while before anyone waited on him, I decided to mosey more around the store.

I walked around until I finally entered a small side room which seemed to

contain mostly hardware. I picked up a leaf rake whose red metal prongs looked more like those of a broom than a rake. Some prongs seemed to be twisted and I began untwisting them.

When I also saw a counter in that room with a man standing behind a window, I realized that the man was my second cousin Don. Apparently he either did not notice me or he did not want to speak to me, because he did not say anything. Another man walked up and began talking to Don about a trip which Don was going to take somewhere down south. Don was supposed to arrive early in the morning in the destination-town. The man asked Don whether arriving in a strange town early in the morning might be dangerous. Apparently Don

did not think it would be dangerous and he was going to leave soon.

I laid down the rake, walked back into the main room and looked for Walls, but he apparently had left. I figured he had probably walked outside to sit in the car.

When I walked outside onto the pavement, I saw that the car was gone. I walked across the street close to Richard's News, but I still could not see Walls anywhere. I could not understand how he could have left me like that. I thought that he must have thought I had departed and that he had then decided to simply leave.

As I stood there, I saw a girl who I thought I recognized walking up the street. When a second girl walked up and began talking to me, I realized the second girl was Sussie (an old

girlfriend from Portsmouth). I walked with Sussie a minute while I continued looking at the first girl. Finally - referring to the first girl - I asked Sussie, "Is that Laura?" (Laura had been one of my high school classmates ).

The first girl, who could hear me, walked up and said, "Yes, I'm Laura."

I said, "Hi. I'm Steve Collier."

She said, "Yea, I recognized you."

Laura and I talked for a few minutes.

She told me she was not as thin as she used to be, and indeed she had gained some weight. I scrutinized her face. She was wearing makeup and I noticed a blackish spot on her right cheek close to her lip. I was unsure whether the mark was from some smeared makeup or whether it was a bruise. I thought, "Well maybe she's

married and her husband's been  
beating her.

I asked her if she were married and  
she said, "Yea."

We were standing in front of a  
building. Laura was about to open a  
door to the building and ascend some  
stairs. She pointed to a sign on the  
building which said "Pig" and she told  
me that was her husband's name. I  
told her I thought I remembered the  
name and I thought I knew who her  
husband was, but I could not  
remember exactly. She implied that  
even though she was married, she did  
not get along well with her husband.  
Apparently it was practically as if she  
were not even married at all.

Continuing to talk with Laura and  
Sussie, I told them I had built a log  
cabin. At first I thought I had built the

log cabin in another state, but I finally straightened myself out and told them I had built the log cabin up in Gallia County. I told them the cabin was small and only measured 15 feet by 20 feet, but then I corrected myself and I said the cabin was actually 16 feet by 21 feet. One of them said, "Well, that makes it a little bigger."

I told them the cabin was actually quite nice and I added that I was actually thinking about building a little frame house sometime in the future.

I looked down the street and noticed that someone had built a large log cabin right there in town. I looked at the logs of that cabin even while I talked with them.

I asked Sussie if she would like to go do something that evening. She said

she would. Laura then acted disappointed, as if she would have liked to have done something with me. Apparently Laura and her husband indeed were not getting along and I thought perhaps I could go out with her.

Finally all three of us left together, went out and began drinking something alcoholic. We drank and drank until I was soon thoroughly intoxicated. I became quite disoriented and the next thing I knew Laura and I arrived at a house, which sat on top of a large hill practically as high as a mountain. The house was a small cottage which appeared to have been built by an individual.

Laura's husband was also there and the three of us stood together on the accommodating front porch. I was quite intoxicated and disoriented and

I did not know exactly what I was doing there. I walked to one end of the porch and began looking at the view. It was foggy and misty - a cloudy day. In a way the site reminded me of the one on which my Cabin sat. I realized that this was quite a beautiful place for a house and I thought, "This is quite nice."

Laura's husband reminded me of Ron Bell (an unsavory Portsmouth acquaintance). Since I had drunk so much booze, I began thinking that he might have some dope to smoke.

I turned around, walked into the house for a minute and then came back out. I had brought my own car to the house when I had come, but when I returned to the porch, my car was no longer there. I assumed Laura and her husband had left in my car and had deserted me here. That irritated

me. I walked back into the house through the living room and toward the back where there was a kitchen. I thought Laura's husband might have some dope there which I could find to smoke.

Sure enough, a baggie containing a small amount of marijuana seeds was lying on the table. I continued looking until I found a larger plastic bag with enough marijuana for perhaps three or four joints. I found some cigarette rolling paper on the table and pulled out one of the papers which were made of plastic instead of regular paper. Nevertheless I thought I would simply roll up a joint.

I was just about to begin rolling when I heard a noise from the front of the house and I thought, "Wait a minute. Somebody's come back."

I threw everything back down, hopefully in the same position I had found it. I walked to the front of the house and went back out onto the front porch. Laura and her husband had returned and were sitting in two chairs on the porch. They had brought back two fellows (each about 19 years old). One fellow was sitting in a chair and the other was sitting on the floor near the front of the porch.

The one sitting in the chair had a half-smoked joint in his hand, while the fellow on the floor had a fresh joint which he was just about to light. The fellow in the chair had just taken a hit from his joint and was about to pass it to the fellow sitting on the floor. I was standing between them and the fellow seemed uncertain whether he should pass the joint to me. I scornfully

looked at him and said, "Well, I see you're smoking that crap here."

Actually I wanted to smoke some. I was just trying to throw the fellow off guard, even though I thought I would immediately smoke some. But then I stopped and thought, "What am I doing? Here I am, I've been drinking like a wild man. And now I'm getting ready to smoke pot."

I tried to remember whether I had stopped drinking and smoking. It seemed I had. I could not understand how I had suddenly begun drinking again and I became quite distraught by the notion. The whole idea of smoking again was making me quite uncomfortable and I was uncertain whether I was going to smoke any marijuana.

## **Dream of: 11 August 1982 "Lord, Help Me"**

A large semi-truck was leaving the village of Patriot. The truck appeared to be transporting men to work; its back door was open, and men were running after the truck and jumping on. The truck wasn't traveling fast, and although some men gave up, most were able to catch the truck. Deciding that I would also like to hop on the truck and leave, I joined the men who were running to catch the truck. But almost as soon as I had begun, I lost interest; I stopped and simply began watching the other men run after the truck.

One fellow, instead of chasing the truck, pulled out a heavy rope. I watched with interest, unsure of his intentions. The fellow first jumped atop a wagon sitting beside the road.

Once he was on the wagon, he threw his rope toward the back of the passing truck, and somehow managed to lasso on to it. The man must have secured the rope to the wagon, because the wagon began moving along behind the truck. But the man didn't remain in the wagon; using the rope as a tightrope between the moving truck and wagon, the man - like a tightrope walker - began lithely walking across the rope, from the wagon to the truck. Once he reached the back of the truck, the man cut the wagon loose, and the truck continued on, with the man on board.

The truck finally slowed down even more, and almost all the men caught up and jumped on board. I was so close that I also could have jumped on; but I had decided that I was no longer interested in leaving. When

the truck moved on, I turned around and headed back into Patriot.

I hadn't walked far before I realized everything around me had turned black, so black I had to feel my way along. I was no longer walking on a road, but had unknowingly entered a long dark tunnel. Able to feel the smooth wall of the tunnel with my hand, I managed to guide my way through the obscurity, until I finally perceived a light shining from somewhere behind me. From the glow of the light, I could distinguish the forms of other people who were walking along near me, also headed back toward Patriot.

Proceeding, I reached a room built right into the side of the tunnel, a room which housed a store. Curious, I walked into the store and found a man selling television sets. He had

seven or eight sets, and since I was in the market for a television, I began examining them. When I asked the man how much the television sets cost, he replied that they were \$50 apiece.

The price sounded acceptable. I reflected that I myself had even recently sold a television for \$50. Examining the sets further, I realized they were all rather small: some screens were only about six inches, whereas other screens were twelve inches. When I asked the man if I could turn on the televisions, he indicated that I could.

As I flipped on one of the sets, the man informed me that it would have a clear picture; and he was correct – the set did have a clear picture. However, the television seemed too

small for me, and I complained, "Well, that screen's awful small."

Dissatisfied with the size of the first set, I walked over to another set with a larger twelve inch screen. But when I turned on this set, the picture was even less clear than the picture on the smaller set. None of the television sets suited me. Finally I spotted a television which resembled the one which I had recently sold. I even wondered if this were the same set; it seemed possible that I might have sold it to this man. But when I looked at the set more closely, it was a bit beat-up, and looked different from the set which I had sold. Finally I decided that although I needed to buy a set, I should wait a little longer. I might return to this same store and buy the set later. Having made my decision, I stepped back out into the tunnel.

As I continued along, I noticed the tunnel was now lit, and seemed more like a hallway inside a school.

Gradually the place began to resemble the law school at the University of Texas (UT) in Austin. Classrooms could be seen along the side of the hall, with students sitting inside at their desks. I now recalled that I had been thinking of transferring to the UT law school. UT would certainly be different from Baylor Law School. UT would have a much wider variety of people and wouldn't be nearly as prim and proper as Baylor. But I wondered if I were prepared for UT. Life hadn't been that bad at Baylor; I had learned quite a bit there. Going to a small school like Baylor had certain advantages. And would I be able to compete at UT against so many smart people? I was a bit worried by the

prospect, but I thought I would just jump in anyway and start participating. Then I could see what would happen.

Although I thought about entering one of the class rooms right now, instead, I simply proceeded in the hallway. The more I walked, the darker the corridor became, until finally, once again, I realized I was no longer in the hallway, but far underground in the tunnel.

The tunnel had some light in it, enough so that I could see that other passageways forked off from the main, straightaway tunnel which I was traversing. Noticing some people walking close to me, in the same direction which I was bearing, I asked one of them about the passageways. The person explained that sometimes there were earth tremors in the

tunnel. At such times, it was possible to enter one of the little rooms, where the tremors weren't so severe.

Braced with this new knowledge, I scrutinized more closely the short passageways branching off from the tunnel, finally realizing that they indeed led to side-rooms. Venturing into one of the rooms, I quickly discovered that it was possible to enter the room, walk across its length, and exit through another door, back into the tunnel. Since I was concerned by what the fellow had said – that the rooms were safer than the tunnel – I walked through every room I saw, hoping to reduce the odds that the tunnel would cave in on me.

Just as I entered one of the rooms, the earth began to shake. Through a window in the room, I could peer out

into the tunnel, where people scurried pell-mell in fear. As the tremor continued, I lay down on a small bench in the room. If the room were going to cave in, I hoped it would happen quickly, instantly killing me. I was unafraid to die; but if I were going to die, I wanted to die fast. As the shaking of the room became more violent, I prayed to God, "Lord, help me. Or if you can't help me, just let me die."

From where I lay, I could still observe people rushing through the tunnel. A man and an attractive woman ran into my room. When I saw the woman's low-cut dress, which emphasized her voluptuous breasts, I thought at least if I were to be trapped in this room, it might not be as bad if I were trapped with her.

When the shaking finally subsided, I stood up and ventured back out into the tunnel, where quite a few people were now walking. Two men walked up to me and one of them obtrusively held one of his hands in front of my face. Thwarting my view, he commanded, "Don't look at that man over there."

Not comprehending why he was trying to prevent my looking at the other man, I asked why not. Even though the man in front of me was trying to block my view, I could still see the other man, who was doffing his clothes. The man with his hand in front of my face said, "He's injured and you shouldn't look."

I ordered the man obstructing me to yield the way. I thought I understood what was wrong with the injured man: his penis had been burnt off. I

believed I could handle the sight. But the man in front of me wouldn't move.

As he continued to hold his hand in front of my face, I noticed his fingernails were painted bright red.

And when he kept talking, and touched my face, I realized both he and the injured man were homosexuals.

When the man persisted in blocking my path, I became angry and began pushing him. Suddenly he wanted to fight. I unhesitatingly seized him, threw him over a nearby railing, and then pushed the injured man out of my way.

Having cleared my path of the two, I turned around and saw standing in the tunnel someone whom I hadn't seen since high school: Bill Johnson, a classmate whom I had hardly known even in high school. He had dropped

out of school somewhere along the way, and I had never heard of him again. However, now that he was standing in front of me, I definitely recognized him. He was wearing a sports jacket and a pair of red, plaid pants – quite snazzy. He had a nice camera in an ebony case hanging from a strap around his neck. Walking over to him, I said hello, and added, "Well, you look really prosperous."

He responded, "No, not really."

As we talked, he made it clear that he was barely making ends meet. He asked me about myself, and where I was going. I reflected that I, like he, also had little money. In fact I didn't even have a quarter for something I needed to buy. Nevertheless I had had enough money to buy a plane ticket to Lebanon, and I enlightened Bill that I was on my way there. When

he asked me what I was going to do in Lebanon, I replied that I didn't have the faintest idea what I was going to do there. I was simply going to go. I added, "I do know that they sell televisions rather cheap over there. I'm thinking about buying a television."

We continued talking for a few minutes.

### **Dream of: 11 August 1982 (2)**

#### **"Playing the Cello"**

I had bought a used cello and a used viola and had then lugged them to the House in Patriot. I set the cello up, examined it and decided I had made a good purchase. But the problem was that I didn't know how to play the instruments. One of the metal strings had come loose at the bottom of the cello, but it was still fastened at the

head. I loosened one of the screws at the bottom and then tightened the screw back down on the loose string.

After I had finished, however, the string was still loose. I saw another screw, loosened it, stuck the string under it and then screwed it back down. The string then seemed taut.

I raked a tiny, little bow across the strings to test them. It made a nice sound. All the strings appeared to be in place and the instrument appeared ready to be played.

Haim walked in through the kitchen door and came over to the living room part of the room where I was. He apparently had just recently returned from England. I was happy to see him. He seemed like a real friend. He sat down on a couch and we began talking. Apparently he had been working rather hard lately and

seemed to be quite absorbed in the work he had been doing. However, he acted as if he needed some way of releasing his spiritual energies other than just work, but he didn't seem to know quite what to do. I thought about suggesting that we join together again and have a dream discussion group to talk about our dreams. But I was unsure whether we should do that.

Louise walked into the kitchen part of the room. I thought how our previous dream group had consisted of only Louise, Haim and me. The situation had changed dramatically since Haim had been away. I was unsure whether I should tell Haim I was now in love with Louise.

I showed Haim the small viola I had bought; he called it a desk. That made me recall that I had previously heard

someone else call it a desk and I hadn't quite been sure what that had meant. Apparently the word "desk" was a name for that particular instrument.

When Haim indicated that he was about to leave, I asked him to stay because I wanted to play the cello for him. After Louise walked from the kitchen over to the couch where Haim was and sat down, I took my little bow and began playing the cello. The sounds which came from it were absolutely beautiful. I haphazardly hit the strings as I raked the bow across them, but not a false note was hit. The sound was unplanned, simply a series of very beautiful notes. As I continued playing and the beauty of the notes inspired me, I began racing quickly with the bow. The part of the bow which touched the strings looked

something like a rubber band. Once, as it skidded across the strings, it became tangled and twisted in itself and I had to stop and straighten it out.

I began playing again; but instead of strings being on the cello, there were now rows of what looked like small, plastic, artificial grapes of all different colors. There were rows of red, yellow, blue, green and other colored grapes. Now instead of raking the bow across the strings I simply hit the grapes with the bow. A beautiful sound came out which thoroughly enthralled me.

I stopped for a moment and looked at Haim. He said the music was absolutely beautiful. He seemed to be almost as enthralled with it as I was.

As Haim raved about the music I myself was quite amazed.

## **Dream of: 13 August 1982 "Lazy Day"**

I was carrying my flute in a place housed many electronic games. I walked over to one game, laid my flute down, and after sticking a quarter in the game, began playing. Through a small hole I could look into a field where the game took place. Two buttons were on the side of the machine. It was a war game. When the buttons were pressed, a ship would attack some other objects.

Although I didn't completely understand how the game functioned, it began and I started pressing the buttons. On the screen I could see figures running and shooting electronic beams, which would hit other objects and explode. Although I didn't understand what I was doing, I was apparently winning, because I

could hear bells ringing indicating my success. I could also see a scored board which showed my score increasing. When the game finally ended, I had a high score and apparently had won an extra game.

I looked more closely at the sides of the game and saw about a half dozen other switches and buttons on each side of the board. Although I didn't understand them either, I thought if I clicked them, different games would come on. I clicked a couple, and each time the scene on the board changed. However, even though I thought I had won an extra game, I couldn't get the game to begin again.

A boy (about 10 years old) walked up carrying a flute. Thinking the flute was mine, I reached out to grab it, but he pulled back. Looking more closely, I saw that the flute had a

different name from mine, and that it wasn't my flute. I asked, "Well, can I see that for a minute?"

He hesitated, but finally said, "Okay."

He let me have the flute. I stepped back from the game and put the flute to my mouth. But then I noticed the screw which fits into the end of the head piece was loose. I took it out and stuck it in my pocket. I tried to play, but since I didn't get a good sound, I started to put the screw back. As I did so, I looked inside the flute and saw what appeared to be many small mechanical devices inside the flute. I tried to play the flute again, but finally just handed it back to the boy.

Looking around the room, I realized I was in the House in South Shore, Kentucky (across the Ohio River from Portsmouth, a four room cottage

where I lived for about a year when I was in the fifth and sixth grade). I looked out the window and saw Leah walking toward the House. When she walked into the room, I saw that she was very pregnant. She came over to me and we began talking. She came so close to me that we soon had our arms around each other, and I noticed I was standing on her feet. However, even though I was standing on her feet, I was still much shorter than she. When I asked her how tall she was, she said she was only about five seven. I said, "Well, Leah, you're so much taller than me."

I tried to raise myself up, but couldn't go past her stomach. Finally I said, "Leah, my eyes can only see into your navel."

Finally, however, I was able to raise my face up to her face. When our

faces were close together, I began to feel she was becoming sexually aroused. I thought, "Well, she probably hasn't had sex with her husband for quite a long time since she's pregnant. Well, I don't think I should have sex with her right now because she's pregnant, but if I get a hold of her before her husband does after she has her baby, maybe we could have sex then."

She leaned back close to the window. She said she was so lazy today that she didn't feel like doing anything. I suddenly remembered I was going to have a test the very next day, and that I should be studying for it. I said, "Yea, I feel the same way. I just feel so lazy today that I can't do anything."

Our faces were still very close. I moved even closer and began kissing

her. She offered no resistance. I put my hand on one of her breasts and began squeezing. She didn't stop me, and we continued kissing.

**Dream of: 20 August 1982**  
**"Eternity Without Shoes"**

My great-aunt Dorothy, my great-uncle Adolph, quite a few other people, and I were in the back yard of the House in Patriot. A metal structure had been built for a cook-out and a fire was burning not far from the structure. I sat down next to the fire, picked up some small sticks and threw them on the fire. Some wood had already been partially burnt; I was careful not to touch hot parts of the wood.

Someone had placed some rocks on the fire, and the rocks were actually burning. I wasn't surprised; I thought

rocks would burn if a fire were hot enough.

Dorothy sat down next to me; both of us were sitting on large rocks. When she sat down she took up most of the space and pushed me to the side. She didn't speak to me, and I knew she was aggravated with me about something. I had to push her back some to allow myself enough room to sit there. She threw a few pieces of wood on the fire.

I knew a political message was going to be given soon, but I didn't know whether the message would be broadcast on television, or whether someone was actually going to come there and speak. As I thought about the political event, I recalled that I needed to go to Gallipolis for something, but I couldn't remember exactly why. Perhaps I needed to

vote, or perhaps I just needed to go to  
the county fair.

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I was walking around through some  
booths, apparently at the Gallia  
County Fair. I saw one booth with a  
man who apparently was running for  
office. When I walked closer to the  
booth, I saw two men were actually in  
it – one on one side and one on the  
other. I also saw some ballots for  
voting.

The man on the right was a socialist.  
The man on the left was from another  
party. The office for which they were  
running was quite menial. I decided  
to vote for the socialist and he gave  
me his ballot. At the top was the  
letter "N." I circled it, thereby  
signifying that I was voting for the  
socialist. I also wrote a large capital

"N" on the ballot. The man took back the ballot and looked at it. He didn't seem grateful.

I walked on, looking at the fairgrounds. I reached a tent which was roped off. I looked inside and saw a large gray bob cat with white streaks. The cat was rather large, about a meter tall. Only a rope separated it from the outside. It was running around on the dirt floor inside the tent. Apparently it was some kind of attraction.

As I watched, a woman and her children walked into the tent. I thought, "That bobcat's gonna attack them."

But the cat didn't attack; it didn't even seem inclined to do so.

I began thinking that I would like to leave and return to Patriot.

Scrutinizing the faces in the large crowd around me, I didn't detect anyone I knew. How was I going to return to Patriot? Perhaps I should call someone; I finally decided to call my old friend Steve Buckner. Perhaps he would come to get me.

I called Buckner on the phone and talked with him, but I couldn't persuade him to come and get me. He simply didn't want to come because he thought it was going to rain. I did notice some lightening. I realized it had rained quite a bit there, and the roads were all muddy. I also noticed that the crowd was thinning out and that not many people were left around me.

I stopped talking with Buckner and began walking around again until I ran into Howard Swiver (a fellow about my age who used to live in

Patriot). He told me he was going to leave, but that he wasn't going back to Patriot. When he boarded his car, I also got into to see if I could find out where he was going. He said he was simply going away, and began talking about the mud all around us. He said it wasn't good at the fair when there was so much mud. I thought, "Well, I've just got to get out of here, wherever he's going."

He drove off and I rode with him. I kept trying to find out where he was going. He said something about either going to California, or to some other place which was about 90 miles away. As we drove along, he said he wanted to go to a bar. I didn't really want to go to a bar. I thought something like, "Well, I don't want to drink. I've stopped drinking. And he'll expect me to drink at this bar. I'll just

go to the bar anyway, but I won't drink anything. I'll just order coke or orange juice or something like that."

As we drove along, Swiver said something about my getting served at a bar. I said sarcastically, "Well, I'm only 29 years old. I don't know whether they'll serve me or not."

He seemed to have forgotten that I hadn't seen him in years, and that I had grown up.

Suddenly I saw that the car was rapidly approaching a large bank on the side of the road. Swiver swerved off the road and went off the bank. I closed my eyes and could feel us tumbling through the air. When I finally opened my eyes back up, we were again on the road. Amazed, I told him to be more careful. It

seemed to me that he was driving rather recklessly.

We continued driving. As we approached a curve, I saw that he wasn't going to make the curve and that we were going to drive off another bank. As he drove off the bank, I again closed my eyes. This time I thought for sure we would be killed. I could feel us tumbling through the air. When I opened my eyes, we were no longer on the road, but were riding along in a field.

Suddenly, in the middle of the field, we pulled up to a large, pretty house made of gray wood. The house looked as if it would be a nice place to live.

I began to realize that something had happened when we had gone over the bank, but I didn't know what. I looked around me; many gray houses were

around the area. They all looked modern.

When Swiver began backing up the car, in the distance behind the houses, I could see a large, magnificent city with tall buildings. The houses were apparently part of a suburb of the city. The houses were pretty and intriguing.

I continued to try to understand what was happening. Suddenly I realized we had both been killed in the car accident. We were now dead and had come to this place of the dead. Although I was apprehensive, Howard was quite happy and liked the place. I didn't know what to do, but Howard wanted to go into the city.

So he began driving and we were soon inside the city. People were all over the streets. I saw some black

people, and remarked how eerie everything looked. I wasn't really scared, but I was trying to adjust myself to being dead. It was difficult to accept that fact that I indeed was dead.

I saw a few people walking around carrying some identification cards. I didn't know whether they were beggars, or mute, or what. As we would pass them, they would hold up their identification cards to us.

Some people appeared unhappy, while others appeared happy.

When we finally stopped the car and I got out, I realized I was wearing socks, but I didn't have any shoes. The other people were wearing shoes. I hadn't brought any shoes with me, and I was now going to have to spend eternity without any shoes. But it

didn't particularly bother me. I thought, "Well, you can't have everything."

I felt the urge to sing; could hear a religious song going through my mind. I thought I could hear other people singing in the background. I joined in. Although I was still quite confused as to what was going on, I thought the best thing I could do at the moment was to sing the religious song.

### **Dream of: 21 August 1982 "Going To Die"**

My brother Chris, my sister and I were in a car which my sister was driving, headed to the House in New Boston. My sister said something and used the word "did" in an improper way. I asked her if she knew when to use "did" and when to use "done." I

was thinking about "done" being a participle, and "did" being the past tense. My sister replied that she had learned once the proper usage, but now she couldn't remember. She said she thought it had something to do with circles and squares, just as she steered the car around a corner. I told her the proper usage had nothing to do with circles and squares, that the usage revolved around the word "have." I explained that with the words "have" and "has," the word "done" was used, and that if there were no helping verb, the word "did" was used.

We drove on and finally arrived at the House on the Hill. Only now, other houses were also built around the House, and it wasn't even in an isolated section of the woods. There was now a complete subdivision.

As we pulled into the House, about 12 men and women carrying luggage were standing there. When we stopped, I began talking with them. They were waiting for someone, and I thought, "Well, I'll just invite them into my father's house and they can wait there."

I stepped out of the car and walked up to the door of the House. Before going in, I turned around, looked at all the other houses, and commented how everything had been changed since the last time I had been there. I told the others that the last time I was there, none of the other houses were there, only trees.

I could still see the markings of the hill, but it looked so different with all the houses there. I turned back to the House and told the others that the House also had been destroyed and

damaged and burnt, and now had been replaced.

The House was still burnt at one spot next to one of the window sills. I noticed some wasps or flies hovering next to that spot. Referring to the flies, someone said it looked as if new inhabitants had moved in. I didn't pay much attention to the flies and I walked on into the house. Chris (about 14 years old) had been trying to walk, but was having a difficult time; so I picked him up and put him on my back. He was very heavy. I carried him around on my back for a while.

I walked into the kitchen and then into the living room. Brownish-red carpet was on the floor and everything looked quite nice. Nice furniture was in the living room. I invited everyone in and told them to

make themselves at home. I set Chris down on a couch at first, but then moved him onto a large table. I sat down at the table while the other people sat down around the room.

A short, spry, thin man who hadn't originally been with the other people then walked into the room. He was only about five eight or five nine. He had black hair. He began introducing himself to everyone and asking everyone's names. He walked over to the table where I was and asked my sister her name. She gave him her name.

He asked me my name and gave him my full name.

He then told us what his name was. He looked at Chris, who was sitting on the table. It was evident that Chris had muscular dystrophy and was in

fairly bad shape. The man looked at my sister, and referring to Chris, asked, "Well, how many more Christmases does he plan on being around?"

My sister didn't know how to respond. She said, "Well, we haven't really planned it yet, but it probably won't be very long."

He of course was referring to the fact that Chris wouldn't live long. I was so affected by what he said, I felt like crying. I could feel my face swelling up. I knew the man was looking at me and I didn't want to cry in front of him. I turned away to my left, ready to burst out crying. I knew Chris was going to die soon, and I didn't want him to die.

**Dream of: 25 August 1982 "Flying Saucer Visit"**

Another person and I were walking together on a road. As we talked, I noticed a round, flying saucer pass overhead. When the ship stopped right above me and focused a beam on me, I began rising in the air. I enjoyed the ride up as I floated toward the ship. An opening appeared in the bottom of the ship, and I floated through it. Everything seemed to be perfectly synchronized so I came right into the bottom of the space ship.

The interior seemed to consist of one fairly large round room about 10 meters in diameter. A man, a woman and a child were inside. I was apprehensive, unsure of what they wanted from me. Perhaps they were going to kill me. However, they seemed friendly and I concluded they weren't going to harm me, at least

not right now. I thought they were simply going to transport me somewhere.

Looking around to see what they had, I noticed quite a few books along the walls, and I thought I also saw some animals. On one side the room was a window on which a turtle was running frenetically back and forth and around in circles. I thought they probably had also picked up the turtle on earth.

I pulled out one thin book, which appeared to be a National Geographic, except that it was hardbound. I opened the book and saw some pretty pictures of flying cranes on one page. I noticed what appeared to be pigeon dung on the cover of the book, as if the book had been left in a garage for a while. Apparently the space people had

picked it up somewhere. I noticed the language wasn't English. It looked as if it might be Czechoslovakian, but I was unsure.

One of them began talking about an American writer who lived around the time of the Civil War. Either he wrote playful cartoons or people wrote cartoons about him. The woman talked about him, but couldn't remember his name. When the child said a name, the woman said, "No, that's not who I'm thinking of."

I said, "Charles Dickens?"

She said, no, it wasn't Charles Dickens. She knew who Dickens was and apparently she held him in high esteem.

**Dream of: 28 August 1982 "Knife Fight"**

Around 3 a.m., Louise and I were walking around on the walkway of an enclosed shopping mall (apparently somewhere in Mexico City, Mexico) which had little stores on both sides. It had become very late and since no one else was around, I began to be apprehensive. I thought it was so late that no taxis would even be available for us. I began talking to Louise about it.

A fellow opened a door at the end of the walkway; I watched him as he walked toward us. He was well-dressed in a black suit-jacket and a white shirt. He seemed a little confused, as if not quite sure exactly what was going on. He reached us and, speaking English, asked if a hotel was nearby. He apparently was in the same situation as we and also knew it was late at night and

becoming dangerous. When I was unable to help him, he walked over to a nearby bench and sat down.

I continued talking to Louise and told her I thought I had seen a sign for a hotel in the mall. I said, "Well, Louise, we're just going to have to get a hotel room. It'll cost thirty dollars."

She exclaimed, "Thirty Dollars! We can't pay thirty dollars for a hotel!"

I replied, "Look it's better to pay thirty dollars tonight than for you to get your face all cut up out there on the street and have to pay a thousand dollars to get it fixed tomorrow."

She answered, "Yea, you're right now that I think about it."

"Look," I continued, "there aren't even any taxis around here."

While pondering what to do next, we walked over and sat down on the same bench where the other fellow had sat. Another person had also walked up and was now sitting on the fellow's left. I sat on the fellow's right and Louise sat down on my right.

The fellow began talking again, but his English was poor and I had difficulty understanding him. He seemed to be a nice fellow and I began to form the idea that he might want to share a hotel room with us. We might be able to get a room with a couple beds. He could sleep in one and Louise and I could sleep in the other. But I was unsure that was what he wanted.

I somehow thought Louise was going to object to the whole idea. At first I thought she didn't have a good reason for objecting, but then I thought she

might have a point; I really didn't know the fellow well.

The fellow took off his coat and laid it between us. As I continued talking to Louise, I noticed he was feeling around for something close to my left leg rather close to my butt, but I wasn't quite sure what he was doing. I moved around and then suddenly thought, "He's taken my wallet."

I turned around so my back was toward Louise and said, "Louise, feel back there and see if my wallet is still in my pocket. I think this guy has taken it."

She felt my pocket and my billfold was still there. I turned back around, but still kept watching the fellow. He began reaching again and I knew for sure he was trying to get my billfold. I made a quick move to get away from

him, but he suddenly reached into his pocket, jerked out a knife and lunged at me with it. I quickly grabbed him and we tumbled from the bench.

Louise stood up as the fellow and I began fighting. We twisted around so he was in front of me with his back to me holding the knife in front of him. I was afraid he had been in this kind of situation before and would know how to flip me over his shoulders and stab me with the knife. I held on for dear life.

I wondered if I should begin hollering to Louise for help. I was unsure whether I should involve her in the fight because she might get hurt. I didn't want to be killed myself, but I still didn't know whether to holler.

**Dream of: 02 September 1982**  
**"Complete Strangers"**

Jon and I had gone to a state park near Kerrville, Texas which we had visited together once before. We arrived early in the morning, pulled up to the campsite and parked our car in about the same place where we had been the last time. We planned to get a cabin later. Two girls in a large, blue van soon pulled up nearby, got out of the van and sat down at a picnic table with us. We all talked for a while.

Finally, Jon, who wasn't wearing a shirt, jumped up and began running around. I thought he was going to run over to the office to see about getting a cabin. I told him not to become excited, that we could drive the car to the office and that we didn't want to overdo it by running over there.

He came back and we boarded his car. We drove off and he began

talking with me. It became obvious that he wanted us to get together with the two girls; he tried to persuade me to go along with the idea. But I didn't really want to because I kept thinking about Louise, whom I apparently had simply left for the weekend. Although the idea of getting together with one of the girls appealed to me, I didn't see how I was going to be able to do so without telling Louise. If I were with one of the girls, I would be unable to return to Louise and lie to her. I would have to tell her about it.

Jon began talking about drinking alcohol and said, "We're going to have to get some beer."

I said I didn't want to do that either. Again I began thinking about Louise; I thought Louise and I had promised each other that we were not going to

drink alcohol. But then I thought,  
"Well, Louise broke that promise  
twice."

I had never broken the promise, but I  
didn't want to break it now. If I broke  
the promise, I would likewise have to  
tell Louise about that.

We finally reached the office, walked  
into a small room and told a man  
there we wanted a cabin. I thought  
there was some kind of student rate  
for cabins of \$18 apiece. But the man  
said the cabins were going to cost  
\$38. I thought, "\$38!"

I didn't know whether I was going to  
be able to pay that much. I asked the  
man if he had a student rate on  
cabins; he said there might be one  
left. But he was unsure and said we  
would have to return a little later to

find out. The cabin with the student rate would indeed only be \$18.

We left, returned to the spot where we had been and found two additional girls there. They were obviously all quite available. They had all come to the area to party and clearly wanted to drink alcohol. I began thinking, "Well, we could all just get drunk and have a big party and probably all go to bed."

But I simply couldn't make up my mind to do that. If I had sex with one of the girls I would have to tell Louise. Then I thought, "Well, I might catch some disease from one of these girls."

I thought again about drinking alcohol and again thought how I would have to tell Louise about it. But then I thought, "Well, since she did it

twice, she surely wouldn't be able to say too much if I did it once."

Jon was still talking about buying the beer and I said, "Look you're going to have to drive all the way to Uvalde."

Beer wasn't allowed in the camp area and Uvalde was a city about 50-60 kilometers away. But Jon said it might be possible to buy the beer from someone around here, from someone who had smuggled it into the camp area.

Finally, Jon and I found out that the cabin was available and we returned to the office. We entered what appeared to be a living room and a man told us they had a cabin for us for \$18. While the man walked into the next room to get something, I began looking through a box which had some old issues of Time and

Newsweek in it; I thought I would like to have the magazines to cut out pictures for collages.

A woman entered the room and I stood up because I didn't think she was happy with my going through the magazines. I saw a new Time magazine lying on a shelf and picked it up. It had a story on the cover about Moscow. I also seemed to hear a radio in the background talking about Moscow, where there apparently had been some change in leadership.

The radio also mentioned something happening in Romania. Apparently the Romanians were somehow protesting against the regime in Moscow.

As I looked through the magazine, the man sat down and said the cabin

would cost \$18. Jon wrote out a check for \$9. I didn't have a check and said, "I'm going to pay cash. Will that be all right?"

The man answered, "Yea."

I looked through my billfold, pulled out five ones and laid them on the couch. Then I picked one back up.

Three of the ones left lying were straight and one was folded. I pulled out a five dollar bill and laid it on top the ones. The man picked up the money and said it was correct.

While I had been counting out the money, I had laid the magazine I had been reading on a table. When I rose

I remembered I should put the magazine back where I had found it and picked it back up. I then noticed I had stuck a black felt pen inside it while I had been reading it and

thought, "Well it's a good thing I remembered to pick it up and put it back or I would have forgotten my pen."

Jon and I prepared to leave and said good-bye and thank you. As I walked out I thought how often in life I had casually met people like that for a quick business purpose or some other reason, and I didn't really stop and pay any attention to them. I just came in and then left. If I ever really needed someone for help, those people would just be complete strangers to me. I thought about how a person really needs friends sometimes on whom he can depend. Jon and I walked out and left.

**Dream of: 05 September 1982**  
**"Great American Novels"**

I was engaged with some other people in some kind of competition at Baylor Law School. A large electronic board listed the names of the people in the competition. The people in the competition had run a race against each other, and the results of the race were now being posted on the board. I watched as the figures on the board changed until all the results were completed. I noticed Davis' (a fellow law student) name on the board. Nine people had taken part in the race; I had come in fourth. Satisfied with the results, I went on about my business.

I began thinking about the time I had first gone to Baylor Law School, before I had transferred to the University of Puerto Rico Law School. I remembered that during that time I had gone to class naked several times. I had a specific memory of

having once talked with Leah (a fellow law student) in the library while I had been completely naked from the waist down, but the more I thought about it, the more uncertain I was that my memories were correct.

It seemed as if the events had occurred, but I was unsure. I thought if I had done that, I probably would have been arrested. Then I thought, "No, maybe they had just been lenient there at the school, and they had let me go ahead and do it."

I encountered Terry (another fellow law student) in the hall and began talking with him. I asked him if he had ever noticed anything strange about anything I had ever done. He said yes, that the whole class had thought it very strange how I used to be naked. He said that one time George Washington had been there,

and I had stood naked in the hall talking with George Washington. I thought, "Well, apparently I did used to come to school naked."

We next spoke of my friend Jon. Terry said Jon had once come to school with a large hole in the tee shirt he had been wearing. Jon had been called to the dean's office just for that. Another time Jon had gone to school with overalls, but with no shirt. Again he had been called to the dean's office for that. I thought it was strange that I was allowed to run around naked.

I continued to ponder the matter. It seemed so strange that I had gone to school naked, but apparently it was true. I wondered what professor Dohoney would have thought if she had seen me. Then I thought she probably had seen me, that everyone had seen me. They had just accepted

that I was somewhat strange.  
Apparently no one held it against me.

I ran into Julie (a fellow law student) in the hall. She was quite friendly and wanted to talk with me.

I went on to class. The professor wasn't yet here. I sat down and a blonde girl with glasses sat down next to me on my left. Another girl sat next to me on my right. When the professor came in, I realized I didn't want to be as close to the front as I was, and I moved a couple rows back. Then I moved again to another seat. This time Peggy Walker (a junior high school classmate) was sitting on my right, and Weitz (another fellow law student) was sitting on my left.

Clifford (another junior high school classmate) was sitting in a seat in the row ahead of me. I thought Clifford and Peggy were married, although I

wasn't quite sure. I talked to Peggy a bit. It was good to see her again.

When the class began, it was in Spanish and being taught by professor Pasalacua (a law professor from the University of Puerto Rico), who also seemed a bit like professor Wendorf. He had assigned the students to read a little book called **Great American Novels**. The book contained condensed synopses of different American novels. He began asking questions. Almost no one, including myself, had read the assignment. However, one girl in the left front of the class seemed to know what was going on.

I liked Pasalacua; I began thinking how strange it was to see him here. I thought his learning of Baylor through me when I had been in Puerto Rico was partially the reason

why he had come to Baylor.  
Apparently he had simply applied to  
teach at Baylor and then had come  
up.

The seat where I had been sitting  
between the two girls in front was  
still empty. Perhaps it had been rude  
of me to get up and move the way I  
had. Actually I thought the girl who  
had sat beside me might have even  
liked me. I hadn't even considered  
that it would be rude of me to move  
the way I had.

### **Dream of: 06 September 1982 "My Father's Ghost"**

I was sitting on the left side in the  
back of a large classroom. The seats  
were arranged in long rows of two  
seats next to each other. I sat in the  
row next to the left wall and another  
fellow sat on my left. The class was a

special criminal law class called by Baylor law professor Wendorf. I was miffed because I had been compelled to attend class at 10 a.m. on Saturday morning. Wendorf had also called for two extra hours in the evenings for another class which he was teaching. Calling extra classes was his method of getting in extra time teaching, and I was angry at the idea of his forcing extra time on us.

The class was large and practically all the students were there because Wendorf had threatened to cut grades if the students didn't show up for any classes.

Wendorf stood in front of the room and lectured about the causal nature of a crime. I, however, was only interested in getting out of there. It was only a couple more minutes until 11 a.m. when we could go.

Wendorf stopped for a minute and looked through his books, but he couldn't find what he was looking for. I thought about how much time I was wasting in his class. For a couple minutes Wendorf just stood pondering what he was going to say; he seemed to have run out of subjects. Finally he looked out over the class and asked if there were any questions. When a girl in the middle in the back of the room raised her hand and Wendorf called out her name, I whispered, "You stupid bitch."

The fellow in front of me heard me and turned around. He thought the fellow to my left had made the statement and he said something to him. I interrupted and said, "No, it wasn't him. It was me."

Apparently the fellow in front of me agreed with me that the girl was stupid for raising her hand right when we were all ready to leave.

The girl said she would like Wendorf to read a paper which she had written -- she passed the paper to the front to Wendorf. The paper appeared to contain about 30-40 pages and Wendorf flipped through them.

The girl had once worked for some kind of psychological agency and the paper concerned a man she had met who had suffered a life-long psychological problem. The girl had passed the paper up because Wendorf had earlier been talking about something similar. Wendorf passed the paper back to the girl and he said that the girl should make a copy and distribute it to everyone in the room. I thought, "It serves her right. Now

she'll have to pay for all those copies."

Someone from the law school staff stood and asked Wendorf if the girl would be able to use the staff copying machine to avoid paying for the copies and Wendorf said, "Sure."

Wendorf then dismissed the class. As I stood to leave, I noticed Katherine (a fellow law student whom I had dated a few times) sitting nearby. She looked at me, smiled and asked me if I would like to do something with her. I thought her question a trifle strange because we hadn't been talking with each other for a while. I didn't answer because I really didn't want to associate with Katherine. However, since I had a meal ticket for lunch in the student cafeteria, I thought maybe we could eat lunch together. I figured I could at least be friendly to

her and do that. The thought ran through my mind that I had never divulged to my new girlfriend Louise (also a law student at Baylor, five years my junior) that I had had sex a few times with Katherine.

Instead of answering Katherine, however, I just walked out of the room, went out the back door of the school and walked away. I found myself walking along a pleasant street before I even thought again about Katherine and inviting her to lunch. I reflected, "Well, it's too late now."

I figured I would simply go to the cafeteria alone to eat. As I walked along on the sidewalk, I looked across the street and saw a man coming my way. At first I thought he looked like my father, but then I decided he wasn't my father. When he came

closer, the man looked up and said,  
"Steve."

When I looked at him, I realized that he was indeed my father and I ran to him. I couldn't believe he was again in Waco. I threw my arms around him, asked what he was doing there, and added, "We just meet in the funniest places."

He replied, "Yea, I've never see anything the like of it."

I was happy to see him. He had on blue pants and a white shirt and he looked very different. We walked along for a ways together and as we passed a church, he looked as if he were going to take me inside. Suddenly I blurted, "You're dead, aren't you."

I had abruptly realized that he had died and that his ghost was visiting me. He answered, "Yes."

I threw my arms around him and broke down. I couldn't stand knowing that he was dead and that his ghost was visiting me. Nevertheless, I pulled myself together and felt stronger. Even though he was dead, he was still well. I would just have to cope with his death and believe it was all the best for him. I felt extremely close to him at that point, probably as close as I had ever felt to him. I was very happy to see him, even though I was sad that he had died.

**Dream of: 06 September 1982 (2)**  
**"Charred Debris"**

I had moved into a house located on the same lot as, and similar to, the House in South Shore, Kentucky (a

four room cottage in South Shore, Kentucky, across the Ohio River from Portsmouth, in which I lived for about a year when I was in the fifth and sixth grade); I was in the process of remodeling it inside.

Someone came to the back door and when I answered it, I found Peeler Williams (a law school professor) standing outside. He stepped into the kitchen carrying a long, fuzzy, stuffed, blue snake which he apparently had won at a fair somewhere. I inferred that he wanted to store the snake there with me; I told him I didn't have room for it.

But as we walked through the house, I remembered a back room which probably had room for storage. We walked into the back room. I told Peeler it would be all right to leave the snake and he threw it into a

corner. We returned to the kitchen; I opened the back door for him, and as he was preparing to leave, I asked, "Well, would you like a cup of coffee or a cup of tea?"

I didn't think he would, but he turned around, walked back in and said, "Yes."

He sat at a table, talked for a while and wanted to know who was living with me. Actually my girlfriend Louise and I had moved into the house and were fixing it up. We planned for her to continue living there with me once the repair work was completed. But I didn't want to tell Peeler all that and I evaded his questions. Peeler stayed for a while and finally left.

A short while later my step-grandfather Clarence and my grandmother Mabel came in and sat

at the table. I didn't have much in the house to eat; but I decided to fix a small meal for them of what I had.

Louise and I put some food on the table, sat down and began eating. We made toast out of the only piece of bread we had in the house; it lay on a plate while we were eating until I finally asked, "Well, nobody's going to eat this one piece of toast because there's just one piece?"

I took the toast off the plate and cut it into four pieces. It had a rather odd shape so I had to make irregular cuts to make sure everyone received the same amount. We each took a piece. Louise had put something into some small glasses on the table to make muffins. Apparently the muffins didn't need to be cooked, but were in the process of making by simply sitting on the table.

We talked for a while and the conversation turned to stocks. I told them I had bought ten shares of a stock and had paid \$20 a share for it. I had bought it because I had been talking to Ed Horner (a law professor) on the phone and he had recommended that if I had a little money I should buy that particular kind of stock. I thought the stock had been doing well, but I was unsure. Clarence and Mabel however didn't think the stock was doing well. I said, "Well, I'll just look it up in the newspaper."

They had brought a newspaper with them. I took it, laid it on the table in front of me and began looking in the index for the business section, but I couldn't find it anywhere. Nor could I find stocks in the index. But then I noticed a listing of American Stock

Exchange stocks in the left corner of the paper. I began looking at the listing, saw that it was continued on another page and intended to turn to that page.

But someone walked into the room and distracted me. A second man also walked into the room from the front part of the house. I jumped up from the table, ran over to him, put my hand on his arm and said, "Who are you?"

I abruptly realized he was the electrician working in the front of the house; we walked out of the room into the front of the house. He then walked out the front door and I looked around in the room where he had been working on installing some lights. I clicked the light switch to see if the lights worked, but they didn't. Apparently the electrician was still

repairing them. After I clicked the switch a couple times, I couldn't remember which way I had found it. I was hoping the electrician hadn't gone to the basement to work with the electrical wires; if I had clicked the switch the wrong way he might have been shocked. I turned around and walked back into the kitchen.

Clarence and Mabel had moved to a couple of different chairs in the kitchen. I saw that another man had come in the back door; at first I thought he was the man who owned the house. I began thinking about the amount of rent I had to pay, about \$200. Even though I might have to go out and get a job to pay the rent, I was determined I wanted to stay. It was a nice little house and I liked it. I wanted to make the most of it.

I began to introduce the man to Clarence and Mabel, but in their place were now some people whose last names I couldn't remember, but I thought it was something like Milam or Sheets. Since I did, however, know their first names, I introduced them that way. I then realized the man who had come in wasn't the owner of the house, but was actually Dawson (a law professor), although I couldn't remember his name either. I just knew who he was. So I just introduced everyone without actually using names and they all shook hands.

After Dawson had looked around the room, he and I stepped out back. He likewise couldn't remember the names of the people to whom I had introduced him and he said in German, "Ich kenne sie als Milam."

We talked about it for a minute and concluded that their last name was actually Sheets and not Milam. But apparently their name had been Milam before.

As we looked around at a large building across the street, Dawson said something which sounded like, "You shouldn't bet on Cab Cabby."

I was unsure what he was talking about. I looked around and noticed a group of people nearby riding horses which were decked in bright harnesses and frills. Apparently something such as a Labor Day parade was scheduled. The horses pranced about and I thought perhaps there had also been a race and Dawson had been referring to a certain horse when he had made his cryptic statement. Perhaps I could

have won some money if I had bet on a particular horse.

My sister came out of the house and I realized it had actually been she, and not Louise, with whom I had been living. Since my sister and I couldn't actually marry because we were brother and sister, we had simply moved into the house together. I was unsure what Dawson would think about my living with her.

My sister, Dawson and I walked to the lot behind the house and came to a large log building. It seemed that at one time in the past I had been in that building.

Actually two buildings were there facing each other. On this special parade day, the buildings had been opened up and small commercial booths had been put in them.

We walked around a bit until finally Dawson and my sister sat down and began talking with each other.

Dawson put his arms around my sister as if he were comforting her and she put her arms around him. I was standing behind Dawson and when my sister put her arms around his back, I noticed she was wearing nail polish.

I began walking back toward the house and began thinking I didn't really love my sister. I couldn't imagine my living with her. Obviously I couldn't marry her. But apparently I had placed myself into the predicament and I was somehow going to have to endure. I doubted people would understand.

As I came closer to the house, I looked for a while at a large pile of

charred debris nearby. It appeared that a building had burned down.

**Dream of: 11 September 1982**  
**"Butter On Peanut Butter"**

Weinstein and I were spending the night at the Gallia County Farmhouse. No one else was here. We were both going to sleep in the downstairs bedroom and were both lying nude on the bed. It became quite late and Weinstein and I became rather frightened.

Finally Weinstein rose from the bed and began handling some jars which were in the room. There were six of the jars. One of the jars contained peanut butter, one contained butter and another contained honey. Weinstein set the honey jar in front of the peanut butter jar. He then laid the butter jar on top of the peanut butter

jar so that it was supposed to resemble someone riding a horse.

Weinstein asked me what I thought about it and I said, "That's really disgusting."

As we were standing here we heard a car go by. It was dark outside and no lights were on in the Farmhouse. I walked to the window and watched the car go by.

We lay back down in the bed. Cars passed by a couple more times and each time we would become frightened, rise from the bed and watch the cars pass. Finally about 5 o'clock in the morning a car came from the west, passed the House and drove down to the bend in the road on the east side of the House. I saw the cars tail lights as it went past and told Weinstein it was OK. But then I saw a

light at the bend of the road and said,  
"Oh no. That car has stopped up there  
at the curve of the road. It pulled  
over."

Weinstein exclaimed, "Pulled over!"

Weinstein became terrified; I was  
really frightened myself. I said, "Yea.  
Watch it for a minute."

I ran into the next room to put on  
some pants. After I had the pants on I  
returned to the bedroom and saw that  
the car had turned around and was  
coming back toward the House. I  
tried to think what we should do. We  
could hide here. But I thought  
perhaps we should run outside so we  
could run up over the hill. I thought  
what we really needed was a small  
hand gun so I could shoot at whoever  
was in the car if they tried to bother  
us.

## **Dream of: 11 September 1982 (2)**

### **"Taping Over Dreams"**

While in a room in Puerto Rico with several other people, most of whom were nude, I met a shapely, brown-haired girl who, although she seemed normal at first, I later learned was insane.

I fell asleep and when I awoke, the insane girl had picked up a fork and was trying to stab me in the chest with it. I jumped up and escaped into another room where I told someone the girl had been trying to stab me with a knife. When the person looked at me disbelievingly, I corrected myself and said, "No, it was a fork."

After I had changed my story from a knife to a fork, I didn't know if the person was going to believe me at all.

I dressed and began talking about the insane girl to a black-haired woman who came into the room. The black-haired woman told me that the girl had spent most of her early life without a family, had been in mental institutions and was quite ill. It was obvious to me something was wrong with her and I thought she was dangerous. I wanted to ascertain she was put away somewhere and I was very insistent about not wanting her there anymore; she must be taken somewhere.

The black-haired woman and I walked outside, boarded a car and rode away. As we rode along near a beach I saw a fellow standing along the side of the road. I couldn't remember exactly where I had seen him before, but his face looked familiar, and I knew he was also insane.

As we rode along, I could tell the black-haired woman liked me. It felt good being with her; I thought it would be enjoyable being around her at the law school in Puerto Rico, where we were both students.

I suddenly awoke and realized I had been dreaming, I grabbed my tape player and began recording the dream. After I finished, Louise, who was sleeping beside me, awoke and said she had also had a dream. She turned on the tape recorder and recorded her dream. I heard her while she was recording, but I didn't understand her well.

After she finished I told her I wanted to play her dream back and listen to it. I rewound the tape, but when I turned it on to play back, my brother Chris's voice came out instead of Louise's. Apparently he was lying

somewhere in a bed and said he needed someone to help him do something. As soon as I heard his voice I became choked up inside, almost convulsive. I hadn't heard Chris's voice in such a long time. I wanted Louise to hear it, but I was unsure I should let her see just how his voice was affecting me. It was moving me practically to tears. I said to her, "That's Chris's voice on there."

After listening a while, I realized the voice wasn't actually Chris's, but my voice. Apparently I had had a dream earlier about Chris and when I had recorded it, I had made my voice sound like Chris's.

We listened to it for another minute until I thought I began to find Louise's dream. I began rewinding and going forward on the tape player. When I would press a little switch on

the tape player, one track would play and when I would push the switch over a little farther to the left, another track would play.

As I pushed the switch back and forth I was able to hear two different dreams. First I listened to a segment of one dream and then switched over and listened to a segment of another dream, but I still couldn't find Louise's dream. I began wondering if all my tapes were like this one and whether I had been taping over dreams. I remembered I had been typing up some of my dreams after listening to them on tape and I thought I would have to check back through the tapes because a whole new set of dreams might be there which I didn't even know about. I continued trying to find Louise's dream. Finally I looked at her and

said, "I can't seem to find it on here. I want to find it and find out what your dream is."

She said that it didn't make much difference anyway and that it had had something to do with "realty concerns."

**Dream of: 11 September 1982 (3)**  
**"Torn Up Inside"**

When Donna called and asked me if I could come over to see her, I told her I didn't think I would be able to come.

She asked me if she could come to see me instead. I said, "Well, Donna, what is it you want?"

She said she wanted to talk a little about law. I responded, "Donna, look. We know each other better than that. What is it you really want?"

She said that she just wanted to see me, that she was all torn up inside, that she just wanted to talk with someone. I listened to her, but I had already made up my mind that I didn't want her to come over, and I tried to think of exactly how I was going to tell her. I was just going to have to tell her that I had met someone, Louise, whom I really cared about and who cared about me and that I didn't think it would be a good idea if Donna came over. However, I wanted to tell her in a nice way so as not to hurt her in any way.

**Dream of: 12 September 1982**  
**"Precarious Predicament"**

I found myself in a log cabin which reminded me of my Cabin. But this wasn't the Cabin on the Gallia County Farm. The cabin I was now in was located on a woody hill which my

father owned in a little town close to Portsmouth, the hill which I had always referred to as the Hill in New Boston. My father had first bought the 200 acres of hill property in the late 1960s. Covered with trees, the property sat high above a splendid view of the Ohio River. Since I hadn't been on the property in quite a while, I had come up here to look the cabin over.

In addition to the cabin, I had also built a small house which resembled a dog house, about a meter tall and a meter wide, which was sitting not far from the cabin. When I heard a noise outside, I stepped out of the cabin and was surprised to see a little boy riding away on a red bicycle down the dirt road away from the cabin. I immediately saw that the boy had cumbersomely tied the little house

which I had built onto the back of his bike. Alarmed that the boy was stealing my little house, I ran after him, hollering for him to stop. But he was moving so fast, I couldn't catch up. As I continued chasing him down the dirt road, he sometimes disappeared in a dip in the road or around a corner. I thought I was gaining on him somewhat, and I hoped he wouldn't be able to see how close I was coming. But I could see I still wasn't going to be able to catch him. My only hope seemed to be to dash over the side of the hill off the road. From where I was I could see how the road wound around below me. To intercept the boy, I would only need to slip straight down the side of the hill to where the road twisted back around below.

I turned off the road and headed over the hillside. What I hadn't realized, however, was that after I had descended just a few meters down the hill, the hillside turned into a steep and jagged cliff of white rocks. Once I reached the craggy area, I began slipping and nearly tumbled down the cliff. Fortunately I latched onto a projecting rock in time to steady myself. However I was still in an extremely precarious position. Worried, I began beseeching God to help me from my predicament. As I begged God for help, I wondered how many people before me had found themselves in this same kind of dangerous situation, and had called upon God.

I kept struggling back up the hill until I finally reached the safety of the road again. Immediately another small boy

came riding along the road on a little motorbike. I flagged him down and asked him to please take me down the hill on his motorbike. But he refused. I implored, but still he refused. Only when I finally offered to pay him 50 cents did he agree. Having obtained his permission, I hopped onto the back of his motorbike and he rapidly transported me all the way to the bottom of the hill.

Several buildings were clustered in a small community at the foot of the hill. Just as we arrived, I saw the red bicycle – with my little house still strapped on the back – disappear into one of the buildings, a grocery store. Anxious to catch the thief, I hopped off the motorbike. But before dashing into the store, I reached into my pocket for the money to pay the boy as I had promised him. I pulled out a

handful of change and counted out some nickels, dimes and quarters. But as I counted, I was surprised to notice that the nickels looked like old "V" nickels and the dimes and quarters seemed to be the old sort made of pure silver. I immediately realized the coins were valuable, and concluded that I must have somehow picked them up from my father's coin collection. I knew I shouldn't be spending the coins; but since I was in such a hurry, I handed them to the boy anyway. I thought about telling the boy that the coins were worth much more than face value, but I was in too much of a hurry.

Having paid the boy, I raced into the store and looked for the red bicycle. But it was nowhere in sight. A female clerk was tending the store. When I asked her if she had seen the bike,

she replied that she hadn't. Noticing a rear exit, I figured the boy had probably slipped out that way.

Spotting another checkout girl, I asked her if she had seen anything. She asked for a better description, explaining that a couple other people in the area were also in the business of stealing things. When I began describing how my little house had been strapped on the back of the boy's bicycle, she wanted to know how the boy had accomplished such a thing. I myself was curious about that. I knew the house was heavy and unwieldy. I finally concluded that the boy must have used a pulley to hoist the little house onto the bicycle.

**Dream of: 16 September 1982**  
**"Voices At Night"**

With a cigarette dangling in my mouth, I was riding a motorcycle toward Portsmouth. Rather late at night I arrived at a white house in which my mother was living. I had never been to the house before. After I dismounted the motorcycle, my mother and my father met me at the door. I felt uncomfortable smoking the cigarette, but I continued anyway.

After I had entered the house, my mother went to bed and my father and I walked out onto a little patio where stood a couple couches on which we were going to sleep. While my father lay down on one couch and covered up, I sat down on the other couch. We talked and I continued smoking my cigarette until it was almost down to the filter. Then I picked up a cup which had some

moist noodles in it and put out my  
cigarette in it.

When I had entered, I hadn't even  
touched my father, much less put my  
arms around him. I thought perhaps I  
should go over to him and hug him  
while he lay there.

He asked me about a girl named Lisa,  
but I wasn't quite sure what he was  
talking about.

My mother being there with my  
father seemed so strange since I  
knew she had recently married a man  
named Leo Weber (a marriage in  
1982 which only lasted for a few  
weeks). When I asked my father if Leo  
were in the house, he said that Leo  
had found another lover and had left.  
I wasn't satisfied with that answer. I  
suspected my father had forced Leo  
to leave.

I stood and walked into the next room where my mother and my sister were sleeping in double beds. My mother was lying in the bed closest to the door. I walked in and whispered, "Are you awake?"

She responded, "What?"

She obviously had been sleeping. She sat up. I walked to the edge of the bed and asked, "Where is Leo?"

She put her arms around me and we both knelt down beside the bed. She reached between my legs and seemed to be trying to feel my penis. I wasn't wearing any pants or shorts. She asked, "Do you know anything about someone sending letters to people saying they can read your mind?"

Her words startled me and made me feel uneasy. She continued talking. Finally she grabbed my penis and

pulled it around behind my back. It stretched out about two thirds of a meter and caused me some discomfort. I wanted her to let go. I pulled her hand back around and tried to open it. I told her she had to let go and finally she did. I thought for a moment we were going to have an actual fight, but then things cooled down. I could see something was wrong and I just wanted to humor her until I could escape.

When she continued talking about Leo, I inferred that someone had written letters saying they could read Leo's mind. Apparently Leo had believed the letters and had left my mother for some reason. I had a strange apprehension about the whole matter. I recalled that I had written Leo a letter, but I knew my letter hadn't been like the ones to

which my mother was referring. Now that Leo had left, everyone had concluded that Leo was insane.

My mother continued, "He hears voices at night from people on the other side of the universe."

**Dream of: 19 September 1982**  
**"Dream Manipulation"**

My father, Mr. Jerrolds (an insulation supplier in Portsmouth) and I were sitting in the front seat of a car being driven by my father. Jerrolds was sitting in the middle between my father and me. We were in Portsmouth, Ohio and as we passed by Jerrolds' insulation business on Eighth Street, I noticed some bags of insulation in his warehouse.

We then drove into the country. Jerrolds was talking with my father and it appeared they no longer

bitterly disliked each other. They didn't seem to be friends, but they did appear to be getting along. As my father and Jerrolds talked, I listened to the conversation and inferred that Jerrolds had gone out of the insulation business and that apparently only one or two other insulation companies now remained in Portsmouth in competition with my father's insulation business.

Apparently one of the other companies was investing heavily in some insulation machinery, and my father said something about the other company having invested \$16,000.

Jerrolds began expressing his pride about having earned considerable money in the insulation business. Apparently he thought he had done quite well. At one point I thought of asking him if he remembered the old

days when I used to buy insulation from him, but I decided not to say anything about it.

I asked Jerrolds if he had sold his insulation machinery and he said no, he hadn't gone that far. He had kept the machinery, although he himself had actually never owned it. Apparently he had simply been under a franchise with another company and had rented the machinery from that company. He complained about how restrictive the franchise had been and how it had impeded his ability to function as he had wanted. I asked him if the franchise contained a clause which prohibited his working for other companies. He said it definitely did and I said, "Well, that is absolutely illegal."

I thought about antitrust law and restraint of trade for a minute and

said, "Well it would depend on the circumstances of the clause, but it is probably illegal."

As we continued talking, I noticed Jerrolds had reached over and had begun pinching and hurting my leg. I pulled his hand away and told him to stop, but he continued. Finally I began pinching him back and we pinched each other until I became exasperated and hopped into the back seat. Apparently that had been what he had wanted. My father said something about "the younger generation."

In the back seat I sat next to another fellow who reminded me somewhat of Seeley and somewhat of Jon. I fell asleep for a little while and when I awoke, the fellow was still sitting on my right.

I looked out in front of the car and saw the skyline of a large city in the distance, but I couldn't imagine where we were. I continued looking at it, but I just couldn't conceive how we had arrived at such a large city with so many tall buildings. It was quite a distance away. Finally I said, "Either I've been drugged, put to sleep and driven a long distance, or I'm just dreaming."

I didn't think I had been drugged and I concluded I was dreaming. That bothered me because I liked the looks of the city and I didn't want to be dreaming.

Since I actually wanted to be in the city, I began crying. I lay down on the seat and cried profusely. I thought more about it and hoped I was actually there instead of dreaming. Everything seemed real. I didn't know

how everything could appear so real and still be a dream, but I thought I would probably wake up before I reached the city and I wouldn't be able to see it.

The fellow next to me in the back seat said we were probably five miles away from the city. I said no, that it was probably farther than that. He said Waco looked about like that from a distance of five miles. I said, "Jon, this is a much larger city than Waco. It's New Orleans. That's why we're farther away than we think."

I raised myself back up; we had already reached the city and were riding around in the middle of it. I looked around, saw some tall, magnificent buildings and thought we were in New Orleans. I was amazed by the tall buildings, but I still had the conviction I was dreaming.

The other people in the car began eating sliced ham. I reached up, grabbed three or four pieces of the ham and began eating it, one piece after the other. I began thinking I shouldn't be eating the ham because I had told Louise I wasn't going to eat meat anymore. Then I thought about how Louise and I didn't have any promises between us anymore, how all that had been changed and how I could now do whatever I wanted. If I wanted to eat meat I could eat it, but then I thought, "I really don't want to eat the meat."

I decided if I were dreaming, I didn't have to eat the meat even if I felt hungry. In fact, since I knew I was dreaming, I decided I could actually do just about anything I wanted in the dream. I looked at the wall of one building we were passing and I

thought, "How can I manipulate this dream so that I can use what is happening and turn it to my own advantage."

I tried to figure out how to control the dream even though I still wasn't completely convinced I was actually dreaming. I thought, "Am I just lying in bed dreaming all this?"

I still felt what was happening might be real. I wanted it to be real. I didn't want to be lying in my bed dreaming. I began thinking about my body lying in my bed. I then thought that quite a bit had already transpired in the dream and that if I continued dreaming I would be unable to remember what had already happened. So I began trying to think back about the events which had led up to where I was; I tried to make sure I would remember everything

when I awoke. Once I knew I could remember everything, I could then decide whether I wanted to continue dreaming.

I was sitting in the back seat of a car and Louise was lying on my lap. She was nude and positioned so her pubic region was right in front of me. I looked at her as she spread her legs open. I slid my hand between her legs and caressed her.

Hardly any hair bedecked the opening to her vagina, although much hair was around the rest of her pubic region. It appeared she had shaved off all the hair right around her vagina. I mentioned it to her and she said something about some other girl who had done the same thing.

**Dream of: 21 September 1982**  
**"Parasites"**

I had gone to visit the home of my step-grandfather Clarence and my grandmother Mabel. The house was a rather modern one which reminded me somewhat of the House in New Boston (a ranch style house which my father had built in 1968 on a hill in New Boston, Ohio).

Mabel wasn't there; I had the feeling that she had died and that Clarence had inherited the house; but Clarence likewise wasn't there.

I walked into the living room which soon began filling with people whom I perceived to be relatives of Clarence and who seemed to be somehow related to my step-uncle Ivan. The more I looked at them, the more I thought that they were only in-laws or step-relatives of Ivan and that their relation with Ivan was rather tenuous. They were a rather unsavory bunch.

They weren't dirty, but they seemed uncouth and several were rather overweight.

I wandered into the kitchen where someone had carried in a package of sweet rolls in an aluminum foil tray wrapped in plastic. It seemed there was little to eat in the house and it appeared that in general these people were parasites dissipating Clarence's wealth. Their behavior bothered me and I wondered if Clarence would force the people to leave if he returned home. As I looked around the kitchen, I wondered if any roaches were in the house. If roaches were there, I doubted any of these people would even bother to have them killed.

When I walked back into the living room, I found the people had left. In their place I found Jon (my friend

from law school) standing shirtless in the middle of the room. Jon and I talked and the conversation turned toward law. He told me that he had been learning to do title searches and that he was planning to do title searches when he became a lawyer. I personally had no desire to do that kind of work (which seemed rather mundane to me), but I thought title work was at least a skill which he could learn and at which he could become proficient.

When Jon became rather nasty, I felt increasingly as if I wanted to get away and I had the distinct impression he was going to do something to hurt me. When he left the room to go outside, I was sure he was going to fetch something with which to injure me. Thinking now was

a good opportunity to flee, I stepped out the back door.

I now realized that I was barefoot and that I would have difficulty leaving without shoes. I looked around; lying nearby was a pair of blue shoes which looked as if they might fit. They were plastic slip-ons and the material reminded me of a pair of my girlfriend Louise's shoes. I slipped them on and they fit. From outside, through the back window, I could see Jon had reentered the living room.

Even though I thought he might be able to see me, I began running away.

The house was in the country and was surrounded by a forest. The land had been cleared in the direction in which I ran; to my left were piled some trees and brush which had been cut down.

A rather high steep bank was on the other side of the piles of brush.

Wanting to reach a road beyond those piles, I kept running along the clearing looking for a chance to cross over to the road. Finally I found such a spot, crossed over to the road and ran along it.

I had only traveled a short distance when two girls rode up on a vehicle which resembled a motorcycle. After they stopped, I climbed onto a small seat on the side of the motorcycle and we rode off. When one girl commented about my shoes, I told them I had stolen them. Seeing that they were alarmed, I explained the circumstances of my escaping from Jon. I told them that Jon had stolen some things from me and that I was just getting back what belonged to me.

When they finally let me off, I boarded a bus which continued down

the road. It looked like a school-bus inside; about a half dozen young girls (about 15 years old) were in it.

As we rode along, I looked out in front of the bus and was surprised to see that a large deep trench had been cut into the road. The trench wasn't across the road, but rather ran right down the middle. The trench was small at first and the bus driver drove over it with the left tires on the left side and the right tires on the right side. No problem; but the trench kept widening and widening. Unable to see the bottom, I was afraid it was quite deep. We continued racing along astraddle the trench, but clearly the trench was becoming so wide that the tires soon wouldn't reach both sides.

The driver suddenly turned his wheels sharply to the left, obviously trying to make the right tires jump

over to the left side of the trench. The bus veered to the left and the tires came off the right side. At first I thought the tires were going to make it across the trench, but then I heard the bottom of the bus hit the edge of the trench on the left side and the bus ground to a stop, hanging precariously over the trench. The right side was over the abyss and the left tires were still on the road on the left. We seemed to be tottering. Thinking we were about to fall into the chasm, I quickly told all the girls to move to the left side of the bus to balance the bus and keep it from falling.

The girls moved to the left, but to no avail. The bus tumbled into the trench. I wasn't really that frightened and I told the girls to be calm. The bus immediately fell on its right side

on the bottom of the trench, which was only about three meters deep. No one was injured. The bus lay on its side and we quickly climbed out the upper windows.

Once I was back on the road, I noticed another bus with mostly old people on it had pulled up. I thought maybe we could board it, but then I noticed the girls getting into a car which had pulled up. When the girls asked me if I wanted to go with them, I decided accompanying them might be best, and I climbed into the back seat.

Three or four of us were in the back seat and at least four in the front seat. The car was being driven by a young fellow. I put my arm around a black-haired girl sitting close to me. The black-haired girl changed places with one of the girls in the front seat

and a different girl sat beside me, but she didn't seem quite as friendly.

The girls talked about what they had been doing that day and the girl beside me said she had smoked marijuana for eight hours. Her remark grabbed my attention.

Wondering if they might have some marijuana with them, I asked if they had any. When they all said they didn't, I was a little disappointed, but then the girl sitting on the right side of the front seat pulled out a little crushed-up cigarette package and passed it back to the girl sitting next to me. She pulled a joint out of the package. I told them I hadn't smoked any marijuana in six or seven months.

The girl to my right put the joint in her mouth and turned to the girl next to her. That girl stuck something in her mouth and moved her teeth

together, causing a flame to shoot out from between them. The girl with the joint in her mouth put the joint to the flame between the other girl's teeth and lit up.

It suddenly struck me that all the girls were under 17 years old and that smoking marijuana with them might be a serious violation of the law. I couldn't remember the law exactly, but I thought smoking with a minor was probably a felony. I leaned over the front seat and asked the driver, a rather scruffy-looking fellow, how old he was. I asked, "You are at least seventeen, aren't you?"

He said he didn't know. I thought that was strange, but I concluded that he must be an orphan who had never been told when he had been born. The closer I looked at him, the surer I

was that he was probably only about sixteen.

I then said, "Well, there's something I never mentioned to you all before. I'm a law student."

My statement seemed to startle everyone. They seemed to immediately become apprehensive that I might try to have them arrested; but I continued talking and expressed my fear of being arrested myself for smoking with minors. My explanation assuaged their fears.

When the joint came to, I took a hit. A large piece of marijuana fell out the end of the joint and into my hand. I thought I would just put the piece of marijuana in my left shirt pocket and keep it for later. I thought I already had a little bit of hash or something in that pocket with which I could mix it.

After I stuck the marijuana in my shirt pocket, the girl next to me patted my shirt pocket. Something round was inside the pocket; she thought the object was a small container for drugs. I told her the object was only a little flat can (about the size of a half dollar) of cold cream. It resembled a can which I had seen my girlfriend Louise have.

Suddenly the driver said that a police car was behind us. I thought the police would surely catch me and my law career would be finished. We were close to the banks of the Ohio River somewhere near Portsmouth, a place where I hadn't wanted to go. We turned behind an old abandoned building and as soon as we were out of sight of the police car, I jumped from the car and ran toward the river,

where brush and trees abounded. I hid and watched what happened.

**Dream of: 22 September 1982**  
**"Going Insane"**

I was staying with my father and my mother in a house which reminded me of the Clarksfield House (a house in northern Ohio where I lived from the ages 3-7 from 1955-1959). My father, my mother and my sister had all gone to bed, leaving me sitting alone in the living room. I was very angry with myself. I had reached the end of the quarter at law school and had had \$900 saved up. I had been thinking of using the money to travel with, but within a week's time of being out of school, I had spent the entire \$900. If I hadn't been so stupid and if I would have been careful with the money, I could have lived a long time with it.

I rose to prepare to go to bed; I began thinking I might still be able to take my sleeping bag and simply leave, even though I didn't have any money. I knew of a barn-like building which had hay in its loft where I might be able to stay. If I were going to leave, I would need to wake up my father and my mother and tell them.

I was also bothered because it seemed as if my father and my mother were angry with me and as if they hadn't been speaking with me for a couple days. The more I thought about the situation, the more tense I felt. I actually began to feel as if I were going insane. I felt pressure in my head, as if I weren't going to be able to maintain.

A small metal bed frame was in the room and I began pushing it around. It had no springs or mattress on it

and looked somewhat like a picture frame.

I definitely thought I was going insane – I wanted to go to the mental hospital. I pushed the metal frame down a hall toward my father's and my mother's room and began screaming. I knew my mother was sleeping in a room on the right of the hall and my father and my sister were sleeping in a room on the left. It seemed a bit strange to me that my father and my sister would be sleeping in the same room together, but I didn't give it much thought. I continued pushing the bed frame and screaming. Finally I noticed that the light was turned on in the room on the left and I thought I had probably awakened my father and my sister.

I picked up the frame and carried it into the room. I held the frame in

front of my body so it looked like a picture frame around the picture of my body. In the room my father and my sister were sleeping in separate beds. My sister was starting to get up and my father was sitting up in his bed. He smiled and said, "You just couldn't stand to be alone any more, huh?"

He seemed to be trying to reconcile with me, but I was still angry and I wouldn't talk to him. With a cracking voice, however, I finally said, "I've decided I want to go to the mental hospital. I think I'm going crazy. I want to go to the mental hospital."

He said, "Well, you probably are going crazy. The only problem is, if you go out there, you'll have to stay for a long time. About ten weeks."

I said, "That's bullshit. You don't have to stay there that long."

I thought I would probably have to stay there two weeks. I didn't like the idea, but I thought in two weeks I could leave. I told my father I wanted to go to the mental hospital just to get away from where I was. The mental hospital was the one place where I knew I could go now.

Although it was about 1:30 a.m., I was ready to go immediately. I wanted my sister to call and find out if I could go right then. She said she could find out for me. But then she also mentioned that I had received a phone call from Maggard (a boy a year younger than I whom I had known in Portsmouth when I had been in the sixth grade). I then recalled I had received the phone call, although I had forgotten about it.

Apparently my sister had listened to me talking on an extension.

Apparently Maggard had spoken of obtaining some kind of drug, perhaps heroin, for me.

In my hand I was holding a half of an orange, but it was red inside and looked like a pomegranate. Written inside the orange were some words which Maggard had spoken to me. Maggard had said he could get me "a lotus." I thought lotus was some kind of drug.

I thought about the words written in the orange even as I continued to think of going to the mental hospital for a couple weeks. Even though I felt as if I were going insane, the longer I thought about it, the less sure I was that I really wanted to go to the mental hospital.

## **Dream of: 28 September 1982**

### **"The Right Research Word"**

I was looking around a library in which a black man was trying to find out something from the librarian. The librarian told the black man that he, the black man, needed to go to another library which was presently closed. Another fellow here knew how to get into the closed library; but the black man didn't want to go there, even though the librarian offered to help him find what he needed in the closed library. The black man said he had been to the other library, but that it was inadequate for his research subject. The black man said he "could not find the right research word to put in the people's language."

I walked outside and thought I perceived either a river or bridge nearby. Louise was standing outside.

She seemed upset, although I was unsure what the problem was. I began talking with her. Apparently the problem had something to do with my having asked her to fast with me. She said something about that being just like me. She said things had been going along just fine and just as soon as she opened up to me and expressed herself, I just turned around and slapped her in the face.

But something else was also involved and I wasn't entirely sure what all she was talking about. I tried to recall what had happened and remembered that she and I had had a discussion just before I had gone to sleep. I suddenly realized I was actually lying in bed and that Louise was lying beside me. When I felt her turn around toward me, I turned toward

her, put my head on her shoulder and began nibbling on it.

**Dream of: 04 October 1982**  
**"Negative Order"**

I was at a large meeting which seemed to be in a foreign country. Katherine was also there. Apparently a negative order had been issued concerning the status of my family, and I thought if I invited Katherine to stay at my house, I could somehow prove my family had changed. I invited her and she came over.

I had two double beds and I told Katherine she could sleep in one while I slept in the other. She climbed into one bed and I climbed into the other. But suddenly I realized her head was right next to my bed. I touched her head and told her to get back into her own bed. Apparently

she had wanted to get into bed with me, but she climbed back into her own bed.

I decided I wanted to rise and take a bath. I rose, walked into a small toilet and began bathing.

### **Dream of: 07 October 1982 "Put In Issue"**

Louise was sitting to my left in the back seat of a station wagon being driven by someone. At times I seemed to be looking down on the station wagon from above and could see it moving along a crowded freeway which had a peculiar curving pattern.

Louise was criticizing me about something and I was trying to control my anger. I listened to what she said and although I didn't like it, thought perhaps her words had some merit. But I felt unsure of exactly how to

respond and I didn't say anything. I was torn between being indignant and being reconciling.

The door on my side was missing and as the car suddenly increased its speed, I almost fell out. Although I fortunately grabbed a small rope which stabilized my position, I still felt as if I were about to fall. Louise didn't seem to realize my predicament and I was unsure whether I should call to her for help. Finally I said, "Louise, I'm going to fall."

Louise, who was sitting in a secure position, immediately grabbed me and put her arms around me. The car slowed down; I was out of danger.

I was still trying to decide whether I should be angry with Louise about what she had said to me or whether I

should simply try to be close to her. I quickly decided being angry was pointless; I just wanted to get along with her. I jumped into the back part of the station wagon and spread out my sleeping bag. I asked Louise to come back here with me. She did and we felt close to each other again.

The car finally stopped. Louise and I stepped out and walked into a building which looked a bit like a bowling alley, even though I didn't see or hear any bowling. Instead I found a group of law students standing around.

Someone walked up to Louise and me and gave us a bunch of papers. We were told the papers contained all the information needed for a practice court-type trial and the trial was scheduled to begin shortly. We knew our practice court class was going to

consist of four practice trials and this was just a warm up trial before practice court. We were told a \$25 prize would be given to the winner.

Louise and I sat down at a long cafeteria-type table. To her left about ten meters and two or three tables away were seated Boley (a female law student) and Cosby (another law student) at the same type of table. We were scheduled to try our case against them.

A judge, who was also a law student, was seated facing us on the other side of the table. He was a tall, thin, black-haired fellow and was wearing a blue shirt. He seemed to be doing a rather good job. I didn't see any jury.

I began shuffling through the pile of papers trying to figure out what the case was about. We only had a short

time in which to prepare, something apparently planned to see how well we would do when pressed for time.

Boley and Cosby began delivering their case. When they spoke, they remained seated and directed what they had to say to the judge. I half listened, half read while they spoke, in an attempt to find out just what the case was about.

Suddenly they finished. It was our turn and it looked as if Louise was supposed to speak first. I turned and looked at her; she was thoroughly disoriented. She didn't seem to understand yet what the case was about; she needed more time. I began trying to think about what to do; I quickly decided I should begin speaking so Louise would have more time.

I was feeling a bit apprehensive about the other team; they were good and I thought it was going to be difficult to beat them. Nevertheless, we had a chance. The other team seemed confident and almost a little too smug.

I began. I knew by now that the case concerned the death of a woman in a nursing home. Louise and I were the plaintiffs representing the deceased woman; we were suing the nursing home for damages. I falteringly began going over some of the facts of the case. I was slow and kept shuffling through the papers in front of me as I talked. One of the papers was a personal letter, which I thought was very relevant to the case, although I was unsure whether it had been written to or by the woman. I talked for a while, groping for words. The

words "put in issue" suddenly took on new meaning to me and I realized how important they were in trial practice. I finally realized the essential point I wanted to put in issue was negligence; if I simply brought up negligence, it would then be put in issue. So I simply said something like "we put negligence in issue." I thereby alleged that the nursing home's negligence had contributed to the plaintiff's death.

I finished, turned to Louise and wanted to help her.

I hadn't yet mentioned a second major point – fraud – which also needed to be put in issue. As I looked again through the papers in front of me, I came across about a dozen orange tracts. Apparently the tracts had been sent out by the nursing home in an effort to solicit new

patients. I glanced over one; it seemed to describe a pyramid scheme. The idea seemed to be that if a person were to send people to the nursing home, the person would be rewarded. I said to Louise, "I've brought up the negligence aspect, now you can bring up the fraud."

I thought it would work out well that way, but then I realized Louise was in a panic and was afraid to speak. I tried to calm her; I began whispering to her. She was worried she didn't know enough to say because she hadn't had enough time to prepare. I told her it didn't matter because the lack of time was part of the challenge. No one had had much time to prepare and the trial was designed to test how we would handle the problem with only a minimum amount of time. I told her she only needed to begin talking,

to put fraud in issue and to not worry about anything. I was beginning to notice some impatience from the other team.

Suddenly Louise became angry with me. She seemed to think I was responsible for the situation and she was simply not going to take part. I knew she was actually just afraid to speak in front of everyone. I tried my best to ease her fear and pointed out that it was only a little practice affair and that it wouldn't matter much if she made mistakes. I told her it would be much better to make a mistake now than later when we were in practice court.

By now she was not only afraid, but angry. She blamed me for the situation; she thought I was the only one who wanted her to speak. She said she didn't have to speak and she

wasn't going to. I began looking over my shoulder at some other law students who were standing around; maybe I could find someone else to quickly take Louise's place.

Suddenly Louise jumped up and was clearly intending to leave. A fellow who reminded me of Gibson (a law student) walked up; for a minute I thought maybe he could take Louise's place. But instead he forcefully but gently made Louise sit back down. He was clearly concerned about her.

Someone else also seemed ready to intervene to compel her to stay; I hoped she would see that I wasn't the only one who was trying to force her to speak.

She seemed all tied up inside; but she seemed calmer after she sat down. I perceived that the judge was trying to make it as easy for her as possible.

He stood up and began talking. The other team was looking rather confident. The judge said we had already raised the issues of negligence and fraud (apparently I had somehow mentioned fraud in my statement), and he told the other team they were going to have a difficult time rebutting that. He seemed to be trying to give Louise a little time to pull herself together. She was still upset, but she did seem calmer. There was still a good chance she would be able to go on.

The judge then said we had to follow some court rules. I didn't have the first rule but the second one was,  
"We're good friends here."

The third one began, "You can't say in life ..."

## **Dream of: 15 October 1982**

### **"Submerged"**

I was in my home town of Portsmouth, Ohio, talking with my father and my sister. I told my father I wanted to do something worthwhile that day. We concluded that people had thrown much trash and litter out along the roads and that I could go and pick it up.

My sister (13-14 years old) and I boarded a car and drove north on Rt. 23 about five kilometers to Rosemount, Ohio.

We stopped along the road at the first turnoff into Rosemount, stepped out of the car and crossed the road. On the other side was a ravine with litter strewn all about.

I had brought several white plastic garbage bags with me and I unfolded

two of them. My plan was to put all worthless litter into one bag and all aluminum cans into the other. I was quite pleased with the idea. I had previously thought how someday I would like to go out to pick up litter to help compensate for litter I had at times thrown out. Moreover, the idea of making a bit of money in the process enthused me.

My sister and I went to work. Holding the two bags in my right hand, I began filling one with trash (mostly paper), and the other with aluminum cans. I was quite surprised by the number of aluminum cans lying around. When my sister asked me how much they were worth, I told her about one-half cents apiece. I tried to calculate how much we could earn in a day and concluded we would make \$48 if we worked all day.

My calculations were a bit bizarre. I figured 24 cans were in a pound. I thought I could find four cans per minute. I then divided 24 by 4 and reached 6 as a result. I therefore thought we would make \$6 an hour. If we worked 8 hours we would make \$48. But I wasn't quite sure I had calculated correctly and I thought I might need to divide the figure by one-half, meaning we would only make \$24 per day.

I found many cans. Some contained water which I had to pour out. Some cans were still held together by plastic in six packs. I stuffed them all into my bag. I likewise kept stuffing litter into the second bag.

A cement culvert was nearby. It was peculiar because on top the cement was about a half centimeter of Styrofoam. I kept looking at it; in one

part a big piece of Styrofoam was broken off and just lying on the cement. I couldn't figure out why the Styrofoam was there. Litter was strewn all over it.

As we worked I found what appeared to be a bunch of mattresses piled up, stacked in such a way that they formed a kind of shelter. An opening was near the ground. I bent down and looked in. Apparently some children had made it. I saw several very large Sears' or Penny's catalogs inside. I thought the children probably came there to look at the lingerie section of the catalogs. I half felt like opening one and looking myself, but instead I stood back up and continued on with my work.

A few minutes later I noticed my sister had taken part of the shelter down and stacked some of the

mattresses over by some trees. I walked back over to where the shelter had been and saw an unopened pack of Kent cigarettes lying on the ground. I picked them up and threw them toward my sister. I didn't want them, but she didn't either. They just lay on the ground. I also saw some other cigarettes lying there.

A car pulled up and three men climbed out. They were drinking beer and one fellow threw down a can. I immediately retrieved it and put it in my sack. I felt humble, but it wasn't a bad feeling. I knew I had studied law and that these fellows were probably just country bumpkins. It didn't bother me to be out there working. I felt as if I were doing something good. After a few minutes the fellows climbed back into their car and drove off.

My search led me down the road a piece until I came to a place where much litter was lying about. Someone had been working with the litter there and had arranged it in some order. A stand was there with a bunch of paperback books on it. I concluded that someone had picked up the books from along the road and put them in order. I looked at the books and thought one was by Charles Dickens.

I kept looking around and saw a tray with packs of cigarettes on it. Apparently someone had also found packs of cigarettes along the road and arranged them for sale

I also noticed a sack with a bunch of metal cans in it. They weren't smashed flat. I wanted them, but I was unsure whether they belonged to someone. I thought they must, but I

didn't see anyone and I thought about taking them.

A rather ragged-looking man was standing off to the side. I thought that he must be a trash collector and that the cans belonged to him. I left them alone.

My sister spoke to me. We talked about a large city dump where we might be able to hunt for cans. I told her I knew of someone who did that. The idea sounded intriguing to me, but I didn't want to do it because in the dump we wouldn't be helping to clean up the environment by picking up litter. I still felt good about getting the trash off the highway and I didn't just want to work at the dump.

As I looked around I saw many more aluminum cans. I picked up one can which clearly had the word

"aluminum" written across it. I thought it was peculiar that the other man hadn't already gathered up these cans, but I concluded that he probably only came around once a week and that these cans had been thrown out during the last week. I gathered up all the cans and when I saw no more, I crossed to the other side of the road.

There I found a little building which seemed more or less like an abandoned house. I walked inside and found the place in utter disorder. Apparently no one was living there, but as I walked through the rooms I found a back room which appeared to be inhabited. Although trash was lying about and things were in disorder, it appeared that someone had been living in the room. A bed

and a few other pieces of furniture were there.

I saw some aluminum cans and thought I might as well go ahead and put them in my sack since they apparently were just trash. So I did.

Whoever had been staying in the room had cut out some pictures and put them in a little stack on a table. I glanced through the pictures and concluded that whoever had been there had cut out the pictures for a collage. That was interesting since I myself liked to make collages and I thought it would be nice to talk with somebody else who made collages.

I walked out of the room and into a toilet. There on the back of the commode I found another stack of pictures. I looked at them but I couldn't tell exactly what they

showed. The most prevalent color was red with some yellow streaks. I thought that maybe the pictures had just been left here and that I could take them, but I didn't.

I walked into another room, saw a few pennies lying on the floor, and picked them up. I was more interested in them because of their metal value than because they were money. I stuck them into my can sack. I found another penny and picked it up. It was one of the pre-1960 wheat ear-type pennies. I looked at the date and thought it said 1939-s. I thought it might be valuable and I kept it.

When I walked back outside, I was surprised to see a crowd gathered on the opposite side of the road. They were looking over the bank at something. I could see a muddy river was flowing along there and I thought

it must be the Scioto River. Its waters were swirling and the current appeared quite fast.

One man was talking in the crowd, explaining how a car had gone off the bank farther up the road. But apparently some kind of accident had also occurred right there. From where I was, I couldn't discern what had happened.

Suddenly a man stuck his head up from the bank. Apparently he had been down by the river's edge and had climbed back up the bank. He was very cool and calm. He pointed to a little spade lying on the ground by the crowd and he asked if it were a "Dig." Someone said it was and handed it to him. Then he disappeared back down the bank.

Meanwhile I had crossed the road and could now peer down over the bank. I was surprised and shocked at what I saw. There, visibly submerged beneath the water, was a car. It appeared to be a hot rod roadster. But what really surprised me was that at least one person, maybe two, was still inside the car.

The one person (whom I could clearly see) was moving around in the car which car seemed to be completely under water. I didn't see how anyone inside could be getting any air. I thought the man who had taken the spade was perhaps going to use it to pry open the door to free whoever was inside.

As I watched the person inside the car, I saw he was motioning toward us. He was waiving his hand back and

forth motioning us to come to him. It was quite eerie.

Obviously something needed to be done. Since the people around me weren't moving, I immediately decided to do whatever I could to help. The bank was very steep and I didn't think I should try to jump down to the water's edge. Instead I saw some steps about 20 meters to my left. I ran toward the steps and started down them. I was unsure what to do. I was frightened because I realized if a drowning person grabbed someone who was trying to save him, the drowning person sometimes wouldn't let go and both persons would drown.

**Dream of: 16 October 1982 "De Pace Et De Belli"**

I was standing in the hall of the Baylor Law School near the men's toilet; Fulkerson (a fellow law student) was standing in front of the toilet's door. In my hand I was holding the top part of a blue Bic pen, the part which is used to hold the pen in one's pocket. I was planning to go into the toilet and use that piece of the pen to shave by scraping it across my face. I was feeling rather depressed and I didn't even want to shave with a razor. Shaving with the end of a Bic pen seemed to symbolize how low I felt. I asked Fulkerson if he had ever seen anyone shave with the top part of a Bic pen and he replied, "No."

Both of us walked into the toilet; I put some soap or something on my face. I then commenced pulling the top of the Bic pen across my face and taking

off my whiskers. I shaved off a little part on my right cheek and told Fulkerson to touch it to see how smooth it was. He did.

I could tell he thought the whole idea was rather ridiculous. Even though the top of the Bic pen was doing an effective job, I also thought I was being ridiculous. It seemed as if I were trying to humble myself. I told Fulkerson I didn't even know why I was doing this because I had five new razors somewhere nearby.

A large bathtub was also in the room.

Suddenly I heard someone say something from the bathtub and saw some fellow in it. He said something to me, but I didn't quite understand him. I looked again; actually three people – two men and a woman, all nude – were in the tub.

One of the fellows was Kevin Wilson (another fellow law student). I didn't know who the other fellow was, although I had seen him at the law school before. That fellow said something about my having some kind of mental problem which compelled me to subject myself to unnecessary hardship. An example of that was my shaving with the top of a Bic pen when I could simply use a razor.

I more or less agreed with him. He kept talking and mentioned someone who had written something about the subject. I didn't understand the name at first. But when he repeated it, I understood it was the writer Grotius.

I had recently heard that name in professor Newton's international law class. I remembered that Grotius had written a book around 1609 called

something like *De Pace et de Belli Nationes*.

Apparently Grotius had also written a book about people who acted the way I was acting. I told the fellow in the tub I knew who Grotius was, and although I hadn't read anything by him, I would like to.

I left the toilet and soon encountered my girlfriend Louise. We sat down on the side of a bed and talked. Another fellow, who reminded of Stone (a fellow law student), was lying in the bed. I thought Louise had her arm around him and then I realized they liked each other. I became upset and confused by the fact. She began treating me as if I was just any other person.

Louise and I left and went to a class at law school. We sat close to each

other. We hadn't been here long when someone began talking about interviews for law firms. The professor said something and then called out Louise's name. Apparently Louise had an opportunity to go to Austin for a job interview. She didn't have to go right now, but she could if she wanted to; she immediately decided to leave at once. She was simply going to jump up, dash out of the class and leave.

I myself had been planning to go to Dallas for an interview. I wanted to talk to Louise before she left about her going to Austin, especially since I had been planning to go to Dallas; it was confusing.

Apparently the job for which she wanted to interview paid about \$30,000 a year. I knew she couldn't get the job right now because she still

had about five more quarters of law school to finish. But she almost seemed to be possessed. I looked at her and said, "Louise, don't go. Let's talk about this."

She was so agitated she couldn't think of anything else. She simply had to go right now. I wanted to tell her that going to Austin would cost considerable money; she would have to take a bus. I kept thinking about how far away Dallas and Austin were; we needed to consider the situation more carefully. Louise, however, had only one thought in her mind and nothing else seemed to matter.

She was leaving to go pack. I rose and walked out with her because I wanted to talk more with her about the matter. I had the feeling she had the \$30,000 figure in her mind at the moment and the idea of having the

job had blinded her to everything else. She thought all she had to do was go to Austin and she would automatically be given the job. Everything except the job interview was totally irrelevant to her; she wouldn't listen to anything I had to say.

We walked along the street together until we reached a large thoroughfare with six or seven lanes of traffic, all going in the same direction. A car pulled out and I heard something which sounded like coins fall off it. A man walked across the street in front of me, bent over and began picking up something. I realized that keys had fallen and that he was picking them up.

Louise and I began walking across the street. I kicked something which made a metallic sound, thought it was

one of the keys and said to the man,  
"Here's one."

But it wasn't a key. It was simply a  
pull-tab from a pull-open can.

### **Dream of: 18 October 1982 "Book On Dreams"**

I sauntered into a bar on Gallia Street  
in downtown Portsmouth, Ohio,  
walked up to one end of the bar, and  
ordered a beer. Having been served, I  
gulped the beer down. Many people  
were at the bar, but not many glasses  
-- most people were simply talking  
and not drinking.

Some people at the crowded bar  
looked familiar. One fellow resembled  
Steve Adams (a fellow whom I had  
known for years in Portsmouth,  
notorious for his black belt in karate),  
who was busily discoursing with a  
woman at the other end of the bar.

When someone stepped away from the middle section of the bar, opening up a space, I walked from my end of the bar and moved into the open space. I stood back and looked around the room, which was beginning to fill. After a couple groups of women had walked in, I quickly became disgusted with the place. I stood at the bar a short while longer, finally turned and headed toward the door.

Why was I here, I wondered. I stood by the door and contemplated cruising to another bar down the street, but I figured I probably wouldn't find anyone at the other bar either. Everyone had probably already been to the other bar first, and then had repaired to this bar. I concluded thinking, "This is probably the hot spot of the night."

I was still unsure why I was even in the bar. I didn't enjoy this scudsy dive. It was exactly the kind of place where I thought I would never go. Yet here I was.

I thought about Louise, my winsome law school classmate whom I had been dating lately. She was intelligent and fun to be with. Spending time at home with her was so pleasant – such a contrast from this dump.

I stepped from the bar out into the crowded street, where a carnival appeared to be in progress. As I plodded through the throng, I soon encountered Louise. We stopped and talked, but we soon began arguing. After making some final comment to her, I turned and walked away. She shouted something at me, but I couldn't distinguish what she had said. At first I thought she would

follow me, but when I realized she wasn't behind me, I figured I should return to her. I reeled around and retraced my steps to where I had left her; but I couldn't find her – she had disappeared into the thick crowd.

I now remembered Louise and I had arrived downtown in separate vehicles – she had been in a car, whereas I had been driving a red motorcycle. Since we had parked the car and the motorcycle close to each other, I thought if I were to return to the parking place, I might find Louise there.

Hurrying to the spot, I soon found my motorcycle, but Louise was nowhere in sight. Concluding I might have a better chance of locating Louise if I looked for her from the motorcycle, I hopped on the bike, started it up and drove off.

Instead of focusing on Louise, however, I rode out of town and headed down a country road. Once I was in the country, my mode of transportation changed rather dramatically – I was no longer riding a motorcycle. Instead, I was sitting in a red baby's high chair, a high chair capable of traveling down the road.

I was a little confused about how to operate the chair. When I began rapidly descending a hill, I stretched out my feet to the ground and tried to brake myself, but I kept going faster and faster down the curvy hill. I could somewhat control the direction I was headed, but I couldn't control the speed. Racing precipitously toward a bow in the road, I realized I was going too fast – I was certain I couldn't negotiate the curve.

I tried to brake myself with a rock which had lodged under one foot, but I couldn't stop. With a crash I ran off the road into a ditch. I tumbled from the high chair, rolling over and over, until I finally came to a stop, hardly able to believe I was uninjured.

Dazed, I found myself lying near a small creek, with my high chair nowhere in sight. The area around me appeared to have been excavated by someone using a bulldozer, piling up dirt along the banks of the creek.

Pulling myself to my feet, I began walking along the creek, back toward the road. Now barefoot, I enjoyed the feel of the soft dirt along the edge of the creek, but I worried I might injure my feet because so many dead branches and trees were scattered over the area. One pile of dead wood

even resembled the ribs of a gigantic dead animal.

Suddenly I perceived something which felt like a snake had wrapped itself around my leg. I jerked the thing off and threw it into the water, unsure whether it had been a snake, a vine or something else.

I continued walking for a long ways, unsure whether I would be able to find my high chair. Finally I walked right up to the chair and picked it up. When I examined the chair, I realized how narrowly I had escaped injury. At the same time as I scrutinized the chair, I seemed to hear an expressive voice in my head which gravely intoned, "You must continue to do what God told you to do."

I thought that would be fine, but I thought before I continued to do what

God had told me to do, I should just **begin** to do what God had told me to do.

I paused for just a second, then thought, "The main thing God has told me to do is to write my book on dreams."

**Dream of: 21 October 1982**  
**"Loving The Flute Teacher"**

Somewhere in southern Ohio, I had gone to a class, (which had been conducted before) in a gym where people were sitting on folding chairs. The person conducting the class was taking attendance. When I looked around I was surprised by how many people had shown up; practically the whole gym was full.

A platform for a stage had been built in the front. Five or six black fellows walked onto the stage, put their arms

on each other's shoulders and did what appeared to be a Russian dance. Someone else then did a little routine. Finally a small boy, who also planned to do a Russian dance, walked onto the stage. He was wearing roller skates and what appeared to be a white football helmet which had wings sticking out both sides. He began doing the dance, but sat back down after he made some mistakes.

The meeting finally ended and people began leaving. When I had first arrived, I had carried in a couple blankets, which I had put in the back of the room under some chairs. I went back to look for the blankets and under a chair I saw a couple dollars which appeared to have fallen from a woman's purse. I thought the woman was still sitting with her purse nearby, but I was unsure. I said

nothing to anyone; I thought I might return later for the money if it was still there, even though I figured some other people sitting nearby had probably already seen it.

A woman (about 20 years old) wearing a red top and what appeared to be blue jeans walked up to me. She began trying to put her arms around me; but I didn't want to be with her and I basically told her to get away.

I finally found my blankets and gathered them up.

I thought Carolyn was somewhere here. I hadn't seen her for a long time and I wanted to talk to her to find out how she had been. I rather wanted to know if she had a boyfriend; I would tell her I had a girlfriend.

Unfortunately, I didn't think she wanted to talk with me. I looked

around for her, but I couldn't find her  
anywhere.

I walked outside and began walking  
along the street, which was in a  
residential area of a town which  
reminded me of Chillicothe, Ohio. I  
noticed some large trees. When I  
looked toward the corner of the street  
and saw Louise sitting in her car  
looking in the other direction, I  
realized I had actually been looking  
for Louise inside, and not Carolyn.

Since I was carrying the heavy  
blankets, I thought perhaps Louise  
could give me a ride and I hollered,  
"Louise."

After Louise turned and saw me, she  
drove down in front of me and pulled  
up. She got out of her car and walked  
over to me; we began talking. I asked  
her why she didn't want to see me

and she answered, "Because you love that other girl."

She was referring to my flute teacher, Robin Hartsfield. I replied to Louise, "I don't love that other girl. I don't love that other girl. I don't."

### **Dream of: 25 October 1982 "Black And White"**

While I was sitting down, professor Newton walked up, put his arm around me and asked me if I felt closer to him now. When I spoke, he couldn't hear me well; he put his cheek next to mine. I told him I did indeed feel close to him. I told him it was difficult for me to express, because I didn't feel that close to any other professors. He said he understood and he seemed nice about it. He suggested we meet somewhere

later, in a place which seemed like a motel room.

After he left, I began thinking that it would be interesting if I arranged to have a couple of photographers hiding in the motel room, and that they could take his picture when he arrived which would make him look like a homosexual who had invited me to the motel room. As I thought more about it, I thought I could wait till Newton was in a compromising position. Then I could holler, "Now," and the photographers could jump out and start taking his picture.

I could actually see myself in a motel room and envisioned Newton walking in. The last collage I had made, one with two large flowers, was also in the room. I had been thinking about giving the collage to Newton. When Newton walked in, clearly he already

knew about my plan. He said perhaps he shouldn't have been so kind to two neighbor boys who lived around him.

Just then the collage fell off the wall and many pictures came off. There was an inner circle of black and white pictures, and an outer circle of color pictures. Most color pictures had come off, although most black and white ones had stayed on. Many pictures were wrinkled. I might be able to press out the wrinkles, but that would distort the pictures. I picked up some pictures which had fallen off and I attempted to put them back on. Newton walked over and began helping me. He actually found some glue and tried to glue one picture back on. I told him it was a complicated process and it would be better if I did it myself. He said he understood.

## **Dream of: 26 October 1982 "The Leader"**

My girlfriend Louise and I were sitting together on the grass in a park which seemed to be on the campus of Baylor University, although the campus also reminded me of the campus of Ohio University, Athens. Although Louise was fully clothed, I was completely nude. I felt strange being nude, and although Louise said nothing, I could tell she was embarrassed.

People were walking among the trees: a group of people was also sitting on the steps of a nearby building. Suddenly Louise remarked, "If he just wouldn't keep looking at us."

I asked her who she was talking about and she indicated a fellow sitting in the group on the steps. She

called him the "leader." I had seen the fellow around the Baylor campus before. He was an attractive fellow with blond hair; I knew that something about him did indeed make him a leader.

Louise and I began talking about him; suddenly I realized she had known him before she had met me, but she had never told me about him. I inferred they had had a fairly close relationship, but that it had never developed into anything.

I could tell the fellow was amazed by my being nude among so many people; Louise was obviously upset that he could see me nude. Finally I said, "Well, why don't you just go over to him?"

I hadn't spoken spitefully; but I did think it would probably be better if

she went to him and left me. She said she just wanted to talk with him for a minute and explain something to him. I thought it was a good idea for her to go talk with him. When she rose and went to him, I thought, "Now I'm just going to have to leave her and get away from her."

As soon as she walked over to him I rose and ran away through a grassy area until I was out of her sight. I ran off the campus, came to a field and hid behind some bushes. Some football players wearing purple uniforms came near the bushes and sat down in a group. I thought for a moment, sprang out of the bushes and ran past them.

I was trying to reach my car so I could drive away. I knew I was never going to see Louise again. That thought made me very unhappy, but I

thought it was probably all for the best. I thought she liked the other fellow and now she would be able to be with him.

As I continued toward my car, it seemed to take a long time to reach it; when I finally reached the car, I found Louise waiting for me. I couldn't believe it at first. Still completely nude, I walked over to her and asked her why she stayed with me. She said, "Just never mind."

She said she didn't want to stay with the other fellow. I said, "Why? Couldn't you?"

She acted as if he liked her and as if she could have stayed with him, but she simply didn't want to. She wanted to be with me and there was no changing that; she was going to be with me no matter what. I told her I

had thought I was never going to see her again. She let me know that it wasn't going to be that way at all and that she was going to be around.

**Dream of: 02 November 1982 "Tu Y Yo"**

While walking along a street, I came to a gas station where a man had parked his car and was getting gas. The car was yellow, only about two meters long, and had only one seat. It appeared more like a go-cart. I walked up to the man just as he finished putting gas in the car. He looked at me, and said that just by looking at me, he could tell that I was interested in his car.

He began showing me the car. It had a stick shift with four gears, and he showed me how they worked. He showed me how to change a tire and

showed me the spare tire, which was stuffed up under the rear of the car.

The car had large, thick tires on it, but the spare was much smaller. The spare was also flat. He showed me that the car had a hand brake, which consisted of a stick which must be pulled to brake the car.

He asked me if I wanted to take the car for a ride. Apparently he wanted to sell the car. I wondered how much he wanted, and whether I would have enough.

I jumped into the car and began driving. I quickly discovered the brake didn't work well, although the car would eventually slow down. I stuck my left foot out the door and used my foot to slow the car down. I still had difficulty stopping the car, and at one point I had to run a red light.

I rode through city streets through a section of town where people walked all over the streets. I noticed some stores; in one was a sign which said something about crooks. As I drove past that store I saw many books in the window, and I could tell that they were all about crime.

Another store I passed had writing on its walls. Under words written in English were other words written in Spanish. I thought I saw the Spanish words "Tu y Yo." I couldn't tell what kind of store it was, but I thought it might be a Spanish book store. The song "Looking for love in all the wrong places" began going through my mind.

I passed another store which had a sign over it saying "Waffles," but it wasn't a waffle store. I thought a waffle store must have been there at

one time, that it had been sold and some other store had been put in.

The street was crowded with pedestrians. I saw an area with no people and gave the car the gas to get through it, but suddenly some people appeared in front of me. Just as I swerved to miss them, I saw two little girls in front of me, and I ran right into one, clipping her leg. I immediately stopped the car and went to her. She was crying and I asked her if she was hurt. When she said, "Yes," I looked at her leg and saw blood on it. I told her we had to find a policeman.

A police car was on the street. As the girl walked toward it, her parents got out of the police car. They began examining her leg, which only had a superficial cut on it. I talked to them a

while, trying to decide what to do about the whole matter.

**Dream of: 07 November 1982**  
**"Having My Chips"**

I was sitting in the library of Baylor Law School. Lately I had been spending time talking with Miller (a fellow law student) and I had come to be fairly good friends with him. But after we had been together for several days, I had stopped being with him. Before Miller, I had been spending time with someone else.

Witcher (a fellow law student) walked up and began talking with me. He seemed like a nice fellow; in many ways he reminded me of myself. He would be the type of fellow I would like to work with after I graduated from law school. I knew his father was a lawyer somewhere in the area.

We talked for a while until I rose and left.

I went to a class which appeared to be in the practice court room, except the seats were like those found in a movie theater. I sat in the far back of the class on the right side. Instead of a lecture taking place, a series of short trials was being held on the stage in front of the class. A jury of about seven or eight men and women was sitting in the jury box. Two teams of two lawyers each were conducting each case against each other.

Each trial was short and seemed to consist solely of closing arguments. Each of the two lawyers on each team would stand and give an argument before the jury. After each trial finished, the people in the full class would vote by applause. I sat here a long time watching the trials; I finally

grew tired of them and began reading a book.

The last trial finally began. Haim (a fellow law student) and his partner were on one team and Mitchell (a law student) and his partner were on the other team. I was still reading my book while Haim gave his argument to the jury; but I stopped reading and looked up when Mitchell began giving his argument. Professor McSwain was the judge.

Mitchell walked over to the jury box and said, "Now friends, I want to say something about one of Haim's questions."

McSwain stopped Mitchell and told him his walking up to the jurors and calling them friends was obnoxious.

Time was running out; the class was about to end. After Mitchell had been

interrupted, he couldn't remember where he had been in his argument, and was unable to continue. He just stood there trying to remember his next point. McSwain had a written copy of Mitchell's argument in his hand; Mitchell tried to look at it. Then Mitchell looked at the table where he had been sitting, but he just couldn't seem to remember what to say next.

His confusion lasted for several minutes.

It must have been about 5 p.m. – time for the class to end. The jury suddenly stood and walked across the stage, even though Mitchell was still trying to remember what he was supposed to say. The jury headed out the door and Mitchell still couldn't remember. After the jury had left, the class began to grow restless as if the people wanted to leave; a murmur

passed over the room. The class seemed to be trying to decide whether a vote should be held to determine the winner. Some people seemed to think voting would be unfair because Mitchell hadn't had an opportunity to finish. Someone near the front of the room (perhaps Boley, a fellow female law student) said we shouldn't vote now ... that we should give Mitchell a chance to finish later. Some people stood up. I wanted to vote and I suddenly hollered out loudly, "Vote now!"

Someone else chimed in and hollered, "Yea, vote now!"

It was rather confusing how a vote would take place, but someone said, "For Haim" and many people began clapping. Someone else said, "For Mitchell" – but not many people clapped for Mitchell. It seemed clear

to me that Haim had won. The noise quieted down and I hollered out,  
"Haim wins!"

Someone else echoed, "Haim wins!"

Although it seemed clear that Haim had won, I was unsure the vote would actually count. I was sure, however, that I wanted Haim to win.

People began milling about. Spence (a law student) walked up to me and said someone two or three rows down had told him that I "had my chips." I knew that was a British slang expression meaning I was in trouble; I thought, "Well there's only one person who could have said that."

That person had to be my girlfriend Louise. I walked down a couple of rows; she was sitting in a seat next to the aisle. She seemed to be wearing a red dress and had on bright red

lipstick. She stood and began walking. I walked close to her in the crowd, but lost sight of her for a moment. I turned around and said, "Did you say I'd had my chips?"

I then realized that when I had turned around, I had spoken to Duesler (a law student), who I had thought had been Louise standing beside me. Duesler looked confused about what I had said to him and I realized my mistake. Then I saw Louise; I walked over to her and asked again, "Did you say I'd had my chips."

She acted coy. I could tell she was angry with me about something, although I was uncertain about what. She didn't seem as if she wanted to talk about it at the moment.

We walked out of the room and into another room where we found some

foldable chairs and sat down. She was on the aisle to my left; to my right was sitting a girl who reminded me of Strewsbury (a female law student). Apparently Louise wanted to do some studying, but I wanted to do something else. Strewsbury asked what I could do and I replied, "Well I could just go out and fly a kite."

I noticed it was raining outside; flying a kite wasn't a good idea. Louise was listening to what I was saying as I continued talking with Strewsbury; I asked Strewsbury about a steel mill in town. I told Strewsbury that I would like to go to the steel mill and I asked Strewsbury if tours were given through it. She said she thought so.

Louise spoke up and in a chiding manner asked why I wanted to go to the steel mill. I replied, "Well because I think it'll be educational."

As we talked, Louise somehow looked different. When she would open her mouth, her red lipstick would rub off onto her teeth so her teeth would turn red. She would close her mouth and the lipstick would be washed off her teeth. She would open her mouth again and her bright shiny teeth would again turn red, as if red paint had been smeared on them.

Apparently Louise was trying to study evidence and she was involved in what she was doing. However, she obviously wanted to talk with me, even though she didn't want to admit it.

I was anxious to go somewhere, perhaps to the steel mill. Since I obviously wasn't getting anywhere talking with Louise, I finally stood and prepared to leave. Before leaving, I walked over to Louise, put my hand

on her head and caressed her hair  
once.

I was just getting ready to walk out  
when she said something. I knew then  
that she didn't really want me to  
leave and that she wanted to talk with  
me. I said something to her; she rose  
and we began walking along together.  
We began talking about studying.  
Then she said something about my  
feeling insecure.

**Dream of: 08 November 1982 "A  
Nice Life"**

While in Portsmouth, I received a  
phone call. When I answered the  
phone, a female voice asked me if I  
knew who she was. When I told her I  
didn't know, she said that she lived  
around the corner from me, and that  
she wanted to know if I would either  
call her or see her. When I asked her

exactly where she lived, I gathered from her reply that she lived on Brown Street, although I couldn't place exactly where. I knew Brown Street ended at the football stadium. After I asked her exactly where she lived on Brown Street, I finally concluded she lived somewhere between Fifth and Sixth Streets. I said, "Well, I'll be right over."

I hung up the phone and left. But instead of going to the woman's house, I went to downtown Portsmouth, where I found the woman, as well as my sister and Birdie. The woman (19-20 years old) was petite and had black hair. I didn't talk much to her, but we did look each other over, until she finally left.

My sister, Birdie and I then went to my mother's house, which was on Rhodes Avenue in New Boston (fairly

close to where my old buddy Ramo used to live, only one street over).

Birdie, who had a baby with her, stayed downstairs, while my sister, my mother and I walked upstairs, where I apparently had my own room.

It was about 8 p.m., and was apparently close to Christmas. I called up my friend Walls and asked him what he was doing. He was still living with his mother. He said all kinds of things were going to be happening that night. I told him I would come to his house in half an hour. He seemed hesitant, but said ok. I asked him if that seemed too long. When he replied that seemed like a rather long time, I said, "Well, I'll be there in 20 minutes."

After I had hung up the phone, I began wondering whether I should

even go. I thought, "Well, Birdie's downstairs. She's got that baby."

I thought that the baby was actually mine and that I should probably spend some time with Birdie and the baby. I thought, "Well, I'll run down there real quick and spend a few minutes with them."

I ran downstairs and found Birdie sitting on the couch and the baby playing on the floor. It was pulling around some kind of contraption about two feet tall with bars on it. I picked up the baby, which, although it was only about a year and a half old, seemed terribly heavy. I thought it must weigh 50-60 pounds. After I had carried it a little bit, I thought I heard it say something. I listened again and heard it say, "It's a nice life."

I was amazed that it could talk. I put it on the floor and began playing with it. I held it up, then it would rock backwards and I would catch it before it hit the ground. It was laughing, then began talking again. At the same time, a picture of some sausage came on the television screen. The baby looked at the picture and called them "by-products." I finally realized the baby was talking about a person's private parts, but since it hadn't yet learned to say "private parts," it called them "by-products."

I wondered if Birdie's husband had taught the baby to say that. I thought, "Well, it will learn how to say the right thing soon enough."

I commented to my mother (also in the room) about how well the baby spoke. I asked my mother how old my sister's child, my nephew David, was.

My mother said David was about 4 months older than Birdie's baby. I thought it was strange that this baby, which was probably mine, could already speak, and my sister's child, four months older, hadn't even started to talk yet. I thought my sister was probably upset or jealous of that fact.

I rather enjoyed playing with the baby. Since I was going to be in Portsmouth for a week or more, I thought I would like to see it again. I picked up the baby, walked over to the couch and sat down close to Birdie. When I asked her if she would come back the following night, she said she would. Her husband was working the evening shift and she could return in the evening.

Furthermore, I learned that she was living in an upstairs apartment of the

house we were in. The apartment was reached by an outside stairs. She said she needed someone to carry the baby upstairs for her because it was so heavy. I said, "Well, I'll carry it up for you."

We talked more, and I mentioned that the girl had called me earlier that day. I hadn't gotten the girl's name, and I wondered who she was. I didn't want to ask Birdie the girl's name, but I did want to know who she was.

Since Birdie knew I was going to leave, she began gathering her things together. I said, "Well, I'll carry this baby up for you."

When we opened the door, I realized I was barefoot. I said, "Well, wait a minute. I'm going to go upstairs and put my shoes on first and get ready before I take you up."

As I started back up the stairs, the baby continued talking and I told it to shut up, but it didn't stop and I asked Birdie, "Well, hasn't it learned what the word 'shut up' means yet?"

I ran back upstairs. My mother had earlier given me five dollars which I had stuck in a book. I began looking for it. It seemed as if I had been reading Tolstoy's *War and Peace* and had stuck the money in that book. Finally I found the money.

I was wearing blue jeans. All my shirts seemed to be dirty except my shirt with black and white checks. I started to put it on, but then I remembered that I had a nice whitish-gray sweater there. I put it on, but then saw another nice brown shirt which my mother apparently had bought for me. I looked around and found a nice pair of brown boots and

a pair of nice light brown shoes which my mother had apparently bought for me and put there.

I pulled the boots on. They had long shoe stings which laced up the front. They were quite nice, not cheap. At first I didn't think they would fit, but after I had them on, they fit fine. I hoped I wouldn't scratch them up or spill something on them that night. I thought if I were going to be with Walls, I would probably be drinking some beer.

I put on my blue coat, which didn't go well with what I was wearing. I thought I needed a new coat, but the blue one would have to do for now.

I thought about taking a bath, but I didn't. I didn't think I had time, and besides, I wasn't very dirty. I thought, "Well, I'll just go like this."

After I had finished dressing, I walked back downstairs. I picked up Birdie's baby to carry it back up to her apartment for her.

**Dream of: 09 November 1982**  
**"Feeling Uneasy"**

I was lying in bed with Louise at her apartment in Waco. I had fallen asleep, but had then awakened feeling uneasy. Louise also awoke. I asked her if she had remembered to lock the front door; she said she hadn't. I told her I had locked one of the three locks on the door, but I had left the other two undone. I began thinking about how easy it would be for someone to use a little tool to unlock the door; I even imagined what such a tool would look like.

Suddenly I thought I heard a noise in the living room, but nothing

happened. I decided to rise and go lock the other locks. I walked to the bedroom door, opened it and threw my hands back with a scared look on my face. Louise saw me and became alarmed. I smiled: I had been fooling, trying to scare her.

I walked through the living room where I stepped on a newspaper we had left on the floor. Before I reached the front door I tried to turn on the hall lights by the door, but they wouldn't work. Louise had followed me and she likewise tried the lights, but they didn't work for her either.

I walked to the front door and began to put the chain lock in place. I couldn't seem to fit it into the hole. Suddenly I felt pressure on the door from the outside. Somebody was trying to push it open and I stepped back in terror.

## **Dream of: 09 November 1982 (2)**

### **"Something Amazing"**

It was Tuesday morning. I was at the Baylor Law School, where I was supposed to have a property class at 8 a.m. I thought about skipping the class, but then decided to go. I walked into the classroom, which had 70-80 people in it. Professor Newton walked into the class. I was surprised to see him there because I had another class on Law, Ethics and Morality which Newton taught later in the day at 11:45 a.m., and it had only about 10 people in it. But apparently Newton had arranged to have an extra hour at this time in which to teach his class. Since only about 10 people were in the other class, most of the people in this class weren't familiar with the subject of the other class. Nevertheless Newton

simply walked to the front and began lecturing.

Some students shut their books and began listening to Newton. Others began doing their homework for other classes. Donna (a law student) was sitting near me; sitting next to her was Branyon (another law student). Their seats were turned around so they were facing the back of the class. Their books were opened to another subject and they were doing their homework. It was a class dealing with mental reasoning and looked as if it might be calculus, even though we were in law class. On the page of Donna's book was a picture of a cross- section of the human brain. An arrow was pointing to the brain; beside the arrow were the words "Something amazing."

Leah (another law school classmate) was sitting three or four rows from me. She, as well as the rest of the people around me, was working on her homework.

Looking at a piece of paper in front of me, I saw that we were supposed to have read in the text pages 38-128, as well as a legal case. I hadn't yet read the material since I hadn't expected the class to begin that early in the morning.

Beaty (another law student) was sitting near me; I asked her if she had the right book for the class. She had a small book about five centimeters long through which she was leafing. Apparently that was the "Law, Ethics and Morality" book.

I had a piece of gum in my mouth. I was tired of chewing it, but was

uncertain whether I should swallow it or stick it on the bottom of the seat in front of me. It was quite a dilemma. I was quite sick of the gum.

As Newton continued to lecture in front of the class, I was having difficulty understanding what he was saying. He began circulating around the class; he noticed some people doing homework for other classes. He said something about it to a person sitting in the front of the class. The person stopped. The others in the class also put up their books from other classes and began listening to him.

Newton began walking down the rows of chairs. When he came to the area where my friend Jon was sitting, there wasn't enough room for Newton to pass. Jon stood up and moved his chair out a little bit. Newton moved

on past. But when Jon continued standing and didn't sit back down, Newton turned to him, said, "I didn't mean for you to just stand there," and escorted Jon back to his seat. As Jon was sitting down, Newton put his hand on Jon's arm. Newton didn't see how Jon crassly jerked his arm away; but the rest of the class saw it. Jon seemed angry and was behaving quite badly.

Newton continued his lecture. He described a man without a body who was going around looking for parts of his body. The man found some arms and somehow attached them to his body. He then found a head and put it on. Then he had eyes and could see; but the man still didn't have a brain and needed to look for one.

**Dream of: 10 November 1982 "To  
Be Strong And Endure"**

My mother, my sister and I had moved to a city which seemed like Chicago. We were living in a house which resembled a large two story house in which I had been living in Waco, Texas. My mother had been away for a while and when she returned to the house, she was practically in tears. She grabbed me and said she had been in a car wreck.

She was uninjured, but the car had been completely demolished. She had already talked about it with my father. Apparently he had the insurance on the car and he had told her he would give her \$800 for the car. That also upset her. Apparently she had been in another wreck before, and another insurance company was going to pay her \$1,250. But my father's insurance company was only going to pay her \$800. She was terribly upset. I asked

her where the car was and she said it was in front of the house.

After I walked outside, I saw a wrecked car which wasn't hers. Then I saw her car, a black Rambler station wagon whose entire back end had been smashed in. The steering wheel was crunched up against the seat.

I climbed inside the front of the car and I was able to stand up because the seat had been taken out. Suddenly the front wind shield caved in and scattered around my feet. I wasn't wearing shoes, although I did have on some socks.

My sister and my mother walked out of the house and began trying to pry open the car door so I could get out. In the process, they broke the door's window which also came crashing around my feet. Even though the

glass wasn't cutting me, I began moaning. I just wanted to get out of the car and I was becoming nervous.

Finally I did get out. My mother, my sister and I walked back onto the porch. A bunch of cats and dogs were on the porch and they wouldn't get off. Since I knew I had a certain rod in my closet which I could use to get rid of the animals, I walked inside to retrieve the rod. When I came back out, I first knocked a couple kittens off the porch, then I tried to knock off a dog, which grabbed my hand with its mouth. But it didn't break the skin and I was able to knock it off. I proceeded to get rid of all the cats and dogs.

I sat down and tried to decide what to do. My mother had previously been in two other accidents since we had been there, even though we had only

been there two or three days. Now she wasn't going to have a car. I wondered if we should pack our bags and return to where we had come from. Perhaps we shouldn't stay in this city. But that sounded like giving up to me. I decided that sometimes a person just had to be strong and endure.

I was quite worried about my mother. I worried something was going to happen to her.

**Dream of: 10 November 1982 (2)**  
**"Marionette"**

I was sitting in the back of the practice court room at Baylor Law School. People were sitting beside me, although no one was behind me. A law student named Weaver was lecturing in front of the class. My girlfriend Louise, who was sitting in

the row in front of me, stood up and began taking her clothes off. She took off her top first. The professor was obviously looking at her; besides the professor, I was the only student who had noticed what she was doing.

She then pulled down her skirt so that she was completely nude. She turned around so her back was toward the front of the class and bent over so her butt was pointed toward the professor.

She then stood back up, dressed and sat back down. Apparently the professor and I had been the only ones who had seen what she had done. The professor, who had become quite disconcerted by the matter, walked back to Louise and began giving a little talk which didn't have anything to do with his lecture.

He made it clear to the rest of the class that he had seen Louise do something, but apparently he thought he had been dreaming. I thought he was going to describe what had just happened; but he simply said he had seen Louise stand from her seat, turn around in a circle and walk back and forth in the aisle like a "marionette." I could tell Louise was relieved that the professor hadn't told the class what she had actually done; I was rather relieved myself. The professor seemed to be a decent fellow and it appeared he wasn't going to tell everyone what he had seen.

The class ended; Louise and I stood and walked outside. I was still surprised by what she had done. I began talking to her and she told me she had taken pictures of us when we had been having sex. That surprised

me because I didn't know she had been taking pictures. I was beginning to think she was somewhat of an exhibitionist.

I remembered having seen advertisements in newspapers for bars in Dallas for "amateur nights" when ordinary women could go onto the stage, take off their clothes and dance. I had never been to one of the amateur nights, but began thinking maybe Louise could go to one. I could go with her; but I was uncertain I wanted to do that.

I began remembering how my old girlfriend Birdie and I used to get together with my old friend Mike Walls and his girlfriend. Birdie and I would have sex in front of them and they would have sex in front of us. I thought maybe Louise would like to do something like that. However, I

quickly decided I didn't want to do anything like that, especially not with Walls.

I asked Louise if she had thought it was erotic when she had taken off her clothes in the classroom. I told her I had found it rather erotic myself.

**Dream of: 10 November 1982 (3)**  
**"Zamba"**

I was in front of (the big house I lived in in Waco at that time). A large man came along who began pushing me, wanting to fight with me. I quickly began using karate on him and clobbered him. After he got up and left, I sat down on my porch.

A large gold-colored leopard with black spots walked up. It also looked somewhat like a tiger. When it first walked up to me, I was afraid of it. But it seemed fairly tame, so I began

petting it. It looked somewhat ragged, obviously living out on the streets. I befriended it until it finally went on its way.

I sat a while longer, until the same man returned. I walked out in front of my house and pushed him out of my way. He obviously wanted to fight again. He said, "Wait a minute," and called a friend of his.

I thought about how I had befriended the leopard, and that it would come to help me. I called the leopard "Zamba," and I hollered out, "Zamba!"

Neither the man's friend nor the leopard came. So the man and I began fighting and I quickly clobbered him for the second time. I saw a pile of manure on the ground. When I had the man on the ground, I

grabbed his feet. I then turned him around so his face was right in the manure. I then began moving him back and forth. Finally I let him go and he took off

I sat back down on the porch. A girl (about 6-7 years old) showed up. She seemed to be my sister (not my actual sister). A little mouse ran across the sidewalk in front of the house. She ran and grabbed the mouse. She said she was getting rid of all the mice in the world. She picked up the mouse, stuck its head in her mouth and bit it off. She spat out the head. She then stuck the mouse's body in her mouth and began sucking out the blood from the body.

I was completely disgusted. She finally threw the body down. Even though the body had no head, it ran around for a bit.

**Dream of: 10 November 1982 (4)**  
**"Fantastic Four #1"**

I was showing someone some pictures which had been taken of me. I had several sets of pictures, with four pictures in each set. As I looked at one set, I noticed the first two pictures appeared to show me doing something wrong to someone. But when I looked at the other two pictures, the pictures clearly showed that I had actually been helping someone. One picture seemed to show me sticking a needle in someone's arm. But another picture showed that I was actually giving someone a shot with a hypodermic needle, just as a doctor would.

Another picture showed the silhouette of two sitting children. In the picture, I appeared to be trying to push over the children. But when

looked at it from another angle in a different picture, clearly I had been trying to help up the children. I told the person to whom I was showing the pictures that the two children had a disease which was similar to muscular dystrophy. I said the name of the disease was "Russian \_\_\_\_\_."

As I looked at the pictures of the children, I began thinking I would like to get to know someone with muscular dystrophy. I would like to be friends with such a person, and perhaps see the person once a week. I thought of finding someone in Waco who had muscular dystrophy, writing the person a letter and telling the person I would like to be friends. I remembered that when my brother Chris had had muscular dystrophy, he hadn't had many friends. He would

have liked to have received a letter from someone. Perhaps someone around town would feel the same way. I could meet them, talk with them and perhaps take them somewhere. I would really like to do that.

I thought in the letter I would simply say I was a Baylor student, without mentioning that I was in law school, and say that I would like to meet someone who had muscular dystrophy.

I also thought if the person had a pretty sister in the house, I would like to meet her, also.

I put the plan in operation; I met a fellow who had muscular dystrophy. I invited him to my home. When he arrived he didn't appear to have muscular dystrophy, but seemed

strong and robust. He was about my age. He carried in a large box and set it on the table; it was full of comic books.

Apparently I had told him I collected comic books. He had had some for a while and apparently was going to sell them to me for a low price of about a dime apiece.

I began going through the comics; the ones on top were in very good condition. I saw the original price on one of the was ten cents. Generally they seemed to be DC comics, with some Marvel comics mixed in. I saw one Jimmy Olson comic. I thought the comics were probably valuable. I figured I could buy them for a piddling price and resell them at a profit. But then I thought, "Well, he's my friend. I don't need to take advantage of him like that."

I said to him, "Look, these comic books, I can't buy them for that. They're really worth a lot more money than what I was going to offer you for them. I'll help you and then we can sell them to somebody. I've got some books we can look at and get a good price out of them."

I added kiddingly, "Of course I'll take my commission out of that."

But I wasn't serious about taking a commission. I was simply going to help him.

I pulled out another pile of comics and saw old Marvel comics among them. I could tell they were valuable. I sat them down, looked at the comic on top and said, "Oh, I don't believe it."

I reached for the comic and jerked it up. It was Fantastic Four #1. I

couldn't believe my eyes. On the front was a picture of the Silver Surfer, a silver looking man riding a surf board through space. I asked, "Do you know how much this one comic book's worth? It's worth at least \$100. I've never seen it in a private collection like this."

I went through the stack and saw Fantastic Four #2, 3 etc. Fantastic Four #2 had the Mole Man in it. I told him it was worth about \$50 and the next one about \$25. I said, "I don't know, they might be worth a lot more than that. "

I was totally surprised to find these valuable comics. I knew I could have bought them from him for practically nothing, but I wasn't at all sorry I had told him what they were worth.

## **Dream of: 16 November 1982**

### **"Lowered Pitch"**

Two or three other law students and I were riding around in a Volkswagen. I was wearing a white shirt and a nice pair of pants. We had all been preparing a case for practice court -- the others had been preparing the plaintiff's side, and I alone had been preparing the defendant's side. The case involved an obese man who, while running toward a swimming pool, had tripped on a girl and injured her leg just before he had jumped into the pool.

We pulled up to a curve and stepped out of the car. A man was standing next to a building was going to be the judge in our case, and he told us to begin. The others presented the plaintiff's case. The man then looked

at me and told me to begin. I thought,  
"Well, this is it."

A couple women (each about 25 years old) were sitting nearby watching us.

One had black hair. At first I was standing in the street off the curve. I stepped up on the curve so I was a bit taller. I began presenting the defendant's case, always referring to the defendant as "my client."

The judge (about 45 years old) seemed to be an amiable man. As he questioned me, I felt good about my presentation. Things seemed to be flowing naturally and I wasn't making any mistakes. My sentences were forming correctly and I felt good about what I was doing. However, I felt as if I had a weak case, and that the plaintiff's case was very strong. Although I felt as if I were doing a

good job as a lawyer, I didn't think I was going to win.

The judge seemed to want to hear more from me. Once when I stopped, he said, "No, I want to hear more from you. Go on."

I began talking again off the top of my head, but my words seemed to make sense. At one point, it came to mind that I should focus in on the guilt of my client. I said, "The guilt of my client has not been proved, because they have accused him of doing something intentional. They have pled that he has done something intentional. Although he might be guilty of some negligent act, they have not pled or proved a negligent act."

The judge stopped me and said he didn't want to hear anything about

that because they had pled negligence. He said negligence was a lower-included offense of the pleading. Reflecting that this was a civil case and not a criminal case, I recalled my knowledge of torts and said, "Oh, yea. Now I remember."

Once while I was speaking, the judge walked over and talked to the other side for a minute. The two women who were watching said something to me. The black-haired woman said I was doing a real good job, but asked me if I had ever thought about lowering my voice. I asked, "What do you mean? Do you mean in volume, or do you mean in pitch?"

"In pitch," she answered.

I responded that I knew I needed to lower my pitch. I didn't think I had been speaking loud in volume.

When the judge returned I knew the trial was over. I thought, "Well, I've just lost. There's no chance, even though I did a good job."

The judge said he could really sympathize with my case, and he let me know he wanted to see more of me in a court setting. It was the first time I had ever taken part in a trial, and I thought, "Well, it wasn't bad for the first time."

The verdict came in. It was "not guilty." I had won.

**Dream of: 20 November 1982**  
**"Helium-Filled Balloon"**

I was living in a Spanish-speaking town which seemed like San Juan, Puerto Rico. I was walking through the streets, trying to think of something to do. I had a small

apartment and was exploring an area four or five blocks from where I lived.

As I walked around I came to a corner where a man was selling dresses which looked like Mexican dresses often sold on the streets of Mexico. Two women (each about 25 years old) were standing here; each had on one of the dresses. I was unsure if the women were simply trying on the dresses, or whether they were wearing their own dresses. I glanced at the women, I didn't find them attractive and I walked on.

I had walked about four or five blocks from my apartment and had reached a small grocery store. I thought a movie theater was nearby; I might want to go there. However, I thought all the movies were X-rated. For a moment I thought I might want to go

to an X-rated movie, but then decided I didn't want to.

I headed back toward my place taking a different route than I normally took.

I was happily surprised to find the route shorter than the way I usually went. It began to darken and since I was a bit apprehensive about being on the dark street, I hurried.

I was carrying a rather large, helium-filled, pink balloon. As I passed through a gas station lot which had a large roof over it, my balloon slipped from my hand and I watched it rise.

Several other people, including an attendant pumping gas, also watched the balloon rise toward the roof, about 50 meters high. Before the balloon reached the roof, it stopped, began descending again and came all the way back to me. I grabbed it, held

it in my arms and continued on along  
the street.

I began thinking about how Louise  
had separated from me and had said  
she didn't want to see me anymore. I  
knew she lived nearby; I  
contemplated writing her some  
letters and either leaving them on her  
car or slipping them under the door of  
her apartment. I thought about how I  
had recently told her that the only  
time I ever wrote to her was when  
she wasn't speaking to me. I was still  
not fully sure whether I should write  
to her this time.

**Dream of: 22 November 1982**  
**"Improving My Memory"**

I was sitting in a law class listening to  
a professor giving a lecture. Louise  
was sitting to my left and the  
professor was to our right, so my face

had to be turned slightly away from Louise's. Although I couldn't see her face, I knew she could see mine. I hadn't looked at her during the entire class. Since she had separated from me, I was a bit angry with her and I didn't want our eyes to meet. I thought she probably wanted to look into my eyes, but I felt it would be better if she were unable to.

Michelle Youngblood (a law student) was sitting in front of us. She turned around, commented that I had begun growing a beard and chided me a bit because some patches were on my face where no whiskers were growing. When Michelle spoke I turned my head to look at her and I also looked at Louise. Louise seemed glad I was finally looking at her. I would like to scratch her with my whiskers.

The seats in which we were sitting were actually beds. When the professor stopped his lecture a moment while he tried to find something, Louise and I reclined on the bed. I folded my hands under my head so my arms stuck out on both sides. Louise snuggled up to me on my left and laid her head on my arm.

We began talking about the problem between us. Apparently it had to do with my having found several bottles of alcohol at her house on her bookshelf. She had promised me that she wasn't going to drink any more. And then I had found a large bottle of red wine from which she had obviously been drinking. On the shelf below the wine was another fifth of some kind of yellow liquor. Two or three other bottles of partially

consumed alcohol were also on the shelf.

We discussed the matter; she seemed to be in a somewhat reconciling mood. She propped up on one elbow and said she was going to see me on Sundays. I had thought about our relationship and realized we had been seeing too much of each other. It would probably be a good idea to only see each other once a week.

However, I didn't like the idea of her simply telling me when she was going to allow me to see her. I wanted to likewise have some say in the matter.

When it appeared the professor wasn't going to resume the class, we rose and left. Outside I saw the other students likewise leaving. We went to the parking lot and I realized we were in Portsmouth and the class had been in the Shawnee State University.

When we were almost to the car,  
Louise exclaimed that she had  
forgotten her purse and her shoes  
and needed to go back for them. She  
turned around and ran back into the  
building. I went ahead and boarded  
the car and decided to pull around in  
front of the door and wait for her. I  
pulled around and parked.

Finally I decided I needed to use the  
toilet and went inside myself. I went  
to the toilet and defecated. But just  
when I finished I thought for some  
reason I must immediately leave, and  
without using the toilet paper or even  
pulling up my pants, I ran out of the  
toilet with my pants down around my  
knees. As I ran through the halls I  
saw some books on a shelf, some of  
which were copies of the United  
States Code. I needed a couple of  
volumes and grabbed them.

On my left I noticed an open door to a room with a light on. I could also hear someone coming down the stairs by the exit there.

I continued down the hall toward the door, hesitated and thought maybe I should pull up my pants and stick the books down them. I had two books; I could stick one in the front and one in the back. I thought since I hadn't used any toilet paper after defecating, I might get some feces on the books if I stuck them down the back of my pants; but I felt clean and I didn't think that would happen.

I returned to the book shelf, where I intended to stick the books in my pants. I noticed several books about memory on the bookshelf, one by NASA; on the front of the book was a picture of someone who seemed to be welding something. I began talking

out loud to myself about how I wanted to learn all about improving my memory.

Someone giggled; an older woman and a younger girl were behind a little counter there. They raised up and told me they had seen me take the two books and had notified the security personnel to pick me up. If I hadn't returned to the bookshelf, the security people would have grabbed me by now. I stopped and realized it had probably been the security personnel whom I had heard coming down the stairs.

The women told me that because I had returned to the bookshelf, I could check out the books without incident. They had been impressed with what they had heard me saying out-loud about memory; they seemed unconcerned about the books.

## **Dream of: 26 November 1982**

### **"Hole In The Bridge"**

I was driving a new, light brown sports car to Portsmouth. Louise and Boley (a fellow female law student) were with me. Although I was the driver, the car had just been bought by, and belonged to, one of them (probably Boley). As we drove along I decided before going to Portsmouth I would take the women to visit the Gallia County Farm, about seven or eight kilometers away. It was Saturday and we were only going to be on the trip for a couple days.

As we drove along, a car began trying to pass us. I tried to pull over to the side as much as I could, because a third car was coming toward us in the opposite direction. The car trying to pass us - old and beat-up - was being

driven by an old man. The car zoomed  
past.

When we finally reached some gravel  
roads, Louise said I had kissed her on  
the butt. I said, "I didn't kiss you on  
the butt."

I asked Louise who had said that and  
she said someone had told her. I  
asked, "Well who told you?"

She simply replied that it had been  
someone who had seen me kiss her on  
the butt. I said, "I want to know when  
someone seen me do that."

I grabbed her by the face and jerked  
her around until she quit talking  
about it. I knew I had never done  
anything like that. I couldn't  
remember having ever done anything  
intimate with her in front of someone  
else. But since it seemed that Louise,  
Boley and I had spent the previous

night in the car together, I began thinking perhaps Boley had seen Louise and me having sex in the back of the car and had then said something to Louise about what she had seen.

We drove on and as we passed by Garner Hubbard's house, I hollered out, "Well, something important has happened."

They wanted to know what it was and I said, "That was the last house, the nearest neighbor of my grandparents. And you're going to see just how few people live up here now, because you're going to see how far it is still to my grandfather's."

We continued driving and driving until we finally reached the place where the Farm began. I said, "This is

all my grandparents' farm. It just stretches all around."

I looked up toward one of the hills and was about to say, "My Cabin's up on top of that hill," but I decided to wait until later to tell them about the Cabin. I looked out over one of the fields where there were perhaps 100 nice cows and said, "Those are my grandfather's cows."

Everything was quite lush and green. I asked, "Can you imagine just having all this space and this land."

As we approached the bridge over Symmes Creek, which is in front of the House, I could see my step-grandfather Clarence working in front of the House. A truck was parked on the bridge. After the truck began moving and crossed the bridge, we began crossing it. Some of the

boards in the bridge were missing,  
leaving some holes in the bridge.

As I swerved to miss one of the holes,  
the front left tire sank into another  
hole and became stuck. The situation  
seemed dangerous; we all climbed  
out of the car and stood here. I began  
working with a rope trying to pull the  
car out of the hole; as I did so, the car  
became very small. I finally managed  
to pull it out.

The three of us walked over to where  
Clarence was. My grandmother  
Mabel was also with him. I said to  
Clarence, "That's dangerous, that  
hole in that bridge."

He replied, "Yea, there's been all  
kinds of people getting stuck in it."

He said he had been trying to call  
someone responsible for county roads  
to have them repair the bridge, but

he hadn't been able to contact anyone. He said that some women especially had problems with becoming stuck in the hole.

Clarence was wearing a brown robe. I put my arm around him and said to the two women, "This is my grandfather."

I next walked over to Mabel, put my arm around her and said, "And this is my grandmother."

I was then going to introduce the women to Clarence and Mabel, but I couldn't remember the women's names. I said, "And this is ...," but I couldn't remember the name. I turned to the other woman and said, "And this is ..."

The woman picked up the speech and said, "Amy."

The woman who called herself Amy was wearing a green dress. The other woman then said her name was either Stacy or Tracy.

I looked at both attractive women and had no idea who they were. I told Mabel we were only going to be here a short while. I just wanted to show the women around the place and then we were going to leave.

**Dream of: 27 November 1982**  
**"Ingots"**

I told Louise I was definitely going to go out looking for aluminum cans. She thought the idea was bizarre and in a joking way she said that looking for cans sounded like something I would do. She couldn't understand why I would want to do such a thing. I told her I had decided I was

interested in metals and I wanted to begin learning more about them.

I told her I didn't actually want to sell any aluminum cans I found. I wanted to find out how much they were worth, and then melt them down. I said, "I want to make ingots out of them."

I was unsure Louise even knew what an ingot was; but I liked the sound of the word "ingot" and repeated it several times.

I told Louise I even knew where many tin cans were. I was thinking about a dream I had had in which I had been looking for tin cans and had found many along Route 23 north of Portsmouth near Rosemount. I told Louise I was going to begin looking for the cans there.

Shortly thereafter I drove Louise's orange Datsun out to Rosemount, a little farther than in my previous dream. After I had stopped the car by the side of the road, I got out, looked over the side of the road and saw some junk lying there. I thought I could see some aluminum cans; I walked down the bank by the road and soon found some. A couple of the cans weren't aluminum. One was smashed flat and looked as if it might actually have been an oil filter instead of a can. One brown can said "alum" on the front; I knew it was 100% aluminum.

When I finally turned around to climb back up the bank, I realized the bank was steep and I couldn't quite climb back up. I might be able to reach up to the car, grab it and pull myself back up; but I was afraid if I did that,

I might just pull the car over the bank. I grabbed the car to see what would happen and when I discovered I actually could pull the car toward me some, I realized I wasn't going to be able to use the car to pull myself up.

Since I couldn't use the car, I walked on down to a place just a little in front of the car where it looked as if I might be able to climb up the bank. When I reached the place, I looked toward the car; a man had raised up the hood of the car and was looking under it. I had something like a rope in my hand; I threw the rope at the man and hit him with it. I then was able to pull myself up on the bank. Once I was on top, I realized the man hadn't been under the hood of my car at all - he had pulled up in a truck in front of my

car and had been working under the hood of his truck.

He and I began fighting; suddenly he snapped a handcuff on my wrist. The handcuff was also around his wrist. We began struggling and I thought he might try to kill me. With the rope sill in my hand, I pulled him right out into Route 23 and began waving the rope around. A truck was headed north on the road; I stood in the road intending to force the truck to stop to help me.

After the truck pulled over, an army jeep pulled up beside us and some soldiers jumped out of it. The man with the handcuff then fell onto the ground and took the handcuff off me.

The soldiers walked over and one of them pulled my hands behind me and handcuffed me. I said, "No. It's that guy. He's the one that started all the problem."

The soldiers didn't listen to me; they marched me back to my car.

Meanwhile several of the soldiers began searching through my car. I hoped no loose marijuana seeds were in the car.

It looked as if the soldiers weren't going to find anything.

**Dream of: 02 December 1982**  
**"Emotional Struggle"**

I hurriedly walked into a room where I saw several people whom I thought I had earlier killed. One woman was sitting in a chair and some of the other people were standing along the walls. They looked at me; I thought they posed a danger to me. I held out my hand as if it were a gun, began pretending to shoot them and made noises like, "Pfow! Pfow!" with my mouth in an attempt to get rid of

them. I said, "You can't be here.  
You're all dead."

My motions had no effect upon them. I knew something terrible was going to happen and suddenly I heard a heaving, "Whisz, whisz, whisz" type breathing. I recognized the sound immediately as Darth Vader's breathing. I knew he was coming and suddenly I saw him walk into the room. He was gigantic - about three meters tall. I thought I heard the woman in the room say it was useless to struggle. I realized it was indeed useless to struggle, but I knew Darth Vader was evil and thought, "No, I must fight against Darth Vader."

He stalked me. Suddenly I remembered a scene from the movie *The Empire Strikes Back* in which Luke Skywalker had cut off Darth Vader's head. When the head had

fallen to the ground, it had looked like Luke Skywalker's head. I also remembered how Yoda had told Luke it was useless to fight. I felt the same dilemma: it was useless to fight, but I felt I must fight.

Suddenly Darth Vader attacked me. He pushed me to the ground, fell on me and held me down. I struggled against him.

I began thinking about Louise, who weighed heavily on my mind. I thought somehow the fight in which I was involved had to do with her. I was unsure whether I was somehow protecting her or whether the fight was similar to an emotional struggle I was having involving her.

I realized the emotion I felt for her was love. I wondered whether just as I shouldn't fight Darth Vader and feel

hatred for him, I shouldn't feel love for Louise. But I realized just as I had to fight Darth Vader, so I had to love Louise.

**Dream of: 03 December 1982**  
**"Breaching My Trust"**

After returning to Portsmouth for a vacation, I walked into a building and entered a room where a girl had been playing a game with some other people. She and I left together and walked into another room where we intended to play the same game together.

Since I had to take off my clothes to play the game, I began thinking I was becoming involved in something inappropriate. As the girl began taking off her clothes, some other people who were going to play the game entered the room, and I began

thinking I was breaching my trust  
with **Louise.**

**Dream of: 07 December 1982**  
**"Chinese Mountains"**

I had been fighting in a war in China  
and had been captured by the  
Chinese. I was being held with other  
prisoners on a desolate plain in the  
middle of nowhere. A light snowfall  
covered the ground.

I had a brown horse. A moment came  
when I saw an opportunity to escape  
and I galloped off alone across the  
plain. I traveled for hours. I knew my  
horse would finally weaken and falter,  
but I had to press on because I feared  
I could be followed. I could see  
mountains far off in the distance. I cut  
across some fields which had recently  
been planted with some crop and I  
headed toward the mountains. As I

went on I could tell my horse was growing weaker and weaker. Nothing for him to eat could be found.

Finally I made it to the base of the mountains. I was surprised to see tracks in the snow here. Obviously someone else had recently been in the vicinity. I dismounted. I was hoping my horse could find some grass under the snow and recoup his strength.

I climbed a short distance up the mountain and looked back over the way I had come. I perceived not far behind me a band of men rapidly approaching. I knew immediately they were Chinese men chasing me.

I looked back around me and found my horse no longer, but instead another fellow about my age who was likewise trying to escape.

I could see a rock platform above us and was surprised to see a television there. Obviously someone must live around here. I clambered up the side of the mountain and pulled myself up a steep rock to the little rock platform. My friend helped push me up. I then turned around to pull him up. The Chinese group was almost upon us. I began pulling my friend, but before I could haul him up, the Chinese ran up, grabbed him by the legs and pulled him back down.

I couldn't decide whether to keep trying to escape or give myself up. Finally I took a leap and jumped down where the Chinese were. I knew they wouldn't harm me. They just wanted to capture me.

I looked back up to where I had been and saw a second television close to where I had been standing on the

rock platform. A little old Chinese man picked up a pebble, threw it at the television and hit it. I thought that was a way of making the television come on and I stood waiting for a picture to appear on the screen.

**Dream of: 08 December 1982**  
**"Confession"**

I had awakened at the House in Patriot; I was lying on the right side of a bed with two women lying to my left. I picked up my cassette player which was lying beside me and I began recording some events of the previous night which were very vivid in my mind. I said, "I was in a room with five women and four other men.

Two of the women, Lisa and Katherine, had red hair, two had black hair and the fifth woman was a blonde. One of the black-haired girls was Chris and I didn't recognize the

other two. But I had never seen the blonde before. One of the guys was Buckner.

I said that the night before I had come into this room with a girl and we had taken off our clothes. We had then begun having sex together. I couldn't remember which woman I had come into the room with; but I remembered that after I had been in the room a while, I had noticed other couples in the room, and I had switched to another woman, and then on to others. I did recall having had intercourse with Lisa and then having inserted my penis into her mouth. Lisa and I had been on the floor. I had then climbed into bed with Chris and had had sex with her.

As I was recording, the people lying around me began to awaken. Everyone was still nude and began to

dress. They wanted to hear what I was saying and I continued, "I had been thinking right about then that it was almost certain that if one person in the whole room had some kind of VD, that everyone in the room would end up having that VD."

As soon as I said that a couple girls said, "No. No. You don't understand it at all. That's not how it works."

I thought, "Well maybe that isn't how it works."

The girls were convinced that no one else would have caught the venereal disease, even if one of them had had it. But I began thinking that I hadn't had any protection when I had had sex with all those girls, and I suddenly felt lousy. It was probably certain I had contracted some kind of venereal disease.

I thought of Louise; what had I done?  
I had actually had sex with another woman. I had told Louise I was simply going to be away for a night. I was suddenly devastated. How was I going to explain this to Louise? I would have to tell her. For a minute I thought maybe I wouldn't tell her; but that simply wouldn't work. I would simply have to tell her.

I was about 6 a.m. I immediately sat up and thought, "I've got to go right now and explain to her what happened."

I felt that she wasn't going to accept it and that she would probably leave me. But I had previously decided that if something like this ever happened, not telling Louise would be far worse than the actual deed itself. So even though I would probably lose her, I must tell her. I was devastated when I

thought of losing her because of what  
I had done.

I had a toothpick in my mouth; I had  
chewed it up so hard that it was  
nothing more than a wad of splinters  
in my mouth. I began spitting it out.

I continued thinking that I just had to  
get up and tell Louise what I had  
done. I was feeling quite ill.

**Dream of: 29 December 1982**  
**"Proclamation Of Marriage"**

While I was in Portsmouth, Ohio, I  
decided to go to Chillicothe to visit  
Carolyn. Since it was near Christmas,  
I decided to buy her a present, a blue  
bicycle, probably from Penny's. I  
assembled the bicycle myself; but  
when I had finished, it didn't really  
look like a bicycle.

I reached Carolyn's house and walked up the stairs to the door. I first saw Carolyn's sister, and then Carolyn. I had been carrying the bicycle behind my back and when I pulled it out to show to her, it looked more like a bouquet of flowers. I handed it to her and she seemed pleased.

She looked quite attractive and had a shapely figure. She was surprised to see me, but seemed happy that I had come. She also had something which she gave to me. We walked over to the side and lay down on a couch together. She put her arms around me and gave me a brief kiss, but I didn't feel close to her. I pulled back and began trying to wipe the kiss off.

I was thinking about Louise and I knew I couldn't kiss Carolyn anymore. I thought, "Oh no. She's kissed me. What am I going to do?"

After wiping off the kiss I turned to her and said, "Carolyn, I think I'm going to get married."

She looked startled and asked who I was going to marry. I told her the woman was a law student whom I had met in Waco. Carolyn seemed to freeze up and then she began crying. I thought I had done the best thing by telling her. She lay crying for a while and then seemed to recover. I planned to stay for just a little while. I had only come to simply see her and nothing else.

We stood up; she said it would be better if we didn't talk about it. She seemed calmer.

Her mother, sitting on the other side of the room, looked almost exactly like Louise's mother, Vivian. Her mother said when she had married,

she had simply "proclaimed" the marriage. I thought perhaps she had had a common-law marriage; I talked with her a little about it. She said she had known another couple who had married that way. She had found out how it was done and had simply made a proclamation of marriage. It had startled her husband.

Carolyn walked up beside me; she wanted to go outside. She seemed to want to hold my hand; I debated about letting her slip her arm through mine so we could walk outside together. I thought, "Well there wouldn't be any harm in it, cause I don't have anything to do with her. I'm just going to leave here in a few minutes anyway."

We walked out on the porch together.

## **Dream of: 29 December 1982 (2)**

### **"Defiant Flautist"**

A young boy (about 15 years old) was sent out across some neighboring land by his father. The boy crossing land owned by a man who was an enemy of the boy's father. The boy also had an older man who was accompanying him, and as the two started out on horses, the father shouted, "A million dollars is better than two million dollars."

As the boy and the old man rode along, they came to a place where they had to cross some water. The boy went ahead first on his horse out into the water, while the old man stood and waited, not going for some reason. The distance across the water turned out to be longer than the boy had expected. He kept going until finally the horse sank below water.

The boy was still hanging onto his back.

While the old man stood and watched, he dropped a sack which he was carrying into the water and it floated down near to the boy. The boy saw it. As the old man waited on the bank and watched, the boy sank under the water. He kept bobbing up and down in the water, and the horse kept bobbing up and down. Finally the boy, the horse and the bag disappeared from sight.

The old man stood and waited, thinking they had drowned. The old man waited for a while, finally simply returning to the house whence he had been sent. The old man related what had happened to the boy's father, who, of course, became extremely angry. The father set the old man down in a chair and attempted to

extract from him all the details of what had transpired. The father pulled out a map, examined it, and tried to decipher what might have happened to the boy.

The land in the entire area had been flooded, and as the father looked at the map, he tried to deduce how long it would take the water in that area to recede. The father knew that even if the boy were alive, the boy would be in great danger, because the boy would be in the territory of his enemy. The father turned to another person in the room, held up his middle finger and twisted it as if he were turning it in something, thereby signifying something. But the action didn't seem to have anything to do with the father's enemy. It seemed more to signify that the boy might

have been stabbed, or something similar to that.

The father spoke, revealing that before the boy had left, the father had cut open the boy's stomach without the boy's knowing it, and had then somehow inserted a million dollars into the boy's stomach. After being sewn back up by the father, the stomach hadn't even looked as if it had been cut open.

It was thought that the sack which the old man had been carrying and which he had dropped into the creek, had contained two million dollars.

As the two men sat and further pondered the events, the question which arose in their minds was this: Had the little boy jumped off his horse and had he tried to retrieve the two million dollars (in which case he

would have probably drowned) or had he stayed on the horse?

The question which revolved in their minds, was whether the boy had known the money had been sewn up in his stomach. Actually, the truth was that the little boy did know that the money was sewn up in his stomach. It was the old man who hadn't known the money was in the boy's stomach. When the father told the old man that a million dollars was in the boy's stomach, the old man replied, "Well, he's probably OK then, because he probably stayed on his saddle, because when he was floating along, I shouted out, 'A million dollars is better than two.' Therefore, if he knew he had a million dollars, he probably wouldn't have jumped off the saddle and tried to catch that two

million dollars. So he's probably still alive."

After sitting for a while trying to figure it out, the father finally told the old man that the old man was going to have to go down to the territory of the father's enemy to see if he could find out what had happened. Since the old man didn't belong to either the side of the father nor of the father's enemy, the old man wouldn't be harmed by the father's enemy. The old man arrived at a village with adobe buildings as might be found in Mexico. The old man got a room in what appeared to be a small hotel in the village.

In the street were gathered a number of people from the community. They looked up to see the boy riding his horse into the town from the woods. The boy was asleep as he rode. When

he finally reached the people, he opened his eyes and realized he was in a village and that he had survived the ordeal. After looking around at the people in amazement staring at him, the boy said something to the group. He then said, "Thank you. Good-bye."

As he started to ride off the people continued to just stand and stare, until suddenly they hollered out to the boy. The boy stopped.

The man who was the father's enemy walked up to the boy and told the boy that the boy should accept the hospitality of the man (the father's enemy). The father's enemy told the boy that the boy could have anything the boy wanted while he stayed there. The boy, although unsure, decided to stay.

The boy walked up to the room where the old man was, and sat there with him. The boy told the old man he was hungry and he didn't know if he was getting enough to eat. He still had the money in his stomach. He didn't know how much room it was taking up. He didn't have hunger pains because his stomach was full. But still he was becoming weak. Actually the money took up a fourth of the boy's stomach.

The boy spoke, the old man spoke, and finally the boy said he was going to play his flute. The old man was quite dissatisfied with that, and said, "No. No. Those people out there'll hear it."

The boy became angry and said, "I don't care what you say. I'm going to play it."

When the boy pulled out the flute, the old man put on a record, and the boy

played along with the record. The boy didn't sound all that bad, but also not that good. The boy sat there and defiantly continued playing his flute.

**Dream of: 30 December 1982**  
**"Ghastly Sight"**

Louise and I were in a building which contained some phones in small booths. I found a phone on a desk and tried to use it to call my father and my mother. The operator came on the phone and said I would have to wait until the following morning. While I was waiting, Louise walked into one of the small booths and shut the door behind her. I sat there a few minutes and then began pushing the buttons on the phone to dial again. But when I pushed the buttons down, they didn't spring back up. Finally I pushed a button and it went all the way inside the phone. The operator suddenly

came on and said, "There will be a red light that will come on early in the morning. At that time you will pick up the phone."

But something puzzled me: I thought Louise had gone into the booth to use the phone and I didn't understand how the operator could be talking to me if Louise was using the phone in the booth. I said, "Operator, hang on just a minute. I've got to check something."

I walked over to the door where Louise was, looked to my right into a closet and saw a ghastly sight.

Someone had hung Louise up on some hangers. She was wearing her blue terry cloth top. I looked at her and said, "Louise! Louise dearest! What has happened to you?"

I walked up to her; the hangers were on her left shoulder. I couldn't tell if they were merely hanging inside her blouse or if they had somehow pierced her skin. Her face was very pale. One of her arms was stuck up in the air. I couldn't tell whether her feet were touching the ground. She wasn't moving and I was uncertain whether she was dead or alive. The bluish, pale color of her face was what seemed most terrible.

As gently and quickly as I could I began trying to take her down.

**Dream of: 30 December 1982 (2)**  
**"Greek Pottery"**

I was in Portsmouth, Ohio where I had been watching a television program describing some pottery commonly sold in the area. The program said some of the pottery had

actually been constructed from pieces of Greek pottery. The Greek pieces had been glued together with more recently fabricated pieces to make large vases about three meters tall.

The elegant vases reminded me somewhat of swans.

I recalled that my mother had some vases like those in her garage behind her 29th Street House, where I presently found myself. After walking to the garage and looking around, I found a vase obviously of the same type as the ones which I had just seen described on the television. Some pieces which had been in the vase appeared to be ancient: I concluded those pieces were from the Greek pottery. My mother wasn't with me, and I hid the vase.

I returned back into the House and my mother soon returned with a

person who reminded me both of my mother's friend, Meisel, and my father's secretary, Pitts. Earlier my mother had been speaking on the phone with the woman, who for some reason was unhappy with me. The woman was angry because, she said, I hadn't been treating her right. Indeed I thought I was unhappy with Pitts, because I had bought a car from her and hadn't gotten a very good deal on it.

When I began telling my mother of my discovery in the garage, the other woman picked up a small, glass cup, showed it to me, and said that perhaps it came from the Greeks. But when I looked at it, I said, "No, clearly this is of recent fabrication. It's just clear glass."

It was made of clear glass with the design of a red flower on it. I sat it back on the table.

Without asking my mother what she wanted to do with the vase which I had found in the garage, I announced that I had found it and that I wanted to keep it for myself. I said, "And I'm going to keep it."

I walked back to the garage where I searched high and low for the vase, without being able to locate it. I looked and looked but I couldn't remember where I had hidden the vase.

**Dream of: 30 December 1982 (3)**  
**"Disappointed"**

While at Baylor Law School, I began talking with a fellow, and we walked outside together, where he told me he was the son of Andy McSwain (a

fellow law student). He looked as if he were 26-27 years old and since I knew Andy McSwain was probably only about 24-25, I said, "You can't be his son. You must be dean McSwain's son."

When he insisted he was Andy's son, I said, "Well Andy's only... He's as young as you are."

He said that that didn't matter and that he was still Andy's son. After we had walked to his car and he had climbed in, I turned around, walked back into the building into a small lounge and sat down. A black girl walked over and sat beside me. She looked as if she were 25-26 years old; I recognized her from somewhere. We began talking and even though other people were sitting in the room, she pulled a marijuana joint from her purse and handed it to me. I took it,

immediately lit it up and began smoking it, not even caring if the other people smelled it.

I smoked and smoked and talked. Finally I finished the joint and she gave me another one. I lit it up and began smoking it. I had almost finished the second joint when dean McSwain walked into the room in a huff. Apparently someone had gone and told him I was smoking marijuana. He said, "All right, I see it. I smell it."

I stuck the two butts of the joints into my mouth and swallowed them, but I knew McSwain had already seen me. He walked over and sat down between the black woman and me. He angrily told me he was disappointed in me. I tried to brush some ashes off the table. I thought he would probably expel me.

The black woman was also a law student and apparently McSwain had had trouble with her before. He said, "I've had trouble with both of you."

The black woman told McSwain that she was the one who had given me the marijuana. McSwain began talking about how harmful the marijuana was. Up until then I had said nothing. Finally I said, "I cannot deny anything you're saying. You're absolutely right. It is harmful. And ninety-nine percent of the time I just don't have any desire to smoke this stuff. But just that one percent ..."

I began thinking it was actually more like 95 percent of the time that I had no desire to smoke. I continued, "But five per cent of the time I just get an urge to smoke."

As McSwain continued chastising me, I began thinking he wasn't going to expel me right now. He obviously wouldn't need any more evidence than that he had seen me smoking and had smelled it. And other people in the room had obviously smelled it.

A band was setting up on the side of the room and getting ready to play music.

A metal stand was sitting nearby and sitting on the stand was a plastic sack filled with water. When I saw something moving inside the sack, I thought goldfish were inside.

McSwain also noticed the sack, stood and walked over to it. He looked disgusted as he said, "There's a mouse in there."

I rose and walked over. The sack was filled with water and a dead mouse

(about three centimeters long) was floating on top of the water. Under the water were two small animals (each about five centimeters long) which looked something like weasels.

They were nibbling at the dead mouse. Since McSwain was apparently through with us, he walked out of the room.

The black woman and I walked out the back of the school, put our arms around each other and began walking around together. I thought other people would notice my being with a black woman, but I didn't really care.

More than anything, I just felt friendly toward her. When she turned her face toward mine, I gave her a short kiss on the lips.

My girlfriend Louise was somewhere in the back of my mind, but I couldn't seem to exactly place who Louise

was. I knew that (because of somebody or because of some reason) I shouldn't be kissing the black woman, but I couldn't precisely focus in on that reason.

After the black woman and I walked over to her car, she climbed in and drove off. I walked back inside and went into a different lounge where quite a few law students were gathered. They had been working on a write-in project to become candidates for law review. Apparently they were still writing their articles and turning them in. I said, "Well they've already posted the names of the seven people who were going to be selected."

They said that the names which had been posted didn't count, but I thought the posted names certainly did count, and I remembered that

Louise's name had been one of those posted as winners of the write-in competition. I said, "Well Louise's been working on her law review article."

They told me that the person who had graded all the papers had been gone for a week and that the list which had been posted had just been a preliminary one. A blonde-haired woman who was a law student whose last name was Taylor handed me a list which contained the seven names.

Three new names had been added to the bottom of the list. I thought, "Well apparently it looks like they're just going to let everybody be a candidate.

And then they'll just have to write their law review articles and separate the people then who make law review."

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178. [20 January 1982 "Watches And Maps"](#)
179. [19 January 1982 "Nibbling Deer"](#)
180. [18 January 1982 \(2\) "Chaotic Writing"](#)
181. [18 January 1982 "Ghost Story"](#)
182. [17 January 1982 \(2\) "Warm Beer"](#)
183. [17 January 1982 "At The Zoo"](#)
184. [15 January 1982 "Submerged"](#)
185. [14 January 1982 "Crash In The Swamp"](#)
186. [10 January 1982 "Heading To School"](#)
187. [09 January 1982 \(4\) "Warner Brothers Coat"](#)
188. [09 January 1982 \(3\) "Terrifying Horse"](#)
189. [09 January 1982 \(2\) "Assault"](#)
190. [09 January 1982 "Studying Hebrew"](#)

- 191. [08 January 1982 "Breaking And Entering"](#)
- 192. [07 January 1982 "Not Smoking Junk"](#)
- 193. [06 January 1982 "Driveway"](#)
- 194. [03 January 1982 "Impurities"](#)
- 195. [02 January 1982 "Bitten Lip"](#)
- 196. [01 January 1982 "Talent Contest Winner"](#)

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